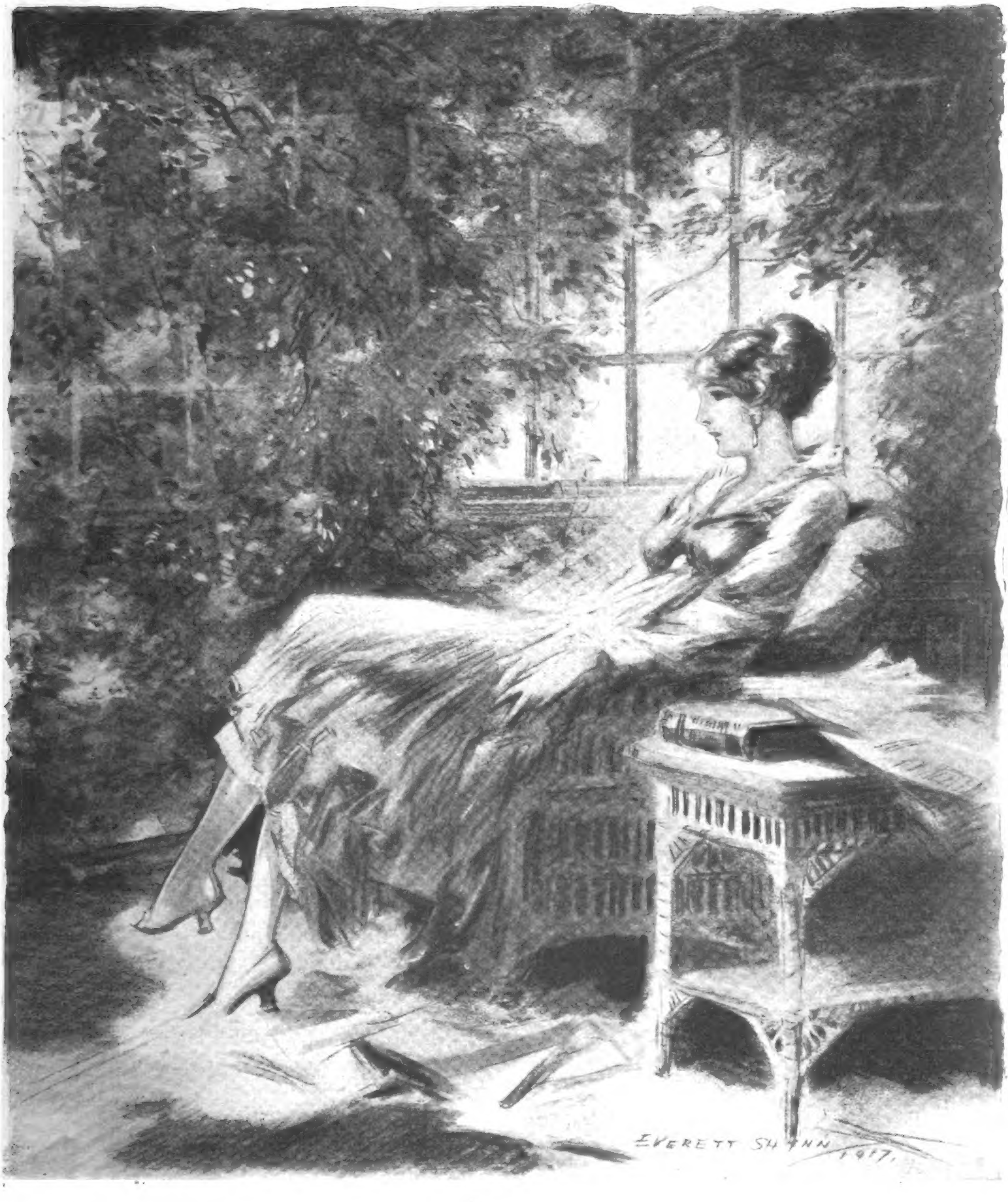
EVERETT SHINN
1917

DRAWN BY EVERETT SHINN.

"WERE YOU LOOKING FOR SOME ONE?"

From "Front-Page Frankie," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, page 35.

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THE time-tried way to wash blankets is with Ivory Soap. For thirty-nine summers good housekeepers have put away their blankets after the Ivory washing, confident of finding them soft and unshrunken in the fall.

The two things most likely to shrink blankets and make them hard are hot water and free alkali. Washing with Ivory Soap eliminates both.

Ivory Soap makes such rich, copious suds that it cleans blankets thoroughly without boiling, and it is so pure, mild and free from uncombined alkali that it does not affect the texture in the slightest degree.

After washing with Ivory Soap, all-wool blankets or the wool and cotton mixtures dry even softer than when new and are unchanged in size.

To Wash Blankets

MAKE Ivory Soap paste according to the recipe inside the wrapper. A pair of blankets requires from a half to a whole cake of Ivory Soap (small size) made into Ivory Soap paste. Hard water and large, heavy blankets require two to three times as much soap paste as soft water and small, light blankets. Choose a bright sunny day with a moderate breeze. Fill three tubs about half full of warm—not hot—water. To the first, add enough Ivory Soap paste to make a good foamy suds. Put in one double or two single blankets. Let them soak thirty minutes. Work them up and down, adding Ivory Soap paste as needed. To remove spots do not lift the blanket from the water, but put one hand under the spot and brush with Ivory Soap paste. Use a moderately stiff brush. To the second tub add as much Ivory Soap paste as to the first. Put in blankets and repeat the lifting and sousing. To the third tub add enough Ivory Soap paste to make the water milky. Run blankets into this tub through loosely adjusted wringer. Rinse, wring lightly, and hang in open air at once—white blankets in sun, colored blankets in shade. When dry, go over them with a soft flannel cloth or a clean whisk broom and hang near a stove or in a warm room for several hours.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . IVORY IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Everybody's Magazine
Number Four April 1918 Volume XXXVIII

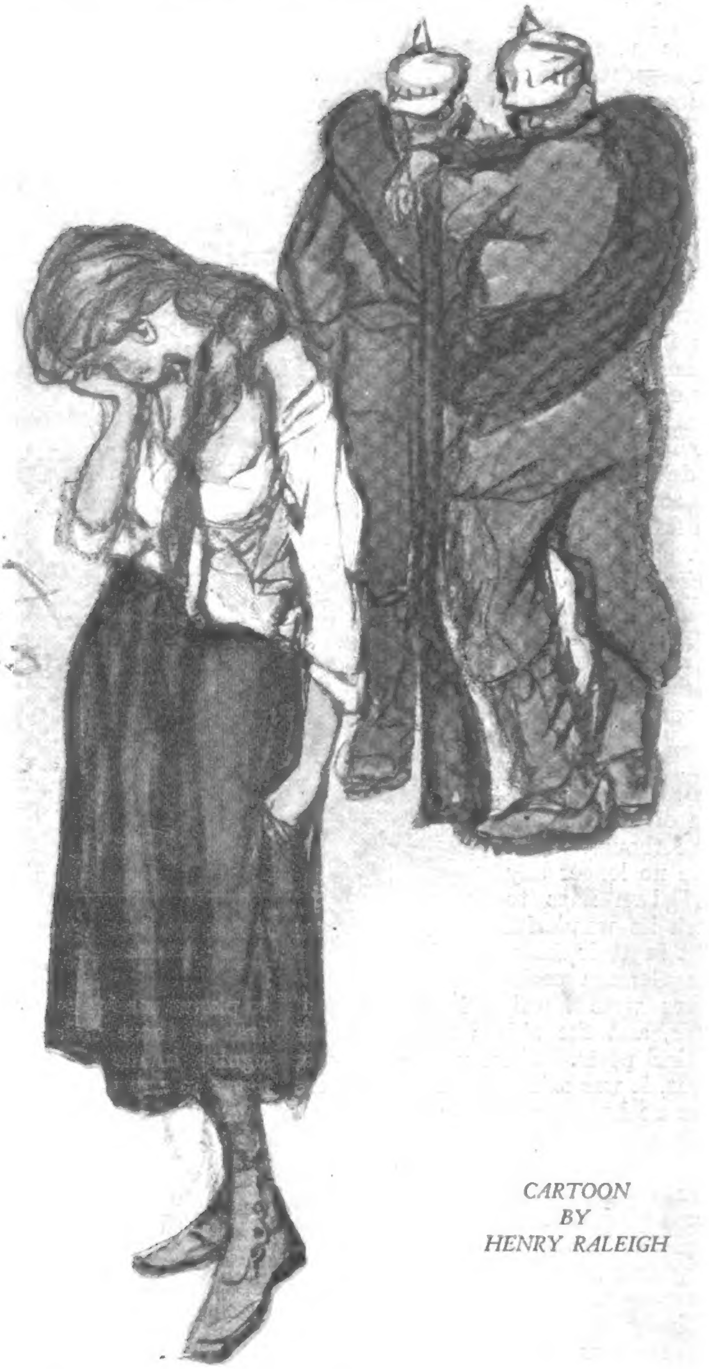
BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The Atrocities



CARTOON
BY
HENRY RALEIGH

THE LAST WORD

I HAVE left out of this account much that was told, and have confined my statements to proved and admitted facts.

Brand Whitlock

THIS is the third instalment of the tragic story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who remained in the stricken country from December, 1913, to our entry into the war, and saw the whole black history of its suffering from the beginning.

The story opened with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—the glamour and charm of the Court, of the social and diplomatic circles; the art, the culture, the romantic tradition, the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world-drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

The second instalment shows the gay capital in the daze of the first shock of realization; the American Minister laboring, heart-heavy, with panic-stricken tourists, finding means of safety for them in the collapse of the world of law and order; taking over the interests of the belligerent embassies and legations; striving to exercise an influence for calmness in the excited city; and finally—as the municipal guard throw up their pitiful trenches in the parks and prepare to defend the capital to the last—he and his colleagues persuade the authorities to allow the Germans to enter peaceably, that the beautiful city and its priceless art treasures may be spared. Then the grim flood pours in.

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XXII

ALL through the night the field-gray hosts wound through the city, an undulating stream of bayonets and helmets, and Brussels awoke to find on its walls great white notices in French and German, signed by General Sixt von Arnim, threatening reprisals if any overt act of hostility occurred; demanding, in addition, a contribution of 50,000,000 francs, as well as immense quantities of supplies, and summoning the province of Brabant to deliver up 450,000,000 francs by the first of September.

For three days and three nights the gray stream flowed by, and Brussels was crushed by the sorrow and humiliation of an alien occupation. There was the same phenomenon of the brilliant sun, though there were no longer any Belgian flags to catch its wonderful light in their folds. The German cook-stoves were burning in the Grand' Place, and the uhlans were at their sentinel posts. There were no trains; trams, it was said, were to stop; there were no horses, suddenly no cabs, no taxis, no automobiles except those in which German officers raced about town, a soldier on the box with a rifle across his knees. There were no telegraphs and no telephones, and, strangest phenomenon of all, there were no newspapers. It was as though we had suddenly been plunged into the dark; for, however inaccurate, newspapers would have served as a clearing-house for the wild and fearful rumors that set in on such a tide as might overwhelm one. Staid persons had heard firing and seen the flash of cannons, and searchlights sweeping the eastern skies at night; or the Germans were fortifying the cemetery at Molembeek, just outside the town; or they had mounted cannons at Jette St. Pierre in order to bombard Brussels if the tribute-money were not raised by Sunday morning! The Emperor of Austria was dead; England had declared war on Holland, and the United States on Germany, and everybody came to the Legation to learn if the rumors were true. The flood of them, mounting all the day, seemed to be at full-tide in the somber hour of twilight.

Of a piece with them were those silly, romanticistic tales of my activities; tales that by their currency were to plague me for so many weeks. The first of those melodramatic tales, assigning to me a rôle for which I was never in any wise designed, was to the effect that I had gone out to the east of the town to meet the German army and had told the commanding officer, with I know not what theatrical flourish, that if one stone of Brussels was touched, America would declare war on Germany. The ridiculous tale was spread about in Brussels and throughout Belgium, and over the seas, to be published and wafted abroad to no purpose other than to afford one more superfluous proof of the place the cinema has in the affections of mankind, and of that inveterate vice of reporters, who foolishly think that they can imagine something that is more interesting than the truth.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

PRIEST TYING UP THE HEAD OF A WOUNDED BELGIAN SOLDIER.

At the Legation there were numerous callers, American, English, Belgian, each with his peculiar personal problem, his little worry, his desire for comfort and reassurance, and we were bedeviled all day with the difficulties of getting off dispatches. The Germans had been most kind, bowed, smiled, saluted even, and assured us they could go—but they never went; and when we went to learn the reason why, we were sent from pillar to post and from Peter to Paul, with protestations, explanations, apologies even. But the dispatches remained undispatched.

On Saturday morning at half-past seven o'clock I was awakened out of a deep sleep, and there was Gustave, very white and shaken, saying in a breathless voice:

"The Germans are there! Two generals!"

I put on a dressing-gown and went down, and there in my office was General von Jarotsky and a nice-looking young aid, politely come to return my call.

"I am not yet in uniform," I said, offering my excuses for my attire, and the general laughed, slapping his yellow puttees with a little silver-headed riding-crop. He expressed his regret that the telegrams had not been sent, but he had arranged all with the Director of Telegraphs, and I could now send them to the bureau.

When, the long day having slowly declined toward 10:30 A. M., Villalobar, my Spanish colleague, came and I could give him the good news about our dispatches, we drove to the Bureau of Telegraphs, but the non-commissioned officer was patient, stolid and unmoved—and the dispatches were not sent. It was useless, and we gave up and drove away to the Hôtel de Ville. We found our Burgomaster, M. Max, in his office, explained the situation, and he sent for General von Jarotsky, who appeared bowing, smiling, clicking his spurs; it was very strange, he said; let them bring in the *Directeur des Télégraphes* immediately before him and he would issue instructions that should be final. One could not help feeling sorry for the *Directeur des Télégraphes*, in view of what was about to happen to him.

Then the general and the Burgomaster discussed the conditions in the city, growing hourly more desperate. M. Max explained that there was no food, no forage for the horses, and finally, reserving the worst for the last, that there was no money in the banks—so that he could not pay the levy. At this revelation the general started from his seat and demanded explanations, and M. Max went on to tell him that the treasure in the Banque Nationale, upon which the whole of the financial system of Belgium is based, had all been transferred to Antwerp.

"They did wrong. It was not correct, that," said the general, growing red.

M. Max shrugged his shoulders and *mon général* reflected. Finally he said that he would accept checks, notes, or some written evidence of indebtedness, and then he went away and left us. And when he had gone, M. Max explained that he had taken advantage of our presence to mention to the general the difficult point about the 50,000,000 francs; he was glad of our company and countenance as he broke the news to the peppery little man. * * *

Finally the *Directeur des Télégraphes* came, a miserable little man with the dismal air of one in Sunday blacks, who could accumulate difficulties and find excuses, like functionaries the world over, whether at Nashapur or Babylon, whether at Brussels or Toledo, who are much more fertile in reasons why a given thing can not be done than in expedients to get it accomplished. When the Burgomaster came in he wrote out an order, designed to overcome the official reluctance of the *directeur*, went out, and returned presently, flourishing the order triumphantly, for it had the general's signature.

As the Italian Minister, Count Bottaro-Costa, had said the morning the Germans entered Brussels, our position there was delicate. Diplomatic representatives accredited to the King of the Belgians, our place was near the Court and the Government, which had retired to Antwerp. I realized this fact, of course, and had discussed and settled the point of etiquette with Monsieur Davignon, the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The situation was unprecedented. Never before, save when the Germans entered Paris in 1870, had diplomats remained when a Court and Government had gone, and the cases were not precisely on all fours, as the lawyers say. The Germans had shown us personally every courtesy, and yet we were not in communication with our Governments; between us and the telegraph-wires in Antwerp were hostile armies, and it was not difficult to imagine that there might be uneasiness in those four capitals where Governments were waiting for word from us. And then on that Sunday, a day of dull and rainy skies, as if the fine weather were weary at last, a man somehow got through the lines from Ghent, riding as though he had been in Browning's poem, with a letter from our Consul, Mr. Johnson, bearing two telegrams for me from Washington—one approving my course and the other raising the question of whether the Legation should not be removed to Antwerp to keep in communication with the Belgian Government. I had the feeling, and it was only a feeling, that my place was in Brussels.

Indeed, on Sunday morning, after the entry of the Germans, the Count S——, an official of the Foreign Office, had come to the Legation formally to express gratitude "on behalf of the King and his people," and appreciation of our attitude toward Belgium in having advised the Burgomaster not to offer futile resistance to the German army; he was generous enough to say that our action had saved the city.

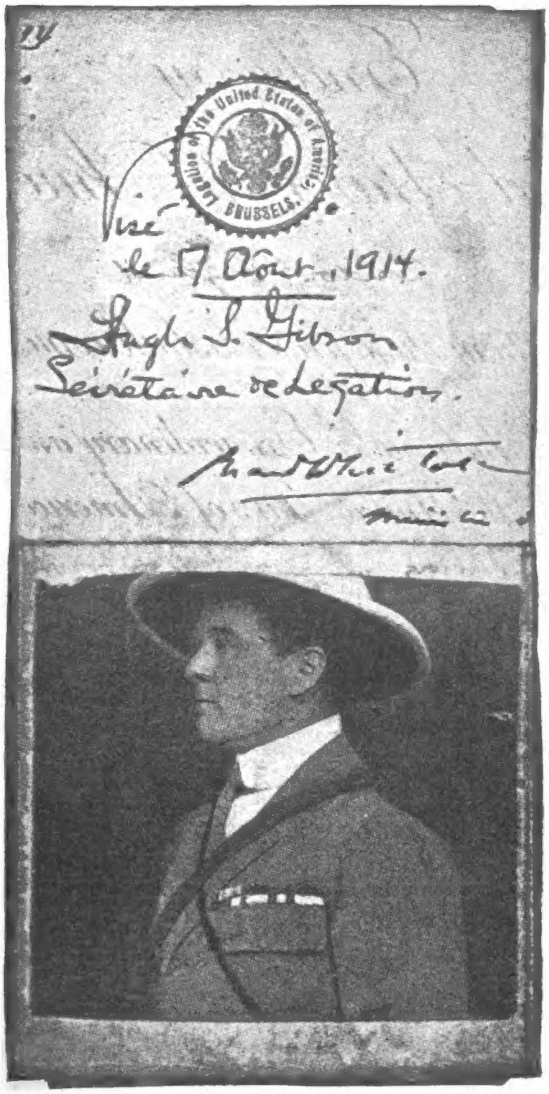
I had no vision of what was coming, of course, but I had a strong impression that for the moment there was work to be done there. There were people in trouble; they were coming to the Legation at all hours of the day and night, and while in most cases sympathy was all one could give them, it seemed in many of those cases to be what they most needed and desired.

There were Americans and American interests to be looked after, and I had assumed, also, the protection of British interests in the land. And then the mere presence of diplomatic representatives of neutral powers was itself a kind of restraint, and especially the presence of representatives of America, whose public opinion almost immediately became the jury before which the world tried its great cause.

But we had to get into communication with Washington and with civilization again, and since our dispatches would not be forwarded from Brussels—the *directeur* never sent one of them—and since the nearest telegraph station was Antwerp, it was necessary to go to Antwerp. For this service our first Secretary, Gibson, volunteered, and Mr. Blount, a young American, volunteered to drive him in his car.

I found my general, with an aid and an orderly, just dismounted from sweating steeds, on the steps of the *Escalier d'Honneur* in the court of the Hôtel de Ville, brandishing his riding-crop, very red, shouting to a group of Brussels tradespeople, come to present their receipts for commandeered goods and imploring payment. One after the other the general snatched the little papers from the uplifted suppliant hands, and one by one returned them with a gruff, "*Nicht gut!*" and then seeing me, rushed forward smiling, with outstretched hands and a welcoming "*Ah, mon Ministre!*" We went up through the noble halls, already transformed by signs that had been put up for the convenience of the Brussels people having dealings there, although, with some lack of imagination, they were all in German, and with a smile he gave me a pass permitting Gibson and Blount to go through the lines to Antwerp and to return; and after luncheon they started on their dangerous mission with the cipher telegrams I had prepared for Washington.

There was nothing then but to wait and I could not resist the temptation to remain out of doors all the afternoon, in the sweet air's anodyne, to drive in the Bois once more, though somewhat to my dismay I found that our motor, with its little flag, attracted an attention that was apt to prove embarrassing—the crowds assembled uncovered as the tiny flag went fluttering by and cried "*Vive l'Amérique!*" * * *



Visé
le 17 Août 1914.
Hugh S. Gibson
Secrétaire de Legation.

"IT WAS HIS PASSPORT, OR THE PHOTOGRAPH ON IT, THAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE. THE PHOTOGRAPH REPRESENTED DAVIS IN HIS CORRESPONDENT'S COSTUME . . . HE DID LOOK ENOUGH LIKE AN ENGLISH OFFICER TO CREATE SUSPICION."

From "Life and Letters of Richard Harding Davis." Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

XXIII

IT WAS as quiet as a Sunday morning in an Ohio village; there were few vehicles in the streets—unless a cannon may be called a vehicle—fo motors and horses had been commandeered and those that had escaped this fate were hidden away lest it overtake them. The breweries, always scrupulously respected by the Germans, continued to function and their long wagons rumbled by, still drawn by their superb Brabançon horses.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

"DON'T SHOOT!"

A flag of truce on a peasant's door near Louvain.

There remained one other institution—the old cab-driver who sat just outside my window in the Rue Belliard. I had watched him all the spring, a red-faced old man, with a stern and really fine Roman profile, who, at a certain hour every morning, drove up on his cab, took a place in the shade and then followed the sun in its course, like the martial airs of England, though at a discreeter distance, keeping always in the shade. Perhaps he preceded the sun, but whichever of the two it was, astronomically, he was always there when his fares would permit him to be; if he went away he returned at noon, put the nose-bag on his horse and while it ate, he took out from under the seat his own lunch wrapped in a piece of paper, seated himself in his cab and ate too; then he would light his pipe and smoke peacefully. His old horse was evidently too poor to be commandeered either by Belgian or German troops and so it was left to him; and he came every morning at the same hour and sat there, unmoved and undisturbed, while war and tumult raged about him—a kind of rock in the midst of the universal chaos and welter of worlds, and a sight comforting to behold.

I was standing in my window that Tuesday morning, looking at him and ruminating on the hopelessness of the human race and the vanity of things in general, when I heard cries as of glad welcome in the next room. And going in, there sat Richard Harding Davis. He was extended in one of the Government's big leather chairs, with an air of having collapsed in it. He was sunburned and unshaven, gray with dust, and beside him on the floor lay his bundle, a round bag of khaki, part of his correspondent's kit. Despite his good looks, his indubitable distinction in any emergency, he looked like a weary tramp, and he lifted his tired eyes drolly, humorously, at me.

He had had an adventure, a perilous experience, in his attempt to get through the German lines to the south. He had got down as far as Enghien on Sunday, where he was arrested by German soldiers as a spy, and taken on to Ligne, on the way tearing up and eating an autograph letter from Colonel Roosevelt presenting him to President Poincaré of the French Republic—he had shown me the letter in pride a few days before. At Ligne he was locked up in an outhouse under guard, while his fate was under discussion. At intervals all night he was visited by German officers, and by a major who gave him a realistic demonstration of how he was to be shot "through the stummick," as Davis told it. He kept his courage up, however, and persuaded the officers that he was both a "damn fool" and a "gentleman" in spite of the uniform in the photograph on the passport. It was his passport, or the photograph on it, that was the cause of the trouble. The photograph represented Davis in his correspondent's costume, and as this was of khaki, with a Sam Browne belt and decoration, he did look enough like an English officer to create suspicion in German company.

He gave us a humorous account of his experience and he wrote it afterward in the book he dedicated to King Albert. He could laugh then, tired though he was. They had tried in a thousand ways to trap him; asked him if he did not wish to see some English prisoners.

"No," he said, "I want to see the Palace Hotel in Brussels."

Finally, the officer said he feared the prisoner would have to be shot at sunrise. Perhaps he would have been, but he proposed to send a note to me, and agreed that if I did not come for him within the specified time, they might shoot him. He wrote a little note and it gave them pause; and after much discussion he was released and given definite instructions to proceed, along a specified route written on his pass, back to Brussels, report to the military commander there within forty-eight hours and establish satisfactorily his identity. He set out on foot for Enghien, walked half the night and then induced a German officer to let him ride with him in his motor. And so he came to Brussels. I proposed that we go at once to the Hôtel de Ville to report, and we drove down there. But my good General von Jarotsky was not to be seen; to my infinite regret I was told that he was even then turning his command over to another general; the two generals were then at luncheon. I declined to wait, and had an officer indorse on Davis's pass a statement to the effect that he was well known to me, that he was no spy, and that having complied with the order to report he was to be released.

When Davis, restored by a bath and luncheon, came back at four o'clock, we went again to the Hôtel de Ville and waited there in the *Escalier d'Honneur*, where, on the landing, are ranged the busts of former burgomasters; on the lovely white marble pedestals of which German sentinels were sticking the ends of their finished cigarets. Finally, we were shown into a room, passing great trays with the remnants of the luncheon of the two generals—the débris of a feast of giants. M. Max and M. Jacquemain, the alderman, and Villalobar were there, too, but no General von Jarotsky. Instead, his successor, General the Baron Arthur von Lüttwitz, was present, presiding, dominating at that table, a broad-shouldered, gray-haired, remarkably handsome man, very big and impressive, with blue eyes, pink, healthy skin, and a strong jaw. He was in a bluish-gray uniform, with the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross and the white Maltese Cross of the order of St. John of Jerusalem on his left breast. When we asked him for news, he laid his hand on the white cross and said in French:

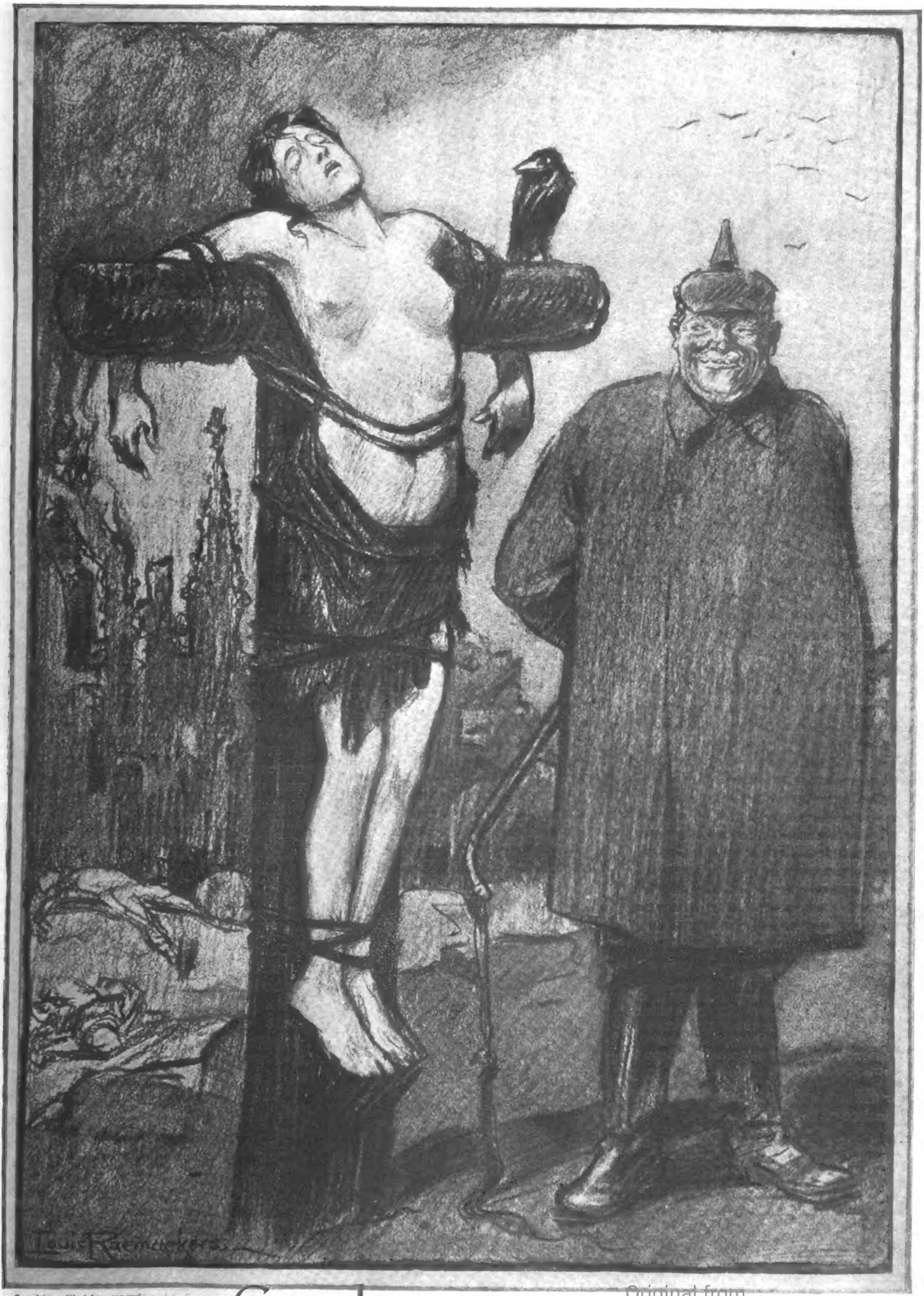
"Our God has been very kind to us."

Then he told us of German victories everywhere.

I introduced Davis to all of them, easily arranged his complete release, and we came away.

XXIV

ON WEDNESDAY morning, August twenty-sixth, when Villalobar and I drove over to see General the Baron Arthur von Lüttwitz, we found


Louis Raemaekers

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THE CRUCIFIXION OF BELGIUM

A cartoon by Louis Raemaekers never before published in America.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

REFUGEES AND BELGIAN CAVALRY LEAVING ALOST BEFORE THE ONRUSH OF THE GERMANS.

him at the Foreign Office. The Germans had established themselves in the Belgian Ministry and shut off the Park and the Rue de la Loi; there were sentries everywhere and much explaining about *der spanische Gesandte* (the Spanish Minister) and *der Gesandte der Vereinigten Staaten* (the United States Minister), and we waited a long while in the ante-room where we had sat so often before, waiting to see M. Davignon.

German officers were coming and going, very much at home. Finally, we were shown into the presence of General von Lüttwitz, who was most affable and courteous, and evidently a man of strength and will. We began, Villalobar and I, to talk about the question of communications and to make suggestions about Brussels; the question of food, for instance, but the general said:

"Please grant me a truce for two days until I can install a civil administration. After that has been done all will go beautifully."

As we were about to go, he said:

"A dreadful thing has occurred at Louvain. The general in command there was talking with the Burgomaster when the son of the Burgomaster shot the general, and the population began firing on the German troops."

We did not at once grasp the whole significance of the remark.

"And now, of course," he went on, **"we have to destroy the city. The orders are given and not one stone will be left on another. I'm afraid that that beautiful Hôtel de Ville, which we saw as we came through there the other day, is now no more."**

When he said this he lifted up his hands in a gesture of regret.

That evening Gibson and Blount returned from Antwerp full of news; first, and best of all, a dispatch from Washington approving my course and leaving the question of the removal of the Legation entirely to my judgment. Only those who have been at the end of a telegraph-wire, three thousand miles away from home, and in the midst of difficulties, can know the consolation that such words would afford.

XXV

IT HAD been raining during the night but it cleared partly. Davis expected to leave at one o'clock with Gerald Morgan and Miss Boyle O'Reilly on a troop-train for Aix-la-Chapelle. * * *

I bade him good-by and watched him drive away in a cab. It was drawn by the sorriest pair of nags I ever saw, and yet he sat there as calm and distinguished as if he were driving up Fifth Avenue. And I thought of Van Bibber, and of how the Avenue looks in the late afternoon when the throngs are going up Murray Hill. Ah me! Did that gay insouciance still exist anywhere in the world? I stood and watched him out of sight, regretting his departure. And I never saw him again.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

THIS CRIPPLED WOMAN WAS WHEELED IN A BARROW FROM BRUSSELS TO GHENT.

The horror of Louvain was on us like a nightmare, all the more terrible because it was vague, undefined, a kind of nameless, formless thing, that sent a shudder through Brussels, as perhaps it was intended to do, where the like might happen at any hour. The city was filled with foreboding and vague apprehension; miserable refugees, with dumb expressions and eyes that had looked on horror, came plodding wearily into town.

Late in the afternoon it was reported at the Legation that at Louvain the Germans at that moment were massacring the people, that the town was burning, and the tragedy complete—hundreds had been shot down; the cathedral, the library, the Hôtel de Ville, were in flames. Forty priests, some of them from the American College, had been seized as hostages, and were even then being driven in carts along the road to Brussels.

What was to be done? As I was thinking, Villalobar came, he too, with that face of horror; there were Spanish priests in that band of hostages as well. We decided to go at once to General von Lüttwitz. Villalobar's car was at the door and we drove away. It was seven o'clock. There was a heavy guard at the Ministry and the sentinels were ugly; one of them impudently mounted on the footboard of the car. At the Foreign Office we were told that we could not see the general. We insisted on sending in our cards, and sat there waiting, sensible, in the movements of the officers who were constantly passing through, of an evil atmosphere. The windows were open and the Marquis and I stood there looking out into the little place before the Palais de la Nation. There were groups of gray soldiers on the steps of the Palace, their arms stacked on the pavement. Two ugly machine guns were mounted to sweep the Park.

"They vomit death!" said Villalobar, as though speaking to himself. We turned away from the window. Finally, Major Hans von Herwaerts, who had once been Military Attaché at the German Embassy at Washington, and was then on the staff of General von Lüttwitz, wearing a great pair of tortoise-shell reading-glasses, came out to receive us. To him I made my protests about the treatment of the priests and the professors of the American College, and indeed such treatment of priests in general, and Villalobar made similar representations on behalf of the Spanish priests. Major von Herwaerts understood, rushed into the room, where behind the closed door was General von Lüttwitz. He came out and assured us that the release of the priests would be immediately ordered, and while he was telling us this, two tall, dark figures, priests, swept out in their long black soutanes. Then we all went with the general into his—or into Davignon's—room. He was serious, and instantly instructed Major von Herwaerts to give orders liberating the priests; told him to give them by telegraph, by telephone, and in addition to send out mounted orderlies to meet the columns on the road, and to liberate the priests at once.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

HOMELESS!

"ON ALL THE ROADS THE PEOPLE WENT—OLD MEN, WOMEN CHILDREN, NUNS, PRIESTS, THE SICK—DRIVEN LIKE CATTLE. IT WAS A TRAGIC HEGIRA; MANY FELL BY THE ROADSIDE; SOME WANDERED FOR DAYS IN THE FIELDS AND WOODS; SOME DROWNED THEMSELVES IN STREAMS."

There was no more that we could do; but we sat and talked a while with the general. He told us that the Germans everywhere were victorious and that they would soon be in Paris. And he said that Burgomaster Max had received an official telegram from the French Government, saying that it could give Belgium no further aid on the battle-field. He spoke of M. Max with admiration.

"A brave man," he said, "and patriotic. I admire him; he stands up and doesn't crawl when he comes into my presence."

I did not know why anybody should do that.

When I returned to the Legation, I found Madame Poulet, the wife of the Belgian Minister of Arts and Sciences with two of her children—little girls with golden curls, their upturned faces filled with that distress and wonder and despair that children know when their parents weep—for then the world tumbles in ruins about them, and there is nowhere to go. . . .

The world seemed very much like that, that evening to all of us, who were as helpless as children. Madame Poulet's home was in Louvain, and that afternoon her mother, a woman eighty years old, had walked all the way from the doomed city, a distance of twenty-four kilometers. She told me something of the awful tale as she knew it—but it seemed better, ultimately, to talk of the two little girls standing by, and as she did so she gathered them into her arms, folding them in an embrace like that of countless other mothers in Belgium that night, and finally led them away, their curls bobbing down the long corridor, somewhat comforted, I could hope, for there was—strange miracle in those days!—a smile.

XXVI

ALL that next day the panic-stricken people continued to pour into the city from Louvain, with their tales of horror. The mind was stunned; the event was too enormous to be grasped; it seemed to have the inevitable and fatalistic quality of some great catastrophe in nature; it had happened, that was all; it was not to be escaped, it was there before one, in the world, like an earthquake or a conflagration or a tornado, all of which in its effect it so much resembled. Those who came told their stories calmly, sitting there with blank impassive faces; only in the eyes that had looked on those horrors the terror of it all was still reflected. One was struck by their lack of rancor; they seemed to have suffered too deeply for that.

Indeed, all through that experience, then and afterward, I was struck by the lack of passion displayed by all those who had so terribly suffered. I seldom heard any of them express hatred of the Germans or any desire for revenge. They never even spoke of them as "*Boches*" and were by no means in such a fury of rage and desire for revenge as I have observed in persons safe in luxurious drawing-rooms thousands of miles away. None of them, so far as I could observe or learn, even acted in the tragic manner; there were no heroics and no histrionics; they did not demean themselves as do people in the cinema or in the romanticistic novels. I have read somewhere a psychological explanation of this phenomenon by the late Professor William James, who observed it and made interesting notes of it at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. In moments of great danger, of great strain and tragedy, people are simple and natural; they do not *act*, in the theatrical sense of the word.

It was thus with the young woman who, on that Tuesday, about eight o'clock in the evening, when German soldiers suddenly beat on the door of her home in Louvain, and her father and brother ran to open it, heard shots and had not seen her father or brother since. She took her eight-weeks-old baby in her arms and climbing the garden wall, found refuge in the home of a friend for a night and a day, while on all sides the houses were in flames, and finally, carrying her child, she dodged from street to street, holding up one arm and waving a white handkerchief, and so reached the village of Loefdael, and from there, Tervueren and at last, Brussels.

It was so with the widow of sixty; German soldiers at five o'clock on Wednesday morning turned her and her niece, a young woman about to become a mother, out of her house, and they were driven from place to place, half-clad—the guard-house at St Martin's barracks, the Place du Peuple, the Hôtel de Ville, and finally to the Infantry Barracks, Rue de Tirlemont. They were forced every now and then to kneel on the ground and to raise their arms above their heads, while the Germans pressed the muzzles of guns against their breasts, or kicked them or struck them; then, holding them as prisoners in the barracks until Thursday, allowed them to return home to find their house burned to the ground, and all that the widow had in the world—shares of the value of 135,000 francs contained in an iron box in a valise; her jewelry and diamonds in a little hand-satchel, which she had buried in the garden—gone.

It was so with a young Louvain priest I knew, one of the group in that tragic scene there in the Square before the railway station. He had been seized with others, made to march in front of the troops, kicked, and cuffed, and spat upon, struck with the butts of guns; his hands were tied behind him with barbed wire and there at the Place de la Station he was forced to remain standing, not even allowed to lean against the wall; and this for hours, with repeated insults and personal outrage, while his townsmen one by one were led out and shot, there at the side of the Square, "near the house of M. Hemaide."

I might go on indefinitely, recounting experiences such as these; they would fill a volume. But of all those I heard, of all those that were written out for me, there is one that remains more vivid in my memory than all the rest. There was another priest, an old white-haired ecclesiastic, a scholar and an educator, whom one addressed as Monseigneur. He was one of those priests whose liberation I had secured on Thursday night, and in the morning he came with two others to thank me. He had left Louvain when the exodus was ordered on Thursday; he had gone to Tervueren with other priests; there he was arrested; he had witnessed the murder of Father Dupierreux, he had been put into a filthy cart, as a hostage, and sent into Brussels; and thus, the story had been brought to our Legation—"and you have saved my life!"

He sat there at my table, a striking figure, the delicate face, dignified and sad, the silver hair, the long black soutane and the scarlet sash; in his white hand a well-worn breviary. There were two other figures, dark, grave and solemn—two Jesuit fathers who had come with him, sitting by in silent sympathy. They had come to express their gratitude. Monseigneur described the events. He told it calmly, logically, connectedly, his trained mind unfolding the events in orderly sequence; the sound of firing from Hérent, the sudden uprising of the German soldiers, the murder, the lust, the loot, the fires, the pillage, the evacuation and destruction of the city, and all that.

The home of his father had been burned, and the home of his brother; his friends and his colleagues had been murdered before his eyes, and their bodies thrown into a cistern; long lines of his townspeople, confined in the railway station, had been taken out and shot down; the church of St. Peter's was destroyed, the Hôtel de Ville, the finest example of late Gothic extant, was doomed and the Halles of the University had been consumed; and he had told it all calmly. But there in the Halles of the University was the library; its hundreds of thousands of volumes, its rare and ancient manuscripts, its unique collection of books printed before 1500, had all been burned, deliberately, to the last scrap. Monseigneur had reached this point in his recital, he had begun to pronounce the word "*bibliothèque*"—he had said, "*la biblio*—", and he stopped suddenly, and bit his quivering lip. "*La bib*—" he went on—and then, spreading his arms on the table before him, he bowed his head upon them and wept aloud. . . .

We sat there silent, the two priests and I—with swelling heart, *le cœur gros*, as the French say—and our own eyes something more than moist.

Courtesy of Colliers' Weekly.

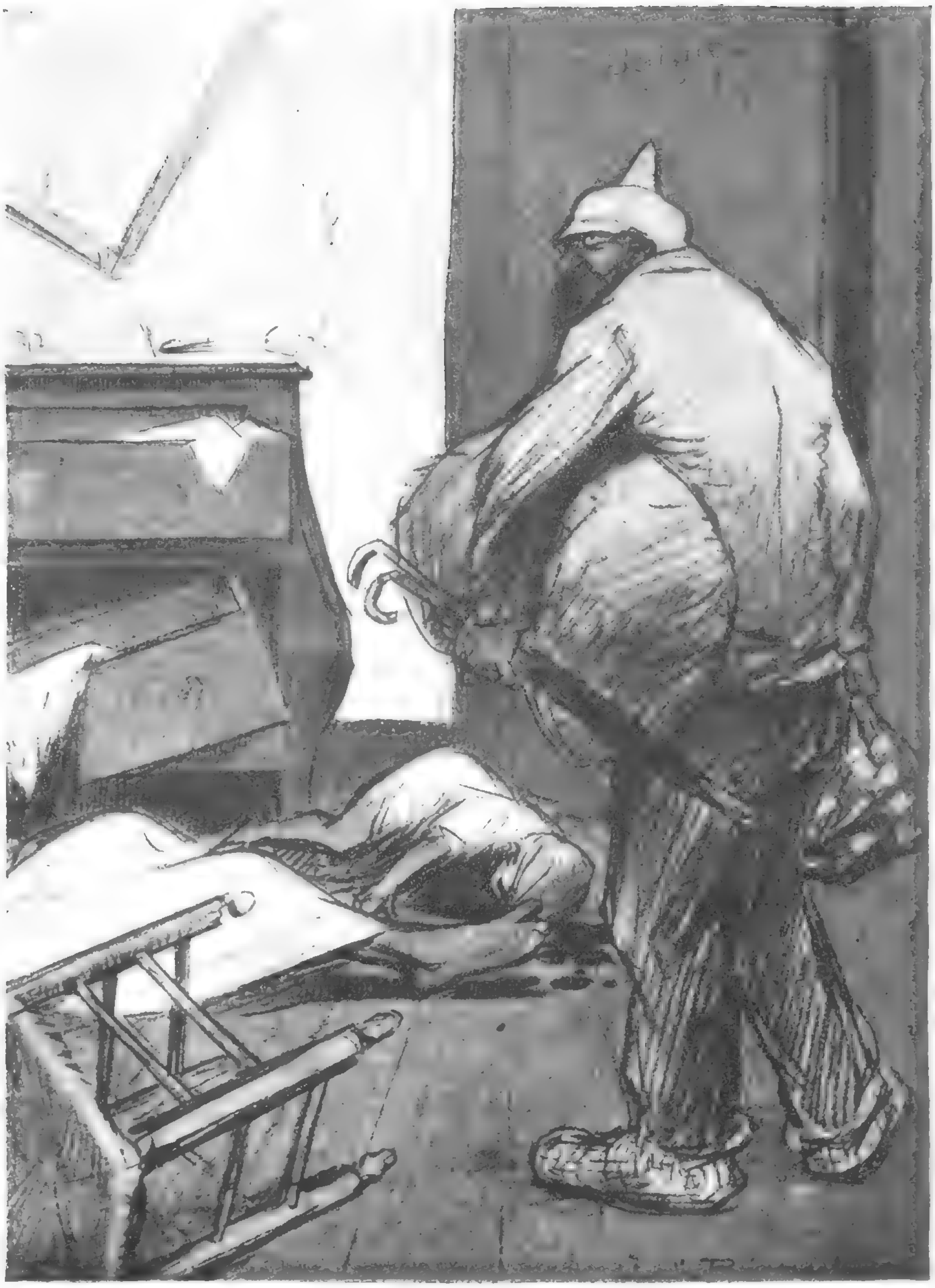
"DRIVEN LIKE CATTLE." GERMANS ESCORTING BELGIAN WOMEN AND GIRLS FROM A CAPTURED VILLAGE.

They did not remain long after that and when they went away Monseigneur forgot his breviary and left it lying on my table. And I let it lie there.

XXVII

THE story of Louvain will not be fully written in all its details of individual suffering until liberty comes to the earth again; those who know it best are still "inside"—as the Belgians call their prison. And people "inside" do not lightly give testimony or write their experiences and impressions, even in private diaries. Father Dupierreux learned that. But from time to time a corner of the dark veil was lifted, and we had glimpses of the vast and appalling tragedy that was being enacted by those sinister figures in lurid gray, with torch and ax and gun, there amid the rolling smoke and the infernal glare.

The world already knows the story in its essentials; the truth, with its divine persistence, is never deterred by prisons, or bayonets, or even by electrified barbed wire at a frontier. Strange that autocracy never learns! So the story that I could construct out of all those impressions, those glimpses and those conversations with all sorts of people, the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, the *haute bourgeoisie*, men of note in the community, educators, lawyers, priests, officials, men of serious and orderly minds, accustomed to weighing evidence, will not be new; it will resume what already in the main has been told.



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"BERNHARDIISM."

By Louis Raemaekers, the great Dutch cartoonist. Himself a citizen of a neutral country, no one has rivaled Raemaekers in the vigor of his attacks on the Hun.

The Belgians were in retreat, falling back on Antwerp but fighting as they went, contesting, with Belgian stubbornness, every step of the way. The German army had entered Louvain in force on the afternoon of Wednesday, the fifteenth of August. Hostages were seized among the notables of the city, the Burgomaster, the Rector of the University, the Provincial Councillor, aldermen, etc. A notice was at once placarded announcing that "in case a single arm be found, no matter in what house, or any act of hostility be committed against our troops, our transports, our telegraph-lines, our railways, or if any one harbors *franc-tireurs*, the culpable and the hostages who are arrested in each village will be shot without pity. Besides, all the inhabitants of the villages in question will be driven out; the villages and even cities will be demolished and burned. If this happens on the route of communication between two villages the same methods will be applied to the inhabitants of both."

This sinister poster bore no date, no signature, no writer's name; it had evidently been printed in Germany in advance; forming part of the equipment of the army, as a circus carries bills and bill posters. It seemed like a gratuitous menace, since all the revolvers and fowling-pieces had been turned in at the Hôtel de Ville in response to the Burgomaster's appeal.

The troops, of course, were quartered on the inhabitants, with the usual incidents; three soldiers raped a girl of fifteen; and, what happened generally all over Belgium whenever German soldiers were quartered in houses of delicacy or refinement, wardrobes were broken, drawers emptied out on the floor, the dainty *lingerie* soiled with filth in an unspeakable manner. The cash-boxes of at least two banks were rifled, though, it is said, this money was later restored by the German authorities. Some stray shots seem to have been fired by German soldiers, who went into shops and "requisitioned" for their personal needs, giving in return *bons de requisition.* "To be paid for by the city of Louvain," or "To be paid for by the Belgian Government," or some with lugubrious humor, "Good to be shot"—in German, which the Louvain shopkeepers could not read.

All the felons of German nationality had been released from the prisons; there were already bands of half-savage vagrants following the army. On Monday, the twenty-fourth, the German wounded had been evacuated from Louvain, and that evening there were a few desultory shots in the Chaussée de Tirlemont and the Rue de la Station, the route along which von Kluck's army day after day was pushing on toward the west.

However, things went well enough for the time, and the Louvainist could make a little grimace, shrug his shoulders, and observe: "*C'est la guerre!*"

Then came Tuesday, the twenty-fifth, a sinister date in the annals of Louvain. An order was issued commanding all the inhabitants to be indoors at eight o'clock in the evening, and that all cafés and public places be closed; doors were to be left unlocked and lights were to burn in the windows. All that afternoon heavy detachments of troops were arriving at the railway station; by evening it had been estimated that ten thousand soldiers were in town. They were quartered on the inhabitants; the hotels about the Place de la Station were filled with officers. Late in the afternoon the sound of cannonading was heard, from the west, in the direction of the village of Hérent.

That afternoon the Belgian army made a sortie from the defenses of Antwerp; there had been a sharp fight at Malines, and the Belgians had had the better of it, driving the Germans out of Malines and back along the road toward Louvain; it was the noise of this battle that Louvain heard that afternoon from the direction of Hérent. At seven o'clock that evening Hérent was in flames. The Germans retiring on Louvain, had reached the Porte de Malines; night was falling and German reinforcements, just then leaving Louvain, met them, and there in the twilight the two parties, each mistaking the other for Belgians, opened fire. There was instant panic, the usual cry, "They're shooting!" Riderless horses and terror-stricken soldiers streamed into the town and then, and in that manner, the awful tragedy began. The officers of the staff were dining, and those who know something of the Belgian *cuisine*—before the war—and of the place their famous old Burgundy holds in the estimation of the people, can imagine what a giant's feast there would be when such trenchermen as those German officers sat themselves down at table in those restaurants. They were digesting their dinner when the alarm came to them; and Louvain was doomed.

Photograph from International Film Service, Inc.

"WITH DUMB EXPRESSIONS, AND EYES THAT HAD LOOKED ON HORROR."

There was a woman, whose husband was away in the Belgian army. For a week two German officers had been quartered in her house. She had just given, as she said, "a very good dinner" to one of the officers. He had got up from the table; it was about seven o'clock. Suddenly, a bugle blew, —the "alert," the officer said, and he must go. As he went out of the house, he said:

"Madam, you are here alone with your two daughters. I must go immediately and I should say nothing to you, but you have shown me a great deal of humanity and so, confidentially, I warn you that if this night you hear in the city a rifle or a gun shot, take refuge at once in the cellars, for it is going to be terrible."

The officer went, and the woman ran out, warned her neighbors, hurried home again, to be indoors by eight o'clock. The town was still; the streets deserted, the doors closed; no one was abroad. The order had been well obeyed.

At five minutes after eight the woman heard shots, fired in the Rue de Tirlemont. Others heard shots at about the same time, at other parts of the city. The first thought of the inhabitants was one that ran through the town with a thrill of joy; they thought it meant deliverance, that the English and the French had come. And then, all over the city, the soldiers began firing wildly at the façades of the closed houses; the people ran to their cellars in terror; the soldiers beat in the doors, turned the people into the street, shot them down, set fire to the houses. There were riderless horses galloping about; a mad, a blind, demoniac rage seemed to have laid hold on the Germans, and they went through the streets, killing, slaying, burning and looting, torturing and massacring, and for three terrible days the vast and awful tragedy was enacted, with such scenes as appall the imagination.

It was not only in the Rue de Tirlemont, as the woman said, that the fusillade began but, by a significant coincidence, other fusillades broke out simultaneously at various points in the city, at the Porte de Bruxelles, in the Rue Leopold, in the Rue Marie Thérèse and in the Rue des Joyeux Entrées. In the Place de la Station, filled with troops just detrained and crowded with army wagons, there was a panic; the soldiers began shooting right and left, doubtless wounding many of their own.

The Place de la Station is the square before the railway station and around it on three sides are hotels and cafés. These hotels from the day of the entry of the Germans into Louvain had been occupied by officers and soldiers. They had been ransacked time and again from cellar to garret, to see that no one was in hiding, and that there were no arms. The German officers spent their money freely. The affray in the Place de la Station was the most intense of all that suddenly broke out that evening, and there was another in the Place du Peuple, the quietest, most aristocratic square in the city, where German troops were waiting under the thick foliage of the chestnut-trees. The madness spread to the Rue de Diest, and finally to the Grand' Place. The gray soldiers were running everywhere, firing right and left at random, through the streets that were so strangely illuminated for their own destruction. On the order of their chiefs they set fire to the houses, spraying salons with inflammable liquid, using the apparatus they had for that purpose, lighting and flinging in their incendiary pastels, breaking in windows with the butts of their rifles, that a draft might be provided for the flames. The inmates of the houses thus doomed, ran out only to be shot down at their own doors, or took refuge in their cellars, to be burned to death and buried beneath the ruins of their homes. Men trying to escape over the roofs were fired at by the soldiers in the streets; women, their babies in their arms, hugging the walls, tried to reach some place of safety.

The Halles of the University, erected in 1317 by the clothworkers as the Cloth Hall (*Halle aux Draps*), which, in 1431, became the principal seat of the University, had come to be devoted almost exclusively to the libraries of the University. Therein were stored incomparable riches, more than 230,000 volumes, besides 750 manuscripts dating from the Middle Ages, and perhaps the finest collection extant of books published before 1500, more than a thousand of them. The whole library, with all its riches, was deliberately and systematically burned; only the naked walls of the old hall could resist the fury of the flames. No wonder the old scholar broke down and wept!

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

"IN MOMENTS OF GREAT STRAIN AND TRAGEDY, PEOPLE ARE SIMPLE AND NATURAL; THEY DO NOT *ACT*."

The ancient church of St. Peter was set on fire; the flames of the holocaust lighted up the sky; the glare could be seen at Tervueren, fifteen kilometers away.

Early in the evening the Reverend Father Parys, a Dominican, Dr. Meulemans and the druggist de Coninck, had gone to the Hôtel de Ville to ask for permits to go about the city during the night for the service of the Dominican ambulance in the Rue Juste-Lipse. Major von Manteuffel, who was in command, was about to make out the passports when the firing began. Von Manteuffel at once ordered their arrest as hostages, as well as that of Alderman Schmidt. Out of the score or more hostages held by the Germans, two or more were selected each day and the others, provisionally, for that day, relieved, so that they took turns in serving. The two official hostages for that day were Monseigneur Coenraets, Vice-Rector of the University, and M. Maes. They were, of course, already in the Hôtel de Ville. These six hostages, then, were made to stand in the open windows, with their backs to the street, so that they would be the first to be shot if any balls were fired into the Hall.

Later General von Boehn arrived from the front, and through an interpreter harangued the hostages, telling them that if the shooting continued they would be all hanged, the city bombarded and forced to pay a levy of twenty million francs. Finally, Monseigneur Coenraets and Father Parys were ordered to proclaim this menace to the people, to exhort them to be calm and to cease firing on the German troops. They went, accompanied by von Manteuffel and a platoon of soldiers, on their ungrateful and impossible mission.

Monseigneur Coenraets was a man over sixty and already aged by toil and constant study; broken by emotion and by the horrors that were going on about him, he was forced by the score of soldiers who surrounded him, and by the two officers with their cocked revolvers always at his head, to march through those streets, followed by women and children who had known and revered him all their lives, lifting their hands, weeping, praying, swearing to him that they would do all they could to save him, and the town. His voice was choked with smoke and dust, he was ready to faint, yet hour after hour he had to march about, the dignified Vice-Rector of the old University, with the Dominican friar, halt at every street corner and recite the proclamation, in French and in Flemish—as though he had already judged his fellow citizens! As though he were imploring his own to desist from crimes of which they were only the victims!

Near the statue of Juste-Lipse, there in the Rue de la Station, there appeared a figure that flits across the scene of the Louvain tragedy like some actor in the cinema, Dr. Georg Berghausen, a young surgeon in the *Landsturm.* He came running in wild excitement, and as he met the company of hostages, he cried out that a German soldier had just been killed by a shot fired from the residence of David Fishback, and he shouted to the soldiers:

"The blood of the entire population of Louvain is not worth a drop of the blood of one German soldier."

They went on; one man says that one of the German soldiers threw an inflammable pastel into the house of Mr. Fishback, and that it flared into flames; I do not know. But a moment later, there at the foot of the statue of Juste-Lipse, lay the body of David Fishback, an old man of eighty-two, beside that of his son. The old coachman, Joseph Vandermosten, had entered the house to try to save the life of his master but he did not return. His body was found the next day amidst the ruins.

Nearly three hundred persons were gathered in the Place de la Station; "most were weeping." In the midst of this inferno, amid the roar and glare of flames, with the crackling of rifle-shots, the steady cluck-cluck-cluck of machine guns, making a noise like a riveter, and that most hideous of all sounds, the ululations of a mob, dominating all the rest, the massacre and the incendiarism went on.

It continued all through the night; toward morning the great tower of St. Peter's church burst into flames, but the soldiers would not allow the people to enter the church to save it. The great bell fell with a crash. And dawn came, and another day, but the horror went on.

It was Wednesday morning, the twenty-sixth; German soldiers, drunk, black with the soot of their incendiarism, were going through the streets and bursting into houses, crying "*Heraus!*" turning the cowering inmates into the streets, with such blows and brutalities as made the experience of each person a calvary. Often in these irruptions, obsessed by the idea of *franc-tireurs*, they would shout "The are shooting!" The people were thus assembled in tragic groups between the tottering walls of burning houses; marched through choking, suffocating streets that were strewn with the dead bodies of men and of horses, the women and children weeping, screaming, imploring, and the soldiers compelling them to walk with their hands up, or making them kneel, or run, or kicking them, or striking them with their fists or with the butts of their guns, herding them through the streets, in the midst of the smoking ruins; while other soldiers, with wine-bottles under their arms, went reeling past, crying out at the captives: *"Hund! Schwein! Schweinhund!"*

ONE OF THE 210.

THE GERMANS IN LOUVAIN.

Now and then the soldiers would tell the people that the place of execution had been reached; then they would change their minds and seek another place, a species of torture that was practised all over Belgium. And now and then German soldiers fired at them from the upper windows of the houses which they were sacking.

Finally however, after having been marched all over town—one group was marched to Hérent and back—they were assembled in the Place de la Station; old men and old women and young women and little children; they were bound hand and foot, then tied up in a great human packet, by a long rope, so that they could not move. There were by evening more than a thousand persons huddled there in the Square. A drizzling rain was falling soaking them to the skin. They had nothing to eat or to drink. Now and then a man would be shot; oftener the soldiers would lead some one off and a volley would be fired. Then those in the Square would be told that he had been killed and that a like fate awaited them. One man, bound round and round by cords, was struck by an officer several times, knocked down, made to stand up, then knocked down again; he was hung by the waist to a lamp-post; finally, after all this torture, he was hung by the neck.

The young abbé, whom I mentioned before, had been given a safe-conduct to leave the city and, on Thursday morning, had gone along the Chaussée d'Aerschot as far as Rotselaer. There he encountered a group of soldiers, who refused to look at his papers, but arrested him and took him back to Louvain with other prisoners, and finally, toward evening, to the Place de la Station. There his hands were tied behind his back and he was fastened to the other persons by barbed wire and made to stand all night, not allowed even to lean against the wall. The soldiers would lead out from time to time some one and shoot him. They witnessed many executions and heard volleys which as they assumed, meant many more. Toward morning they saw a priest shot, and were told then that their time had come. The young abbé pronounced a collective absolution for all those about him—*ego vos absolvo a peccatis vestris. Ire nomine.*

But no, soon after his hands were loosened; he was allowed to go into the waiting-room of the station, where he was held until Saturday, and then a German sergeant took pity on him and told him he could go.

And so, for another day and another night the madness went on, the murder, the looting, the sacking, the riot and the burning and the lust; with soldiers pillaging the houses, bearing the wine in great baskets out of the cellars, to be guzzled in the street, while men and women and children were shot down and their bodies left to lie in gutters, or on the smoking ruins, or thrown into foul cesspools.

Then on Thursday morning, the twenty-seventh of August, at nine o'clock, the Germans announced that it was necessary to bombard the city, and they issued an order to all the inhabitants to leave the city at once. It was but another *comédie*, for there was no bombardment, and probably no intention of any; a gun was fired two or three times, that was all. But again the soldiers went from house to house, ordering the inhabitants to leave, giving them no time to prepare, refusing them permission to take anything with them. And then began that awful exodus. On all the roads leading from Louvain the people went—old men, women, children, nuns, priests, the sick, even women just arisen from childbirth—driven like cattle. Ten thousand of them in one body were forced to march to Tirlemont, eighteen kilometers from Louvain; perhaps as many found their way to Brussels. It was a tragic hegira; many fell by the roadside; some went mad; some wandered for days in the fields and woods around; some drowned themselves in streams. The members of the *Garde Civique*, and hundreds of women and children, were sent to a prison camp at Münster, in Germany, and kept there for months, exhibited as specimens of the Belgian *franc-tireurs*. No one was spared, unless it were the occupants of the houses in the demesne of the Duc d'Arenberg, a German, at Héverlé-ter-Bank, where the Duke has a château. Many of these houses were marked in chalk; "*Nicht plündern*" (Don't pillage).

The priests whom Villalobar and I succeeded in liberating that same night, were in the throng that had been driven out along the road to the west of Louvain, toward Tervueren. They were nearly ninety, among them the Rector, the Vice-Rector, the professors of the University, and the Rector of the American College; and there were about seventy members of a Jesuit community at Louvain, which for days had given food and lodging to German officers, had nursed the wounded, German and Belgian, and buried the dead. Some of them wore the brassard of the Red Cross, bearing the German seal. They set out, on foot of course, for Brussels; they had reached Tervueren. There the soldiers halted them, searched them, taking away everything they had, including their papers of identity, and tore the Red Cross brassards from their arms. The soldiers, who were in masses, mocked, insulted and menaced them—with empty bottles, with guns and with bayonets; one soldier tried to slip a cartridge into the pocket of the soutane of one of the priests, and two of the priests were pushed into a ditch by an angry *oberleutnant* (first-lieutenant) and ordered to remain there.

"From that moment," said the Jesuit father who calmly and in his stately French told me of his experiences—I translate his words almost literally—"we had the impression, which was not denied by the events, that it was the rule of the arbitrary, and that the officers were abandoning the clerics to the invective and hatred of the soldiers. The latter indulged themselves in such acts, attitudes and conduct as, from the point of discipline alone, seemed very strange on the part of subordinates in the presence of their chiefs. The officers did not make a gesture or a sign that would put an end to it, and their attitude was equal to an approval or an encouragement; several of them even joined their invectives to those of their subordinates."

The priests were assembled in a field, and made to sit back to back on the grass, while the passing soldiers constantly menaced them with death. An hour passed and an officer came, counted the prisoners, divided them into groups, and ordered the first group to stand in line.

"All the members of this group are hostages," said the officer, "and will accompany a column of supplies. If a single shot is fired against the column, all will be shot."

While they were waiting for the column to arrive, the *oberleutnant* suddenly remembered the two priests whom he had thrown into the ditch. One of them was Father Dupierreux, a young ecclesiastic student. The soldiers, in searching him, found a private diary. He still had his Red Cross brassard and this was violently torn from his arm and the *oberleutnant*, gesticulating wildly and shouting insults, cried out, in German: "A Red Cross! A Red Cross! We will give him a Red Cross!"

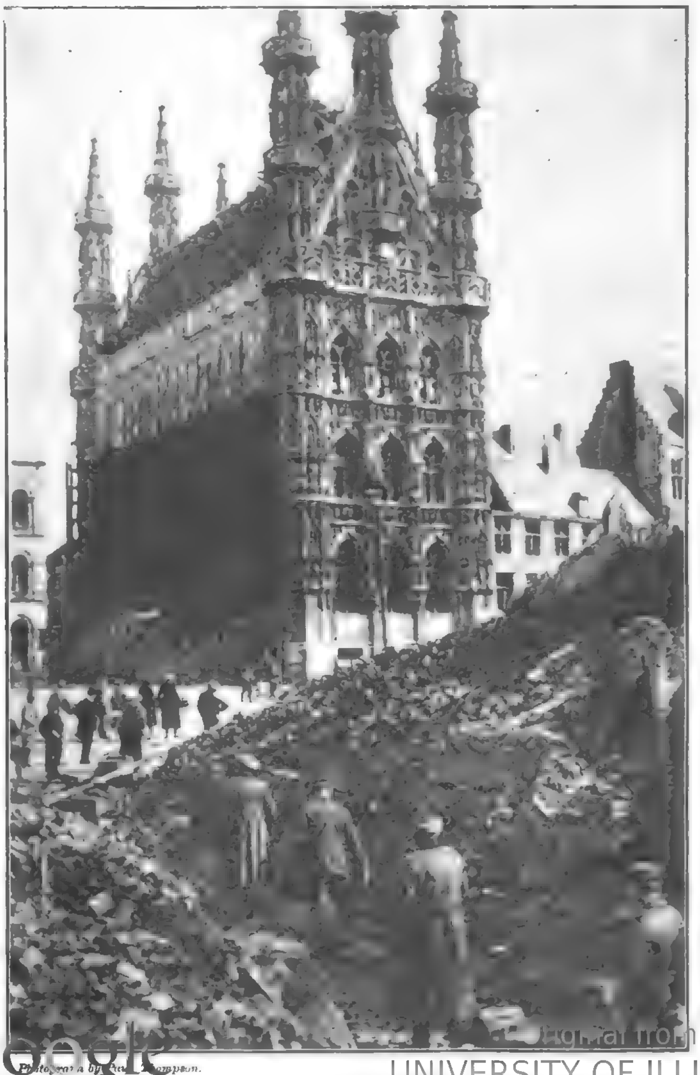
And he ordered that a large cross be traced in red chalk on Father Dupierreux's back, and when it was done he said:

"His case is settled!" (*Son affaire est reglée!*)

And so it was. Two soldiers led Father Dupierreux forward; he was pale, but he was calm; he held a crucifix in his hands. An officer and a non-commissioned officer followed. A priest with a knowledge of German was called upon to translate from Father Dupierreux's diary.

"If you omit or change the sense of a single word you will be shot, too!" said the *oberleutnant*. The priest read a few lines referring to the burning of the University of Louvain and the Library as acts worthy of the Vandals, and then the *oberleutnant* stopped the reading.

Father Dupierreux was ordered to step a few paces in advance; a firing-squad was detailed; the priests were ordered to fix their eyes upon the young priest as he stood there, crucifix in hand; the order was given to fire; the volley flashed; and Father Dupierreux fell to the ground, dead.



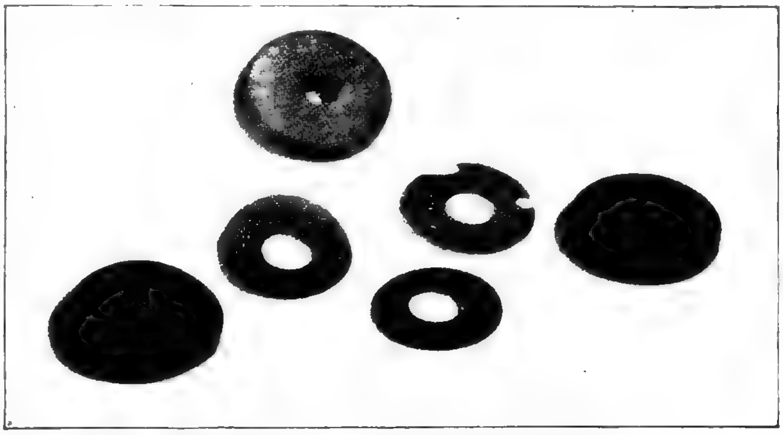
Photograph by Paul Thompson.

THE CITY HALL, LOUVAIN, UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.

It was about two o'clock. The priests were loaded into great filthy carts, used ordinarily for transporting swine, or on to transport wagons. There were five groups of them. The procession started, and for six hours, from two to eight, from Tervueren to Hal, passing through the suburbs of Brussels, the carts rumbled, the priests, as one of them said, shown "like criminals to the populations." They were given nothing to eat, not allowed even a drink of water. As they passed through Brussels they were seen and recognized; and two men, their faces blanched with horror, came to the Legation to report it. Near Hal they were overtaken by General von Lüttwitz's orders and released.

Back in Louvain, however, the rage was abating. Friday the twenty-eighth, there was, if not calm, such a diminution of the storm that it seemed, after all the horror, like calm. It was then that Gibson and Bulle of the Red Cross, Sven Pousette, the Swedish *Chargé d'Affaires*, and Blount drove out to Louvain. They found evidences of the fury of the destruction, houses still blazing and soldiers pillaging them. While they were standing in the Rue de la Station talking to a German officer, shots were suddenly fired and the German officer led them to the railway station where for half an hour they took refuge in the freight-depot. During all that time they could hear firing outside. The Germans claimed that they were being fired upon by Belgian civilians from the upper windows of houses in the Rue de la Station, but the Belgians of Louvain always insisted that the firing from the upper windows was done by German soldiers placed there for the purpose of impressing the diplomatic representatives of neutral powers.

I do not know who it was that fired. German soldiers for three days had been firing from the upper windows of houses they were looting, and they did it afterward. If after three days of such horrors, of such murderous destruction, any Belgians could have been found in the upper stories of houses and were still armed and firing, of that the Germans have never produced any evidence, and they made no arrests, did not even shoot any one, at that time, on such a charge.



"FLAME PASTELS"—USED BY THE GERMANS IN BURNING THE HOUSES OF LOUVAIN.

The town indeed, was almost deserted, though the shooting and the burning and the pillage continued until the thirtieth of August, when Professor Nerinck, of the University of Louvain, entered into negotiations with Major von Manteuffel, organized a temporary communal administration and succeeded in reestablishing some sort of authority. Orders were issued to the troops by Major von Manteuffel to cease firing, and order was restored; it was forbidden to burn homes any more; placards were posted on them, or on certain of them, bearing these words:

"*Dieses Haus ist zu schützen. Es ist streng verboten, ohne Genehmigung der Kommandantur, Häuser zu betreten oder in Brand zu setzen.*

Die Etappen-Kommandantur."

("This house must be protected. It is strictly forbidden to enter the houses or to burn them without the consent of the Kommandantur.")

The number of citizens of Louvain slain was two hundred and ten, of both sexes and all ages, from infants of three months to persons of eighty years. Several thousand were taken prisoners; over six hundred, of which one hundred were women and children, were deported to Germany. The Germans report that five officers, twenty-three men and ninety-five horses were killed.

Two thousand houses were burned, together with the buildings of the University, the Library with its precious manuscripts, and the church of St. Peter.

XXVIII

GENERAL VON LÜTTWITZ had heard that the son of the Burgomaster of Louvain had killed a German general. But the Burgomaster of Louvain had no son, and no German general or other officer was killed at Louvain.

The story of a general shot by the son of a burgomaster was a variant of the account of a tragedy that had occurred in Aerschot on the nineteenth, where the fifteen-year old son of the Burgomaster had been killed by a firing-squad, not because he had shot a general, but because a colonel had been shot, probably by Belgian soldiers retreating through the town. This story flew all over Belgium, with embellishments and improvements; the colonel became a general, thereby increasing the gravity of the offense, and the boy became a man, increasing the responsibility, and finally, by the time the story got down into the Province of Namur, the son of the Burgomaster became the daughter of the Burgomaster, thus intensifying the horror of the deed. The story was only a week old when General von Lüttwitz heard it. * * *

But it did not serve long as the reason for destroying Louvain. The alleged cause took on larger proportions as the effects grew; the Germans claimed that the civilians of Louvain fired on the soldiers from windows along the Rue de la Station, the most consequential residence street of the old University city, a long quiet avenue, lined with the handsome residences of the local quality; university professors, lawyers, doctors, and the *haute bourgeoisie*. But even this was not enough; it was not sufficiently colossal; the thing must be deeper, more profound, more in accord with the current legend of the *franc-tireur*, and so it grew and expanded until in the final and official version it blossomed forth as a popular uprising, a *Volkskrieg*. In the very houses where German soldiers were quartered, it was said Belgian soldiers, who had changed their uniforms for civilian attire, had been concealed, armed to the teeth, provided even with machine guns, and, at the preconcerted signal, in secret communication with the Belgian Government at Antwerp, at the moment when Belgian troops were making a sortie from the Antwerp forts, had sprung suddenly forth, firing from windows and even from loop-holes in the houses, placed there, it is intimated, with a view to this very exigency when the houses were built, and had treacherously fired on innocent German soldiers going to the support of their sorely tried comrades at the front. Such is the German version, given in the White Book of May 10, 1915.

The signal for this uprising is said to have been skyrockets falling like stars in the evening sky. It is not at all unlikely that Germans did see stars that evening. Never in history were soldiers more badly scared than they were when those riderless horses came galloping into town through the Porte de Malines, and disturbed the officers at their food and wine. For forty years they had been reading about those French *franc-tireurs* with the ferocious names, those French Tartarins, those dark villains that had skulked through all the German fiction for twoscore years.

There are many accounts of it, but the account that I like best is the one written by Carl Moenckeberg and published in the *Düsseldorfer General-Anzeiger* for the tenth of September, 1914, under the title "Our Baptism of Fire at Louvain." I like this account because it falls in with my notion of the essential romanticism of German fiction.

"I had just eaten a bite at the Hôtel Métropole," says Moenckeberg. "numerous detachments of infantry that did not belong to our regiment were passing in the street. It was said that they were going to sound the alarm and that perhaps at night we would have to take part in a combat. I ran as far as the Place. There were our horses, saddled, that had just come from the station, and there was installed a camp for our field-wagons. We mounted and, on horseback, rode in the streets where the soldiers were swarming. The excitement was great, and swelled even as more darkness fell. No one knew what was going on and the officers were forced to hold back their men by crying at the top of their voices in order to dominate the noise of the shuffling of the soldiers and the pawing of the horses. After a certain time a counter-order arrives. We return to the rear and again occupy the Place, whose space was filled to the last little corner with the wagons hitched up. Now they must once more distribute forage in order that before night men and horses may take their quarters. My neighbor, impatient, was citing to me the following phrase: 'The soldier passes the greatest part of his life in waiting in vain.'

"When the last word was out of his mouth a formidable detonation had just come from the corner of the Place. We turned about with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. I saw at the height of a man a brilliant light. My first thought is that the Belgian artillery has just arrived and is shooting at the troops parked in the Place. At the same moment all the saddle-horses rush to the side opposite from that whence came the detonation, jostle one another, and enter the street that is just in front. The harnessed horses also, seized by panic, shy and drag the wagons in every direction. Many break their straps and start to gallop across all that crowd. Impossible to control them. The panic of the horses threatens to extend itself to the men. No one knows what is going on.

"All, without understanding anything, look in the direction of the first explosion, awaiting the second. Then from the four sides of the Place a rain of bullets, coming from the windows of the principal houses, falls crackling on us. All precaution is useless. From whatever side one turns the bullets whistle and crackle at our ears in a bewildering way. Whoever has an arm, and every one has either an infantry gun, or a musket, or a revolver, shoots mechanically toward the first point where he thinks there is an enemy. They shoot a second time, then a third. They shoot without ceasing, and every one finds himself in the double danger, equally great, either to be brought down by the Belgians, or by their own comrades. My revolver misses fire, the ball is choked in the barrel.

"I throw myself on my stomach, under a tree, at the same time with several soldiers who were shooting. I realize in a manner very clear, but also very helpless, that only a highly impossible miracle can save me, for this infernal chaos must endure for some minutes yet. I ask only to be struck by a blow that will finish me and not leave me half dead in the hands of these aggressors. There! Listen! What signify these appeals or orders shouted with insistence? First we understand nothing because explosion follows explosion. 'The English come!' says a neighbor in my ear. 'The German troops come to our aid!' cries another. At last the shots become rarer, the voices more distinct. We hear: 'Don't shoot any more; thunder and lightning, keep still!' And indeed the storm quiets down a little. German discipline triumphs, the enemy is vanquished!!!"

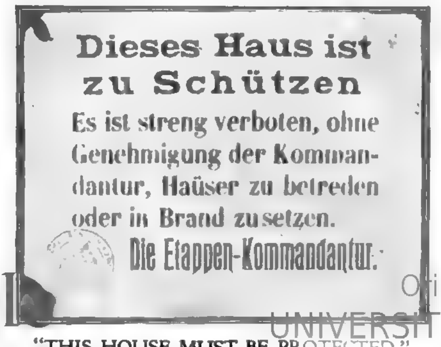
Could any psychologist give a better description of the state of mind of those soldiers? One almost has sympathy for poor Moenckeberg; not bad as to heart at all; but young, sentimental, imaginative, far from home, and writing for the paper.

"NICHT PLÜNDERN" (Don't pillage).
Door on the estate of the Duc d'Arenberg, a German resident of Héverlé-ter-Bank.

One is not quite sure whether it is the Place de la Station, or the Place du Peuple, that Moenckeberg is writing about; perhaps he is not quite sure himself. But one concludes that it must have been the Place de la Station.

Moenckeberg's story is now a classic, since it has received official recognition, and is published by the German Government as evidence of what occurred at Louvain and of why the army had to do what it did there. For the Germans had an investigation: a commission was appointed to examine into the matter, to take evidence, and it reported that it was all the fault of the Belgians, and that the German army was in no wise to blame. The witnesses were all German soldiers, and a few officers. No Belgians and no neutrals were allowed to follow the progress of the hearing. Certain Belgians, among them the notables of the city of Louvain, volunteered to appear and testify, but their testimony was for the most part refused, and that which was given does not appear in the German White Book, which is the official document on the subject. The inquiry was conducted or in part conducted by a German *Feldkriegsgerichtsrat*, Dr. Ivers. He seems to have been a kind of judge-advocate. His conclusions, of course, were that the Germans were in no wise to blame for what occurred at Louvain, and that they were wholly justified in doing what they did.

The Germans had been eager to have Gibson, Bulle, Pousette and Blount testify to the effect that while at Louvain they had seen Belgian civilians shooting from the windows. I would not consent to Gibson's testifying unless the American Government desired it, and the American Government did not desire it. Thereupon Pousette and Bulle declined to testify. Their testimony in any event, according to our rules of evidence, could have established no other fact than that three days after the tragedy began there was still shooting in the streets of Louvain. They could not have been certain as to who was shot, and for all they knew the Belgian theory that German soldiers had been placed in empty houses to shoot from upper windows in order to impress the representatives of neutral powers with the viciousness of the Belgians, was just as valid as the German claim.



Dieses Haus ist zu Schützen

Es ist streng verboten, ohne Genehmigung der Kommandantur, Haüser zu betreten oder in Brand zu setzen.

Die Etappen-Kommandantur.

"THIS HOUSE MUST BE PROTECTED."

One morning, during the progress of the hearing, a German officer appeared at the Legation. He was large, portly, dressed in the lurid gray-green uniform, wore a heavy sword, and thick professorial spectacles. Under his arm he bore an enormous portfolio that might have contained, could he have found it, enough evidence to convict seven million Belgians. He entered, clicked his heels, placed his hand at his helmet, bowed stiffly, and without more ado seated himself at my desk, opened his portfolio, spread it over before him and, in short, told us to begin testifying. I looked at the man in amazement; I do not know just what confused notions of his power and authority were ebullient in his skull. But I finally convinced him that he was laboring under some misapprehension, and ultimately he went away, pausing only for a rather petulant salute.

I do not know whether this man was Dr. Ivers, or not. It would be too bold to say that I wish it were, for, reading the other day of Dr. Ivers, this man's physiognomy came to my mind—the thick neck, the heavy jowls, the upstanding, stiff, cropped hair, the myopic spectacles—and the manner. I know that the *ad hominem* argument is a fallacy, and a repugnant weapon besides, but it is not wholly uninteresting in this connection to note that *Feldkriegsgerichtsrat* Ivers has since been tried and convicted before the Criminal Court of Berlin, on a charge of having used his legal function for the purpose of extorting money from the mother of a man then serving in the army, whose wife was suing him for a divorce, that for this he has been sent to prison, and that in sentencing him the judge who presided at the trial said, from the evidence it had been shown that the accused Ivers was without moral sense or judgment. * * *

The account would not be complete, no history of those times, by whomever written, would be complete, without a word or two concerning Dr. Georg Berghausen.

Dr. Georg Berghausen, Surgeon-in-Chief of the second battalion of the *Landsturm* of Neuss, is a young man who appears at several points in this narrative, and in his own deposition, almost in the first line, he gives us an accurate description of himself; for there is this terrible and fatal quality in all writing, which should no doubt adjure us all to silence, namely, that no matter how imperfect a picture the writer gives of everything else, he always draws a perfect portrait of himself.

"I arrived at Louvain," says our doctor, "the twenty-fourth of August in the afternoon, and went to the hotel. In order favorably to impress the landlord and his waiters I turned out of my pocket the sum of fifty francs, destined to the purchase of food."

There you have him, at his entrance on the stage, arriving at the hotel with a flourish, striking attitudes, twirling his mustache, impressing the natives.

No sooner arrived in Louvain than he goes to the penitentiary in order to set at liberty all prisoners of German nationality—not prisoners of war—but Germans condemned long before the war, for felonies.

Again, on the twenty-first of September, we find him in the heat of the fray. He went out to battle and at the head of several hussars captured a machine gun from the Belgians, and was given the Iron Cross—of the second class.

Next we see him bending to kiss the hands of the Belgian nurses at the hospital, expatiating to them on the solidarity that binds all workers of the Red Cross together. Later on in September, according to a newspaper of Cologne, he is at a religious ceremony in Louvain, mounting to the pulpit beside the Dominican father, and translating into German, for the benefit of German soldiers present, the sermon which the monk had just delivered in French to his own people. Dr. Berghausen seems to have had a somewhat too evident fondness for the limelight, the exaggerated manner of the cinema.

He was dramatizing himself, or romanticising himself, all the time. Thus it is not surprising to find him in the midst of the affray there in the Place de la Station that night. He had gone on foot, he says, to the Place de la Station, and on the way Belgians had fired at him from upper windows ten or twelve times. However, he was not touched by the shots of the *franc-tireurs* and he arrived at the statue Juste-Lipse. He arrives tardily on the scene—it was then half-past ten o'clock—and he saw the body of a German soldier lying in the street, and, as he says in his deposition, asking some German soldiers near by who it was that killed the man, "they pointed to the house of David Fishback."

But it is better that he tell it himself.

"I myself broke in the door, with the aid of my orderly, and I found the occupant of the house, Mr. David Fishback, the elder. I asked him the reason for the murder of the soldier because, I said to him, my comrades had told me, 'it was from the windows of your house that the shot was fired which brought down the soldier extended there on the square.' The old man assured me that he knew nothing of it. Upon this, his son, the young Fishback, came down-stairs from the first story, and the old servant came out of the porter's lodge. I led outside at once the father, the son and the servant. At this moment a panic took place in the street, because from several houses situated a little farther on, on the same side, they were firing in a terrible fashion on the soldiers who were near the statue, and on me. In the darkness I lost sight of the father Fishback, the son and the servant."

Again Berghausen is almost miraculously spared, and goes down the street, encountering von Manteuffel, "accompanied by the president of the Red Cross, the Dominican friar and the old curé," as he refers to Monseigneur Coenraets. "We four, or rather we five," Berghausen is always meticulous in minute details—"we all saw the dead soldier." Berghausen's star had been constant, for, like all the other soldiers on whom, as he says, they were shooting in such terrible fashion from the windows, once more he passed through the fire unscathed. "We all saw the dead soldier and a few steps further on Mr. David Fishback, the elder, dead also. He was stretched before the statue. I suppose that the comrades of the soldier, having seen that it was indeed from the house of Fishback that the shot was fired that killed him, had immediately inflicted punishment on the possessor of the house."

Nothing here from Berghausen of his own responsibility as an officer. He had dragged an old gentleman from his own house, after breaking in his door, and had turned him over to the wrath of frenzied soldiers, and then lost sight of him in the darkness. And he *supposes* that they had killed him because he was the possessor of the house from which shots had been fired!

Later on in his deposition there is this statement: "I can declare in the most formal manner that the officers and the soldiers who were following the Rue de la Station, at the moment when I was going to the station, did not shoot. From which it is established that"—Berghausen never leaves any doubt in his evidence but himself always draws the desired conclusions for one—"from which it is established," he says, "that on the night of the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of August, some time between ten and eleven o'clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de la Station, without the German soldiers having furnished them any pretext, shot from their windows on officers and men and, in particular, when we were passing before the house No. 120 Rue de la Station they were aiming from the windows of the second story of that house, as I saw myself the murderous fire on officers and soldiers. That all, or at least that some of us were not killed I can explain only by the fact that the officers and soldiers were on the sidewalk on the side of the street from which they were shooting, and that, besides, profound darkness was reigning.

"In my deposition, which I am ready to confirm by oath, made in all conscience, it is established in a manner absolutely undeniable that on the night from the twenty-fifth to the twenty-sixth of August, inhabitants of Louvain shot on numerous occasions on the German soldiers, and this without any pretext, without a shot having been first fired on them by an officer or soldier."

Such is his deposition, as it appears in the German White Book, and such is Berghausen and such was all of the published evidence in the hearing, such is all the evidence in the White Book, and these are the star witnesses. Their evidence has satisfied the German conscience, though indeed that was satisfied already. Did not ninety-three German professors—scientists, whose conclusions are said to be based only on proved facts—even long before the White Book appeared, solemnly declare that Louvain had been justly punished?

Mr. Whitlock says in his next instalment:

"Louvain will remain perhaps the classic instance of Schrecklichkeit; it resumes and sums up in the general mind the sinister history of those terrible times. But it was not the worst——"

The worst—the climax of the reign of terror—will be told in the next instalment, in the May number.

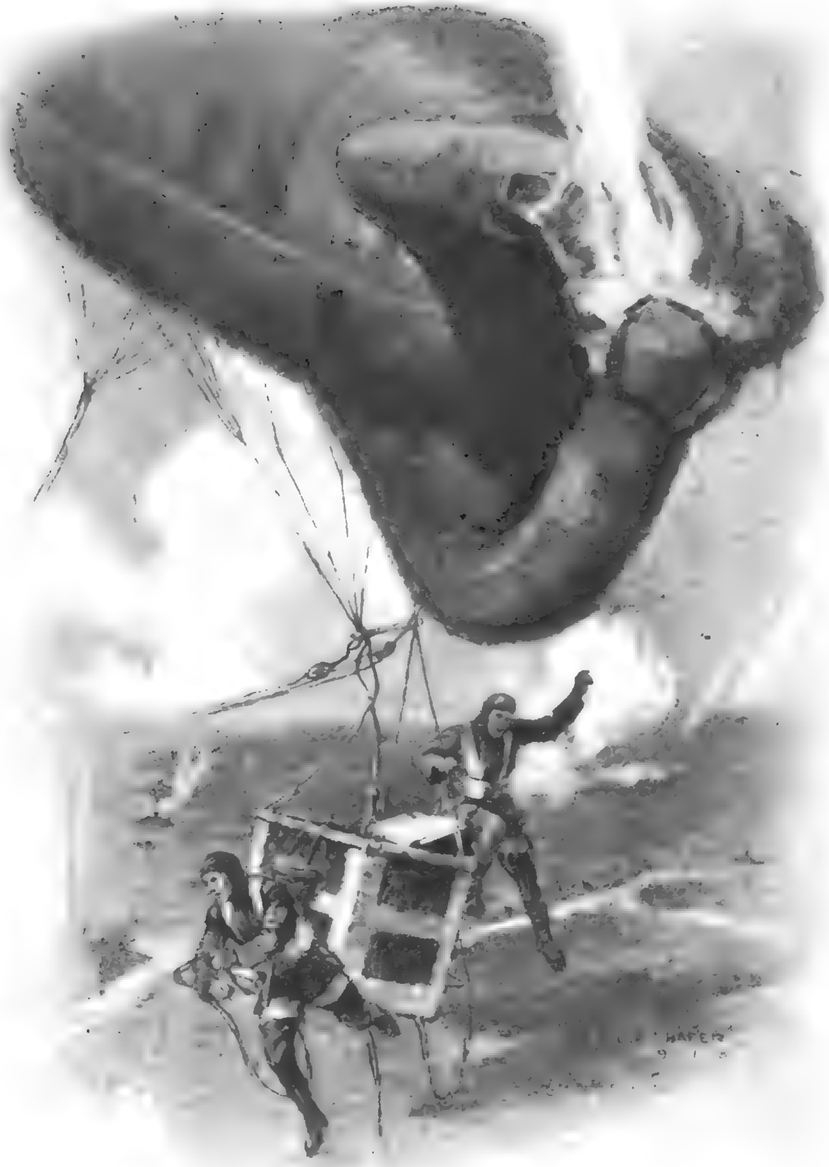
TAM O' THE SCOOTS

The Man Behind the Circus

By

Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER



THE FIRST HINT THAT THE OBSERVATION BALLOON WAS IN DIFFICULTIES CAME WHEN HE SAW THE TWO OBSERVERS LEAP INTO SPACE.

THERE comes to every great artist a moment when a sense of the futility of his efforts weighs upon and well-nigh crushes him. Such an oppression represents the reaction which follows or precedes much excellent work. The psychologist will, perhaps, fail to explain why this sense of emptiness so often comes before a man's best accomplishments, and what association there is between that dark hour of anguish which goes before the dawn of vision, and the perfect opportunity which invariably follows.

Sergeant-Pilot Tam struck a bad patch of luck. In the first place, he had missed a splendid chance of catching von Rheinhoff, who with thirty-one "crashes" to his credit came flaunting his immoral triumph in Tam's territory. Tam had the advantage of position and had attacked—and his guns had jammed. The luck was not altogether against him, for, if every man had his due, von Rheinhoff should have added Tam's scalp to the list of his thirty-one victims.

Tam only saved himself by taking the risk of a spinning nose dive into that zone of comparative safety which is represented by the distance between the trajectories of high-angle guns and the flatter curve made by the flight of the eighteen-pounder shell.

Nor were his troubles at an end that day, for later he received instructions to watch an observation balloon, which had been the recipient of certain embarrassing attentions from enemy aircraft. And in some miraculous fashion, though he was in an advantageous position to attack any daring intruder, he had been circumvented by a low-flying Fokker.

The first hint he received that the observation balloon was in difficulties came when he saw the two observers leap into space with their parachutes, and a tiny spiral of smoke ascend from the fat and helpless "sausage."

Tam dived for the pirate machine firing both guns—then, for the second time that day, the mechanism of his gun went wrong.

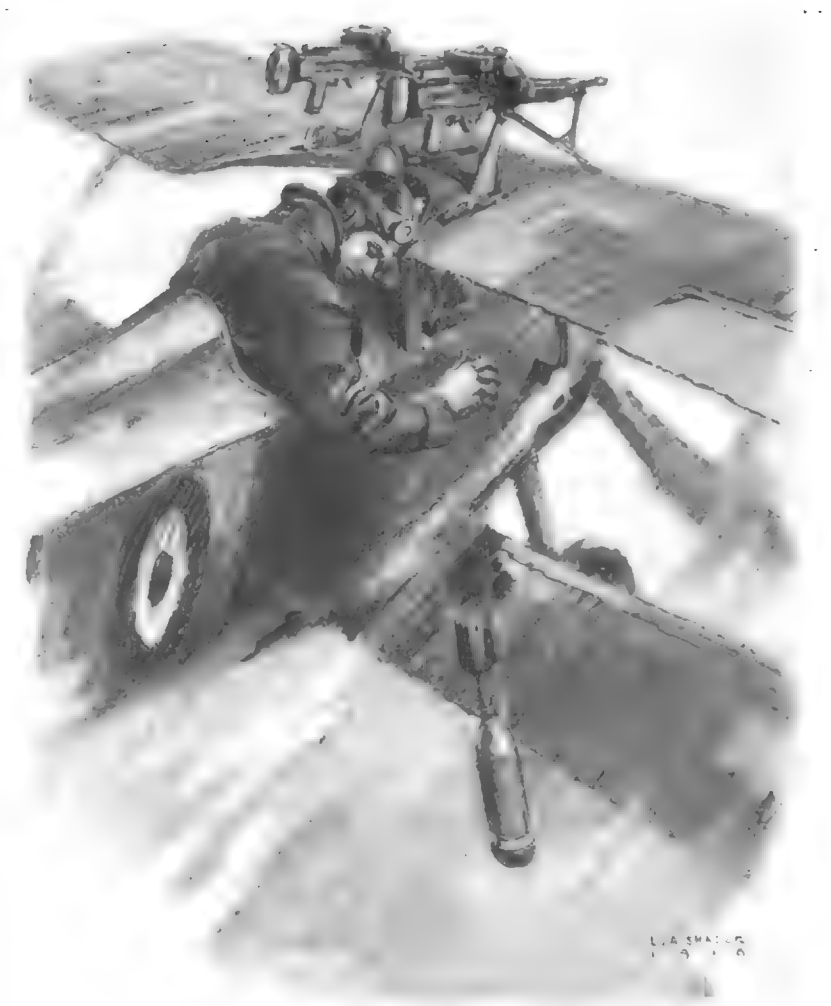
"Accidents will happen," said the philosophical Blackie; "you can't have it all your own way, Tam. If I were you I'd take a couple of days off—you can have ten days' leave if you like, you're entitled to it."

But Tam shook his head. "A'll tak' a day, sir," he said, "for meditation an' devotional exercise wi' that wee bit gun."

So he turned into the workshop and stripped the weapon, calling each part by name until he found, in a slovenly fitted ejector, reason and excuse for exercising his limitless vocabulary upon that faithless part. He also said many things about the workman who had fitted it.

"Angus Jones! O Angus Jones!" said Tam, shaking his head.

Tam never spoke of anybody impersonally. They were christened instantly and became such individual realities that you could almost swear that you knew them, for Tam would



"THAT'S MA LAST!" HE SAID, AND PICKING UP AN AERIAL TORPEDO HE DROPPED IT OVER THE SIDE.

carefully equip them with features and color, height and build, and frequently invented for the most unpopular of his imaginary people relatives of offensive reputations.

"Angus, ma wee lad," he murmured as his nimble fingers grew busy, "ye've been drinkin' again! Nay, don't deny it! A' see ye comin' out of Hennessy's the forenoon. An' ye've a wife an' six children, the shame on ye to treat a puir woman so! Another blunder like this an' ye'll lose yeer job."

A further fault was discovered in a stiff feed-block, and here Tam grew bitter and personal.

"Will ye do this, Hector Brodie McKay? Man, can ye meet the innocent gaze of the passin' soldiery an' no' feel a mairderer? An' wi' a face like that, ravaged an' seaun fra' vicious livin'—for shame, ye scrimshankin', lazy guid-for-nawthing!"

He worked far into the night, for he was tireless, and appeared on parade the next morning fresh and bright of eye.

"Tam, when you're feeling better I'd like you to dodge over the German lines. Behind Lille there's a new Hun Corps Headquarters, and there's something unusual on."

Tam went out that afternoon in the clear cold sky and found that there was indeed something doing.

Lille was guarded as he had never remembered its being guarded before, by three belts of fighting machines. His first attempt to break through brought a veritable swarm of hornets about his ears. The air reverberated with Archie fire of a peculiar and unusual intensity long before he came within striking distance of the first zone.

Tam saw the angry rush of the guardian machines and turned his little Nieuport homeward.

"A'richt! A'richt! What's frichtenin' ye?" he demanded indignantly as they streaked behind his tail. "A'm no' anxious to put ma nose where it's no' wanted!"

He shook off his pursuers and turned on a wide circle, crossed the enemy's line on the Vimy Ridge and came back across the black coal-fields near Billy-Montigny. But his attempt to run the gantlet and to cross Lille from the eastward met with no better success, and he escaped via Menin and the Ypres salient.

"Ma luck's oot," he reported glumly. "There's no road into Lille or ower Lille—ye'd better send a submarine up the Liza."

Tam had never thoroughly learned the difference between the Yser and the Lys and gave both rivers a generic title.

"Did you see any concentrations east of the town?" asked Blackie.

"Beyond an epidemic of mad Gairman airplanes an' a violent eruption of Archies the hateful enemy shows no sign o' life or movement," said Tam. "Man, A've never wanted so badly to look into Lille till now."

Undoubtedly there was something to hide. Young Turpin, venturing where Tam had nearly trod, was shot down by gun-fire and taken prisoner. Missel, a good flyer, was outfought by three opponents and slid home with a dead observer, limp and smiling in the fusillage.

"To-morrow at daybreak, look for Tam amongst the stars," said that worthy young man as he backed out of Blackie's office, "the disgustin' incivility o' the Hoon has aroosed the fichtin' spirit o' the dead-an'-gone MacTavishes. Every fiber in ma body, includin' ma suspenders, is tense wi' rage an' horror."

"A cigar, Tam?"

"No, thank ye, sir," said Tam, waving aside the proffered case and extracting two cigars in one motion. "Well, perhaps A'd better. A've run oot o' seegairs, an' the thoosand A ordered frae ma Glasgae factor hae been sunk by enemy action—this is no' a bad seegair, Captain Blackie, sir. It's a verra passable smoke an' no' dear at fourpence."

"That cigar costs eight pounds a hundred," said Blackie, nettled.

"Ye'll end yeer days in the puirhouse," said Tam.

True to his promise he swept over Lille the next morning and to his amazement no particular resistance was offered. He was challenged half-heartedly by a solitary machine, he was banged at by A. A. guns, but encountered nothing of that intensity of fire which met him on his earlier visit.

And Lille was the Lille he knew: the three crooked boulevards, the jumble of small streets, and open space before the railway station. There was no evidence of any unusual happening—no extraordinary collection of rolling stock in the tangled sidings, or gatherings of troops in the outskirts of the town.

Tam was puzzled and pushed eastward. He pursued his investigations as far as Roubaix, then swept southward to Douai. Here he came against exactly the same kind of resistance which he had found on his first visit to Lille. There were the three circles of fighting machines, the strengthened Archie batteries, the same furious eagerness to attack.

Tam went home followed by three swift fighters. He led them to within gliding distance of the Allied lines; then he turned, and this time his guns served him, for he crashed one and forced one down. The third went home and told Fritz all about it.

"It's verra curious," said Tam, and Blackie agreed.

Tam went out again the following morning—but this time not alone. Six fighting machines, with Blackie leading, headed for Douai in battle formation. At Douai they met no resistance—the aerial concentration had vanished and, save for the conventional defenses, there was nothing to prevent their appearance over the town. That same afternoon Captain Sutton, R. F. C., looking for an interest in life over Menin, found it. He came back with his fusillage shot to chips and wet through from a smashed radiator.

"So far as I can discover," he said, "all the circuses are hovering about Menin. Von Bissing's is there and von Rheinhoff's, and I could almost swear I saw von Wentzl's red scouts."

"Did you get over the town?"

Sutton laughed. "I was a happy man when I reached our lines," he said.

"Maybe they're trying out some new stunt," said Blackie. "Probably it is a plan of defense—a sort of divisional training—I'll send a report to G. H. Q. I don't like this concentration of circuses in our neighborhood."

Now a "circus" is a strong squadron of German airplanes attached to no particular army, but employed on those sectors where its activities will be of most value at a critical time; and its appearance is invariably a cause for rejoicing among all red-blooded adventurers.

Two days after Blackie had made his report, von Bissing's World-Renowned Circus was giving a performance, and on this occasion was under royal and imperial patronage.

For, drawn up by the side of the snowy road, some miles in the rear of the line were six big motor-cars, and on a high bank near to the road was a small group of staff officers muffled from chin to heels in long gray overcoats, clumsily belted at the waist.

Aloof from the group was a man of medium height, stoutly built and worn of face, whose expression was one of eager impatience. The face, caricatured a hundred thousand times, was hawklike, the eyes bright and searching, the chin outthrust. He had a nervous trick of jerking his head sideways as though he were everlastingly suffering from a crick in the neck.

Now and again he raised his glasses to watch the leader as he controlled the evolutions of the twenty-five airplanes which constituted the "circus."

It was a sight well worth watching.

First in a great V, like a flock of wild geese, the squadron swept across the sky, every machine in its station. Then, at a signal from the leader, the V broke into three diamond-shaped formations, with the leader at the apex of the triangle which the three flights formed. Another signal and the circus broke into momentary confusion, to reform with much banking and wheeling into a straight line—again with the leader ahead. Backward and forward swept the line; changed direction and wheeled until the machines formed a perfect circle in the sky.

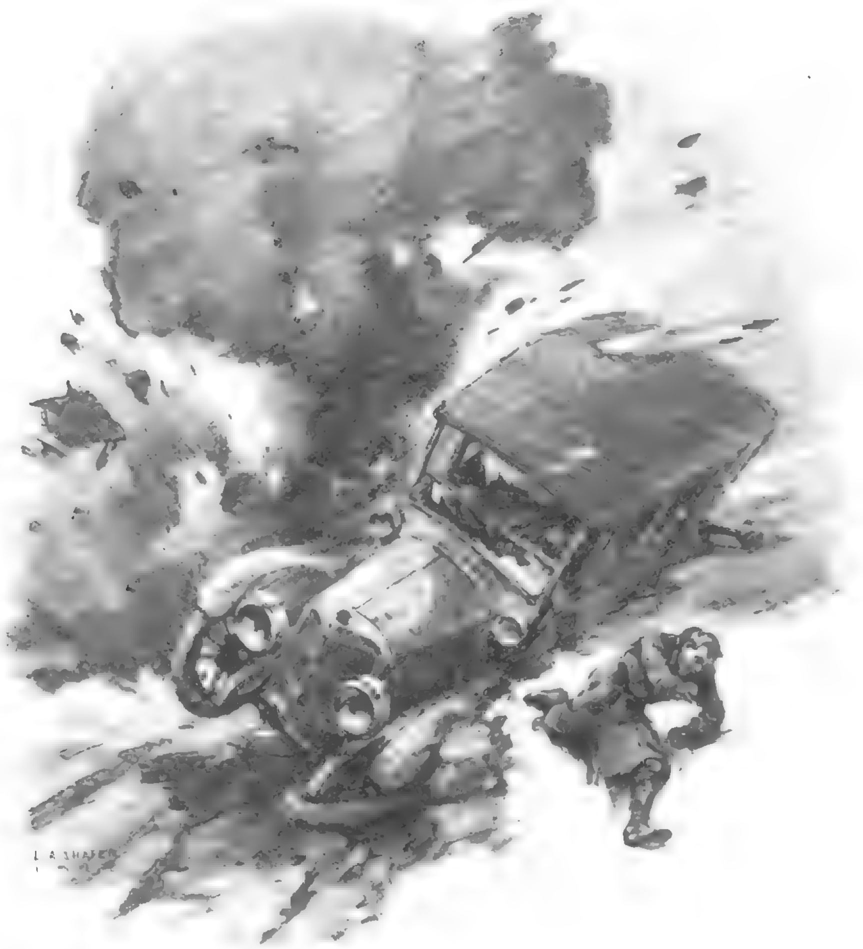
"Splendid!" barked the man with the jerking head.

An officer, who stood a few paces to his rear, stepped up smartly and saluted.

"Splendid!" said the other again. "You will tell Captain Baron von Bissing that I am pleased and that I intend bestowing upon him the Order *Pour la Mérite*. His arrangements for my protection at Lille and Douai and Menin were perfect."

"Majesty," said the officer, "your message shall be delivered."

The sightseer swept the heavens again. "I presume that the other machine is posted as a sentinel," he said. "That is a most excellent idea—it is flying at an enormous height. Who is the pilot?"



IT STRUCK THE LAST CAR, WHICH DISSOLVED NOISILY INTO DUST AND SPLINTERS.

The officer turned and beckoned one of the group behind him. "His Majesty wishes to know who is the pilot of the sentinel machine?" he asked.

The officer addressed raised his face to the heavens with a little frown.

"The other machine, general?" he repeated. "There is no other machine."

He focused his glasses on the tiniest black spot in the skies. Long and seriously he viewed the lonely watcher, then:

"General," he said hastily, "it is advisable that his Majesty should go."

"Huh?"

"I can not distinguish the machine, but it looks suspicious."

"*Whoom! Whoom!*"

A field away, two great brown geysers of earth leaped up into the air and two deafening explosions set the bare branches of the trees swaying.

Down the bank scrambled the distinguished party and in a few seconds the cars were streaking homeward.

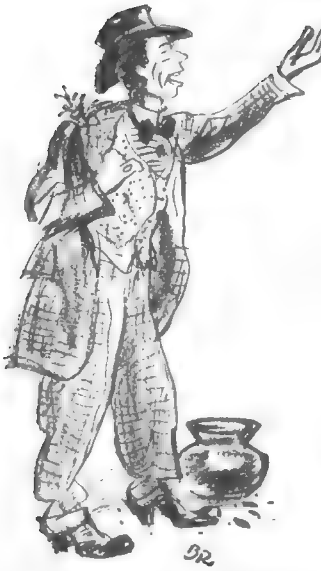
The circus was now climbing desperately, but the watcher on high had a big margin of safety.

"*Whoom!*"

Just to the rear of the last staff car fell the bomb, blowing a great hole in the paved road and scattering stones and débris over a wide area.

The cars fled onward, skidding at

(*Continued on page 81*)

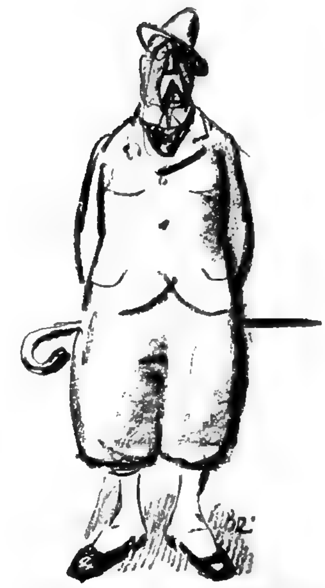


THE ENGLISHMAN'S AMERICAN.

ALLIES—OR FRIENDS?

By Herbert Corey

ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON



THE AMERICAN'S ENGLISHMAN.

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States are getting acquainted — by twos — in France. Friendship may follow.

That statement has a sort of hollow ring. It sounds as though all these years that we have been talking about the ties of blood and hands-across-the-sea we have really been disliking each other. Come to think of it, the peoples have not been talking about these things. Only professors and editors and that form of exportable commodity known as diplomats have been talking them. Away back home in Abilene, Kansas, and Wimbledon Common, London, the sturdy taxpayer had used the mother tongue to lambast the other fellow of nights.

"The Americans are qualified rotters," Mr. Smith of Wimbledon was saying not so long ago; "why don't they do their bit?"

"I want to see Germany licked," Mr. Smith of Abilene used to say, "but I had just as lief see England get a little licking too!"

Cousinly Love

BACK of it all, both sides had considerable respect and admiration for each other. More, perhaps, than they had for any other people in the world. Great Britain has always known that the Americans have confidence in her fairness and America has always believed that if it came to the show-down Great Britain would stand with her. But the two peoples were so nearly alike that they jarred on each other. It is not often that cousins are really chums.

"The English have always liked Americans better than Americans have liked the English," said an Englishman who has spent the better part of his life in the United States. Just now he is a lieutenant in a regiment of the Guards, but down in Memphis, Tennessee, he is known as Colonel. "You call us foreigners. An Englishman applies that title only to those who speak another language."

"But do the individuals of the two people like each other?" I asked.

"Certainly not," replied the Colonel decisively.

Yet, of the hundreds of American officers who have passed through the British training camps back of the line, or are on their way through, I have not heard of one who has not come out of his experience with a better liking for the Britisher. Not all of them cheer for their hosts, but as a broad proposition, they have found the Briton a bully sort. The Briton declares the American a most likable chap. Neither thought in advance they could ever learn to like the other. It was not until they got acquainted that the process of liking began. It is still individual liking—not liking in mass.

"We were delighted to find your chaps so modest," the Britons say.

That is put in the plural because so many of the Britons have remarked upon their delight. The first time I heard it I only thought that the particular Briton was naive. The next Briton seemed somewhat tactless. But when it came from every British side—when Britons by regiments and platoons assured me that the Americans are modest—my American hair began to curl. We have always known that our shy reticence sometimes conceals our true worth, but in the end that word "modest" began to eat in. It was as though we were being felicitated on being white or on having left our strings of scalps smoke-drying in the paternal wigwams.

"Why," I asked, "are you so blightedly insistent upon our modesty?"

The explanation was easy. The empire on which the sun never sets has always thought of us as—well—boisterous. The only American I personally know who habitually suffers from checkered clothes and patent-medicine hats and patent-leather shoes and a desire to buy all his drinks on the city hall steps is regarded by his English friends as "typically" American. My friend has made an undoubted social success on the strength of what his own people regard as eccentricities. I am sure that not very long ago most Englishmen believed that Americans prefer to enter hotels on horseback and wear ruby buttons on their more intimate garments.

"The New York bar is a favorite resort of Americans in Paris, is it not?" an Englishman asked.

"Well, it is." But there seemed a hidden significance in his words, and I asked him to go further and tell me candidly what was this flash that had come to him in the midst of an intellectual night. He did.

"I see," said he, "that the New York bar advertises 'morning cocktails.'"

Rather—Don't you know!

SO THAT when the American troops came to France the British on the ground gave them rather a limp-fingered welcome. The Briton is a fine fellow—the more you see of him the better you like him—but he is as open as a crater. He stares unpleasantly when he is curious. He watched the first Americans in much the same manner in which he would have regarded a troupe of trained seals. No doubt, he seemed to say to himself in his limpid mental depths, these chaps will soon reveal themselves in their true amphibian identity. Meanwhile all I have to do is to stick around and see who carries the fish.

The Americans knew something less of the British than the British knew of them. Most of us have been raised under the shadow of the Little Red Schoolhouse. The theory on which this small building is operated is excellent, but in practise it sometimes serves as a center for measles and misinformation.

We were always taught to hate the British tyrant in our youth. Then we grew up to pursue sociological research, by way of the musical comedy stage, where we learned that Englishmen are either h-less or else consummate villains who wear monocles. The British manner appalled the Americans, too. It is a manner perfectly natural to the Briton, though distressing to a friendly stranger. The American thought the Briton was up-stage, and withdrew into his shell.

The Crustaceous Briton

THE Briton was already in his shell. He spends most of his time there, unless he has been painstakingly pried out. He is just as warm-hearted and kindly and friendly as we are, but he must be operated on with a full kit of tools before one finds it out. Not long ago I was riding with a young officer on the British front. He had just heard that his favorite brother-in-law was located in some unknown village near by.

He was quite "bucked up" about it—I am sure he said bucked up—because this was a real brother-in-law. He regaled me with stories of the brother-in-law's youth. He met friends and asked where the beloved brother-in-law might be found. By and by we ran across the brother-in-law, standing knee-deep in mud in a particularly destroyed village. This is precisely what they called to each other:

"Fancy finding you here, old top!"

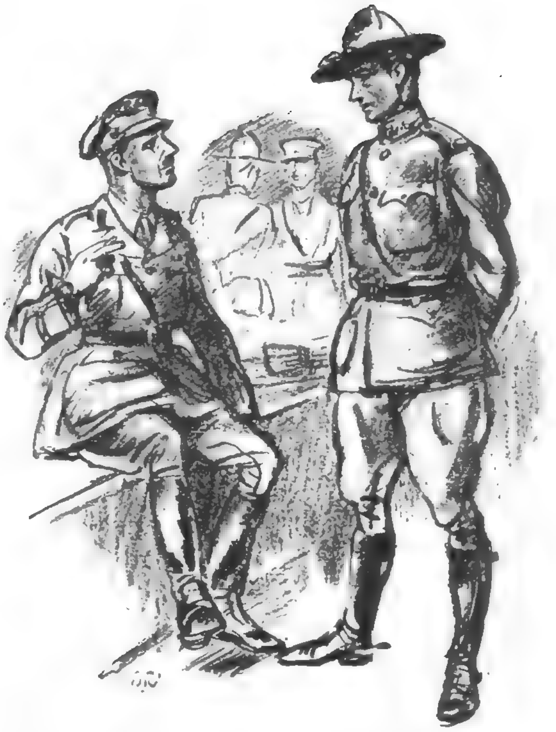
"Ripping, isn't it? Come along and have a peg."

They spoke to each other casually in the course of lunch and reluctantly emitted various bits of information, and when they parted they just shook hands.

The brother-in-law did put his hand on the other fellow's shoulder for a moment, but that was because he had lived in America for some years and his defenses were somewhat broken down.

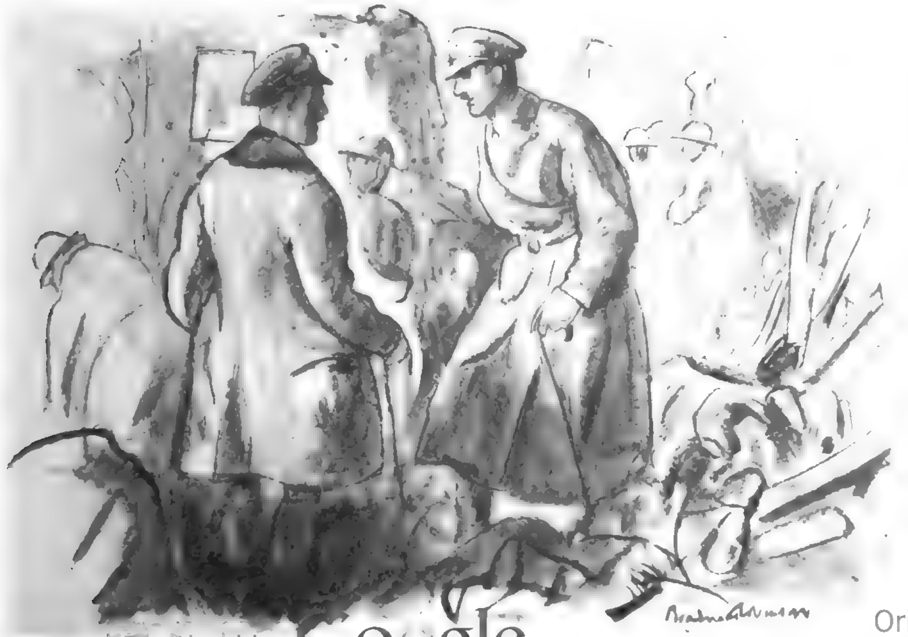
And all that afternoon my companion talked of his brother-in-law, although certain phenomena connected with shell-fire had seemed to me worthy a fleeting interest, and when we got back to camp he sat up until midnight writing a letter to his wife, in which he described this extraordinarily ripping event at length.

Americans are not like that. Two Yankee brothers-in-law who were really fond of each other would have whacked each other on the back and shaken hands and let the whole world in on their beatitude. It may be imagined that the first contact between volatile and effusive beings—and by contrast with the Briton we are effusive and volatile—and a breed which only portrays emotion when it misses a step in the dark was rather disappointing. The American curled tightly up on himself. The Briton went on wide-eyed in his study of an interesting anthropological experiment.



"YOU CHAPS ARE CHARMINGLY MODEST," SAID THE BRITON, "BUT WE QUARREL WITH EVERY ONE."

Then the American soldiers—they were generally rookies, these men of the first expedition; something between gooseflesh and pinfeathers—were turned over to French instructors for training.



"FANCY FINDING YOU HERE, OLD TOP!"

This story of the new friendship between the American and the Briton—between many thousands of individual Americans and Britons, be it understood—must be worked out by slow stages.

It was so wholly unforseen. Most Americans came over here preferring to work with the French for various reasons, beginning with the Marquis de Lafayette and ending with General Joffre.

The British were quite candid in declaring that the decision that the American Army should make a part of the French front rather than of their own was acceptable to them, though they deprecated its possible political results.

"But perhaps it is better so," they said in cheerful resignation. "No doubt we should quarrel with you. It is the inevitable result of the common language."

"The Americans did not come over here with chips on their shoulders," was the American reply.

"We know it, dear chap," was the British answer. "You fellows are charmingly modest. But we quarrel with every one. We have quarreled with the Canadians and the Australians and the New Zealanders, and the only reason we do not quarrel with the Frenchman is that he can not understand what we say. Of course, we should quarrel with you."

Every one was happy when the Americans first began to work with

THE FRENCH OFFICERS SOUGHT TO IMBED KINDLY CRITICISM IN A BOUQUET OF COURTEOUS PHRASES.

their French instructors. The Americans could not say enough of the charming courtesy of their hosts. They were a little bothered by the host's idea of luncheon, which is that three hours may be well spent at the table if there are enough pretty things to say; but as a get-together affair these midday meals were perfect. Each lunch was a *battue* of compliment. Eloquent Frenchmen would dissolve in vocal set pieces over the new union of the two great republics.

The Americans would beam—and beam—and try to think of some new way in which to say the same thing, and finally wind up by singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Every French officer who has been in the American camp knows that song by heart. As time went on, the Americans liked their hosts better than ever, but even those old hard-shells who used to boast that their New England ancestors killed a British grenadier when they laid in their winter meat began to say they would like to try the British methods.

Anglo-Saxon Straight-Talk

AMERICAN and Frenchman are kept apart, just as Frenchman and Briton are, by a difference in national temperament complicated by a failure to understand each other's tongue. The Americans for the most part are men who have all their lives been calling spades by the names under which they are listed in the catalog. French is to the average American a language found only on bills of fare and to be interpreted by the forefinger. The French officers sought to imbed kindly and constructive criticism in a bouquet of courteous phrases. But they usually spoke a careful and accurate book English and failed to get their true thought over. About this time a British instructor reached the American camp.

"Rotten," said he to the first squad that faced him. He reached right into his vocabulary and got out some more language. "My—word!" said he. "You are incredible."

A squad of fine young Americans belonging to the very oldest families of Dakota and Nebraska, began to mottle and find trouble in breathing. The British instructor seemed to be gratified. He walked up and down for a time, looking the squad over.

"No doubt you have been taught something," said he. "But I wonder what it is? Why—I am merely curious, don't you know—why were you sent to me?"

That is approved drill-master talk, not to be taken seriously. Its master quality is that it is quite easily comprehended. That night there were various indignation meetings in camp—I had almost said on the campus—but next day that squad was up on its toes. By and by the Briton began to be complimentary. There was nothing fulsome about him. He merely indicated that they were not as rotten as they had been, but the corners of each American mouth quirked in an irrepressible grin. When, some days later, he told them that they might almost be taken for soldiers—if one were in a great hurry and the light were poor—they almost cheered him. They liked that kind of talk. Most of them plan to talk that way themselves one of these days.

During this preliminary period the British soldiers had been placidly progressing with their study of the Americans. One began to see that when they said the American officers were "modest" they meant that they had expected to encounter bluster and brag. General Pershing said that his men are over here to do what they can and all they can, and the British who were not used to the newcomers fairly gasped. They had half-expected him to ask for the supreme command on the western front. Another general frankly discussed the staff weaknesses of the American army with the members of a certain British staff:

"Too many of our staff have been leading the sheltered life ever since they graduated from West Point," said he. "Some of them haven't stirred mentally in their coffins since the second Battle of Bull Run."

The British did not quite capture the meaning of these expressions, but they knew in a general way what he was driving at. They spoke of it afterward.

"Astounding," they said. "So—so—so un-American, wasn't it? We had not expected to find your men so modest, you know."

And Yankee Big-Talk

IT IS true that they were supported in their anticipatory fears by various incidents and individuals. One American officer entertained a British group one evening by assuring them that "you folks are slow over here. Wait until we get started and we'll put some pep in this war." The story of another man's visit to the French front reached the British camp. Armed with an excellent letter, he had been largely entertained at the army headquarters. Everywhere he made practically the same speech.

"We are coming over here to win this war for you," said he. "Our men will devise new methods. Within a year we shall have 5,000,000 men and 100,000 airplanes on the western front. The Americans will blot—blot, my friends—blot the German back to Berlin."

These bonehead plays are not confined to Americans, be it understood. There is a type of Britisher who is the most overwhelming ass the world has yet produced. Young officers of this sort used to delight in turning a glassy stare on the Americans who entered the bar or restaurant which was for the moment patronized by them. The Americans were as a rule painfully conscious of their new uniforms and anxious to be on good terms with their new allies and a strange world. The young Britishers would remark to each other calmly:

"The war is over now. The Americans have come."

But there is much less of that sort of thing now than there was only a few months ago. It must not be assumed that the American and the British armies are hanging over the sidelines, ready to rush into each other's arms at the first pause. For a good many years each side has cultivated a comprehensive misunderstanding of the other. But the British are getting acquainted with the Americans, just as the Americans are getting acquainted with the British, on an individual basis. The young American

"ROTTEN," SAID THE BRITISH INSTRUCTOR TO THE FIRST AMERICAN SQUAD THAT FACED HIM.

officers who attend the British schools are accepted on their own showing. If they are mutts a decent consideration is shown for their muttness, but they are not taken into the hearts of the mess. Likewise some British bounders have been guests of American officers. They have been treated with courtesy, but every man at the mess appraised them at their real worth. Such men have merely retarded the process of getting acquainted. Where some thousands of men are daily finding out the good points of some other thousands the leaven of understanding is bound to spread.

"All our fellows who know you, like your fellows," an American officer told a British mess in my hearing. "But lots of us are afraid of your diplomats. We're afraid you'll skin us."

"You must watch us," the British assured him, equably. "No doubt we will."

As yet the point of contact between the men of the two people is largely in the schools behind the lines. The private soldiers meet in cities occasionally on leave, but the American fraternizes with the Canadian rather than with the native-born of the British Isles. American and Canadian speak the same language and sing the same songs and even share the same swear-words. The staff officers come in touch occasionally, but as the American army marches with the French this contact is rather accidental. But in the schools the American and the British officers almost literally drink from the same canteen. They are treated precisely alike.

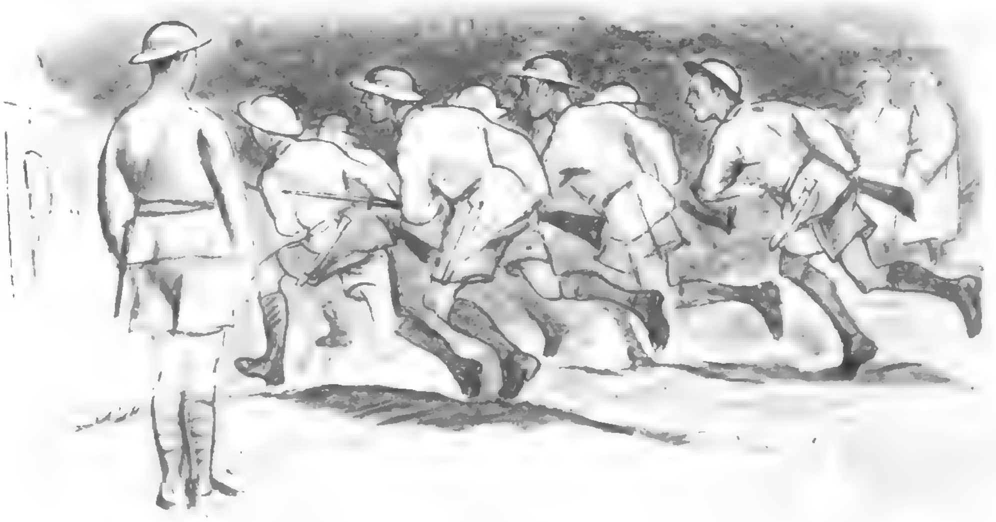
Polishing the Plattsburgher

WHEN the new-born American officer reaches this side of the water he is fresh from a period of highly intensive schooling. For months he has been mechanically crammed, like a Strassburg goose, so full of facts that he is mentally lumpy. The day will come when he can strap on his puttees without looking in the book, but for the time being he is in an unnatural state. He is very much afraid that he will "make a break"—he is nervous and uncertain—and he worries at night for fear that he will not make altogether good.

His twittering nerves are calmed down by a period of service with a regiment, or in one of the American schools. Sometimes he is sent on to one of the British back-of-the-line schools for a further polishing. Here he comes in touch for the first time with the real things of war. His instructors are men who have done so well in practise with their specialties that they have been sent back to impart the theory to others. His fellow students are husky young veterans from the front who are on their way to a further promotion.

"I've been working on a bayonet chart," one American told me enthusiastically. "Fine chap in my squad—young Scotchman from Edinburgh. Had lots of experience. He is showing me just how to stick 'em so as to dodge the bones."

His eyes shone with an artist's zeal. He had a lot more to say about the most approved manner of thrusting a long bayonet into the midriff of a patient, honest stranger. His manifest eagerness for efficiency in bayoneting led me to ask what his job was before he joined the army.



"PICK OUT THE BRITISH," SAID THE COLONEL. IT COULD NOT BE DONE.

"I was a teacher of drawing," said he. "Sawny" (his Scotch friend) "is Lord Something-or-other's son."

The Americans reach these British schools by squads, but the squad is immediately broken up. The newcomers are distributed among the British messes and classes. All day long they work hard at the particular task that has been assigned to them, but after dinner in the evening, a glass of Scotch-and-soda and a pipe fill in the time until "lights out" is sounded at ten o'clock. The job that all hands work at after dinner is that of really getting acquainted. The British crust breaks down immediately a stranger is seated at his table. The American responds immediately to the welcome. He really likes the youngsters who are his class and table mates and he regards them with a little secret awe as men who have made good at this great game of man-killing into which he is being initiated.

"Are they really chummy?" I asked everywhere.

"Best of pals," was the reply everywhere. "Wherever I hear a laugh at night I am certain an American is in the midst of the group. You should see 'em slap each other on the back——"

"What is the difference between our fellows and yours?" I asked the colonel in command at one school.

"I don't think there is any," he said, after consideration. "Our talk is a little different. That is all."

There was a squad of youngsters lining up at that moment for bayonet practise. The morning was nippy—oh, decidedly nippy—so that I shivered in my greatcoat. But these baby officers were in running shorts and hobnailed shoes. Some legs were bulgy with muscle and some were long and thin. Above the waist they wore the regulation equipment. Each wore the tin hat of the British Tommy, and because the British War Office firmly believes that all men's heads were born equal and therefore makes the tin hats all the same size, the effect was weird and hideous. Some men's helmets were perched on the very summit of their heads, a plateau of skull thrusting out beneath the rim, and others had fallen jauntily over one eye, or had slipped backward, sun-bonnet fashion.

The Same Stuff

"PICK out the British," said the colonel. It could not be done. They differed from each other, and there were men who were assuredly born in the British Isles and others who certainly came from across the sea. But taking the squad as a whole, the American could not be separated on appearance from the others. The colonel said, disjointedly, as other colonels said later on, that it was not to be wondered at. Our young men play games and like baths and the open air, just as their men do. There are compass deviations to be allowed for, of course, but the differences are those of the same blood. On the whole they think about alike.

"I want criticism of our young officers," I demanded wherever I went.

"If anything is the matter with them, what is it?"

"They are too diffident," I was told. "They have not yet learned how to give commands."

An unfortunate squad was butchered to prove this to me. Man after man took charge of his mates and ran them through their paces. The British had been well stiffened on the front. They barked their orders at the squad with jaws set and eyes hard. A command came like a crash. The men were tensed by the quality of the tones and fairly whipped through their exercises. The Americans were less dominant. They did not stress their tones. One or two seemed almost apologetic. None had that damn-you-jump intensity of the veterans.

"Perfectly normal," said the colonel. "Our young men are the same way when they come to us fresh from home. They have not learned the habit of command. Your men will get it soon enough. Their stuff is good."

But the youngsters themselves said there was something more. They could not quite put their finger on the difference, but it seemed to them that our American habit of democracy must be first overcome before the habit of command is established. There are camps on the American front where the discipline has been very lax and where the men have been continually in trouble. The officers, according to these young Americans at the British schools, were fine fellows, but they could not hold their men.

"Now I see what the trouble was," said one of them. "Our fellows say: 'Aw, these men have come over here to save the world for democracy and we must not be too hard on them!'

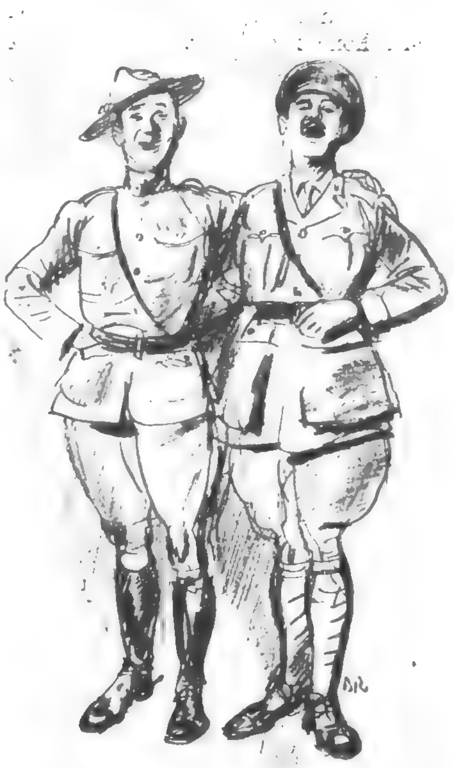
"So they let the men get drunk and raise jack-rabbit generally. Too many of our crowd regard this as a sort of good-fellow expedition to help France out of the hole. As soon as they discover what war really is they will stiffen up their discipline."

Democracy and Discipline

THE Canadians were the same way when the war began. I watched the colonel of one Canadian regiment, back in 1914, almost shake the arm off a huge private in shirt-sleeves, because the private was the mayor of a town the colonel had helped plant out on some distant prairie. No one saw anything unusual in the incident, not even when the colonel took the private off to dinner and introduced him as "my particular buddy" to some visiting British officers. Canadian soldiers thought that saluting an officer lowered their own social standing. The officer felt himself no better than his men and he did not want to be saluted.

"The Canadians and the Americans are cut from the same cloth," a British officer said. "They are as unlike as bullets. But the Canadians found out that discipline is necessary in wartime, and stiffened up themselves. There is no better disciplined army in the field to-day than that of Canada. The Americans will learn the same lesson in the same way that Canada did—by getting cut up."

The discipline is being ground into our men at the British camps. Not long ago General Pershing walked into a headquarters building in one of our own camps. A young lieutenant was leaning against the wall. He eyed the general curiously, but made no move to salute. General Pershing walked on past him and then turned:



AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE, SING THE SAME SONGS AND SHARE THE SAME SWEAR-WORDS.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Yes," said the leaner, leaning on. "You are General Pershing."

The leader of the American Expeditionary Force thereupon blew up. There are theorists who hold that a glacial calm should be maintained under all circumstances, but General Pershing is not of that school. He used a lot of language that morning he had not used since Mindanao times and he kept one second-lieutenant saluting until his right arm squeaked. Awe-stricken young officers walked by the door through which the performance could be seen, and there is a story that for days afterward the entire staff of this particular headquarters jumped to attention and saluted nervously every time a lorry rumbled by the windows.

Bearing in mind the undoubted—if unpleasant to read about—fact that the discipline of the earlier American officers to reach France was as loose as feathers, it is worth knowing that those who have gone to the British school have been magnificently stiffened up. Major Murphy of the American Red Cross visited one of the British schools. He entered one of the mess-rooms to find the men sitting about at their ease. Every man fairly exploded out of his chair and stood stiffly at attention. The most critical eye could have found nothing wrong with their attitude or their speed. Murphy gave them a talk.

"I'm a West Pointer," said he, "but I want to say that neither you nor I know anything of war to-day. We have it all to learn. . . ."

He went on with a few sentences which were calculated to take any possible swelling out of the American heads, but when he got through, the instructor, a British officer of the best—if stiffest—type, asked permission to say a few words. Incidentally, this instructor wears a V. C. and a string of service medals.

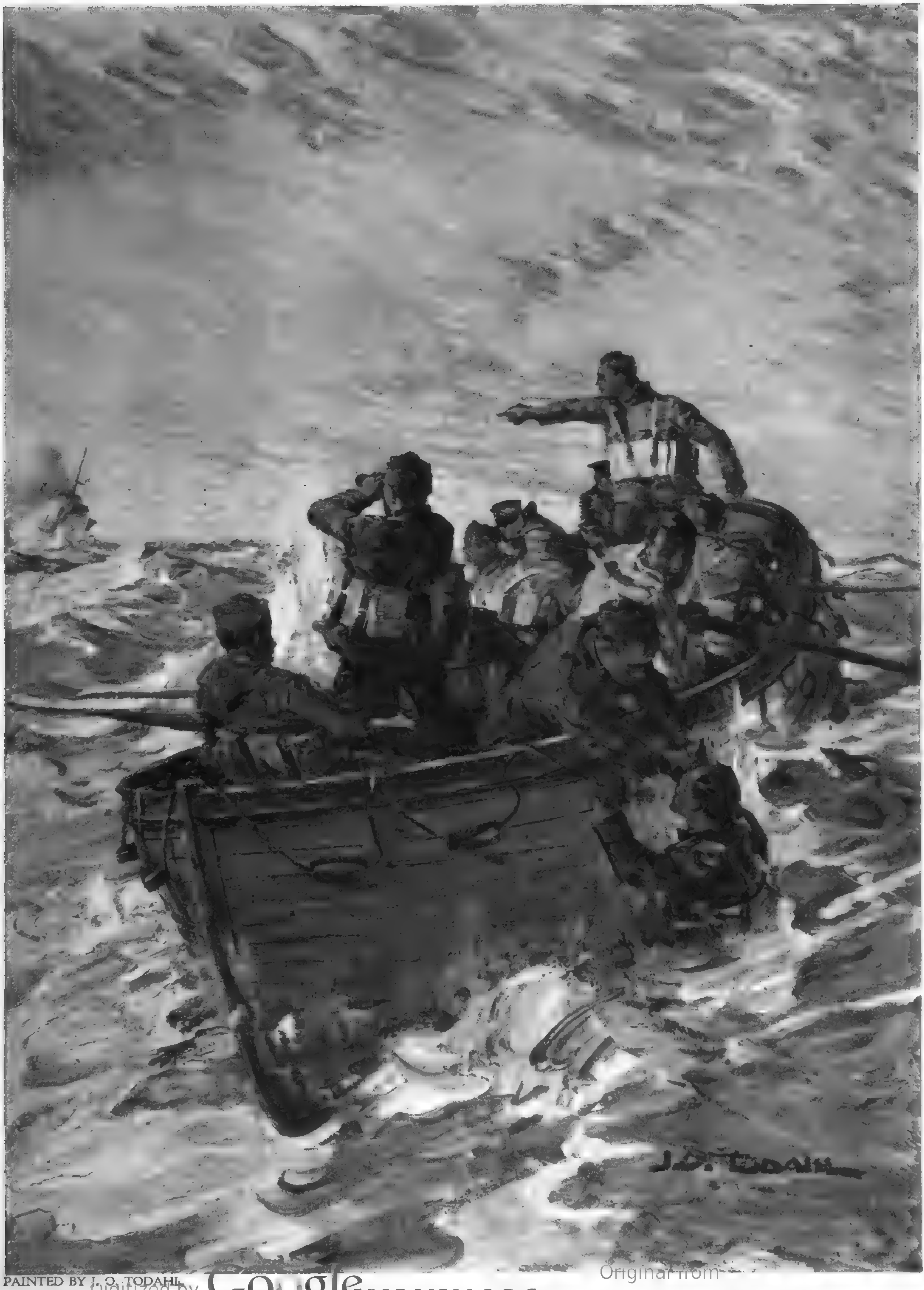
"I only want to say, sir," said he, "that never in my life have I handled men who showed so much spirit, so much keenness, or who learned so rapidly. They will make superb officers."

Getting Acquainted

I BELIEVE this is the manner in which the young American officers are regarded throughout the British schools, or where they are known in the British army. Everywhere it is said of them that they are as "keen as mustard." One colonel complained even that they were too studious. "I'd like a bit more animal spirits among them," said he. "They give themselves to this work with a whole-heartedness that is not equaled by our own men. Their eagerness and spirit is marvelous. I am trying to teach them to play a little more. Too sharp a blade bites the scabbard, you know."

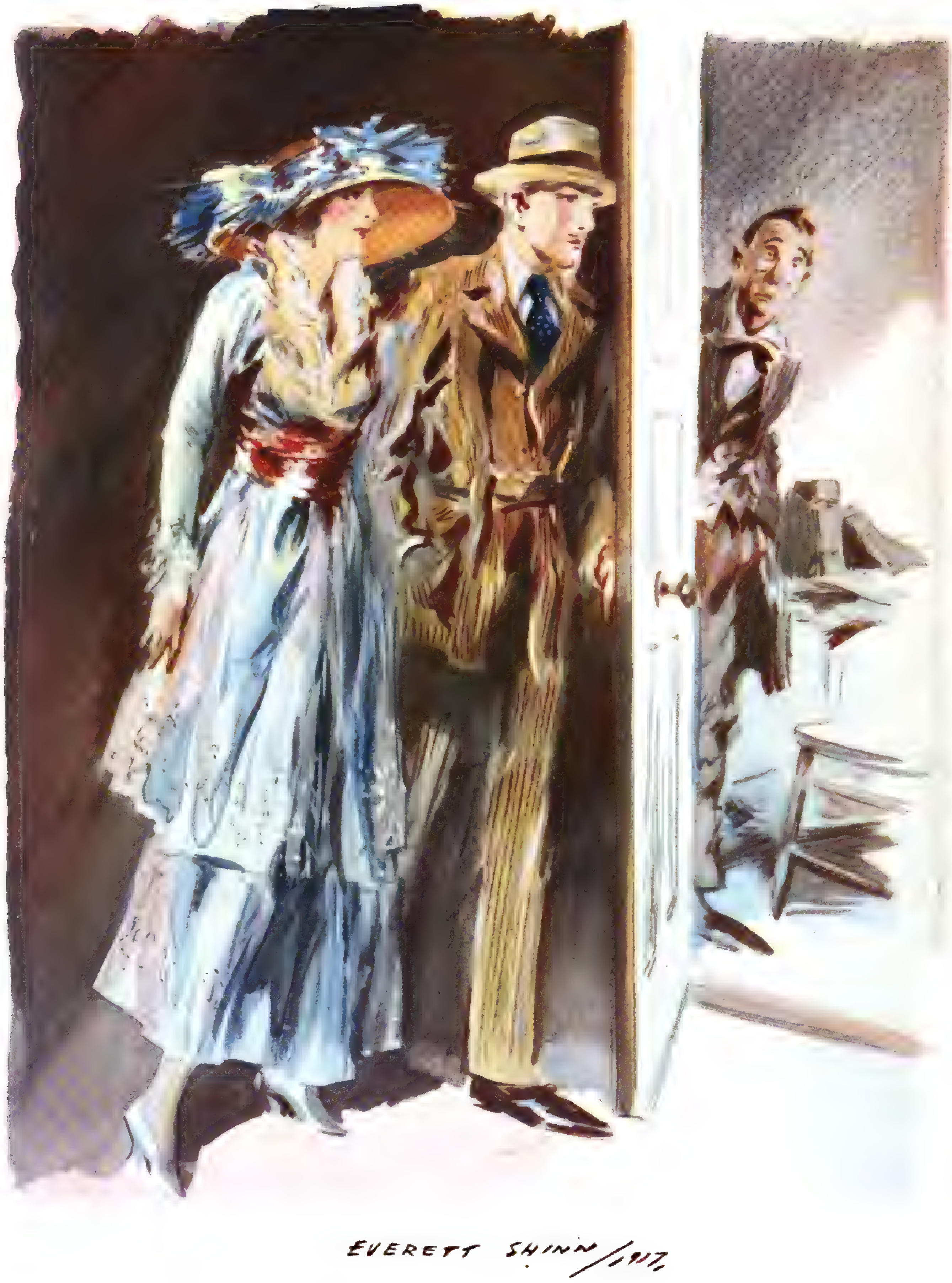
Another commented on a group of young Americans who had just returned from a particularly lively sector on the British front. They had been delighted by what they had seen, and reported in the officer's words, "some most entertaining experiences." An entertaining experience on the front has the smell of death in it, but these fellows took to war as though they had been bred on battle-fields. "Your men," said he, "are par-tic-u-lar-ly ripping."

These are trivialities, perhaps, but important trivialities. Nations are made allies by the needs of the moment, but they are never made friends by the eye-wash of writers or the petty phrases of after-dinner speakers. Friendship only follows acquaintance. The Americans and the Britons are getting acquainted, one by one, man by man.



PAINTED BY J. O. TODAHL

SURVIVORS.


EVERETT SHINN/1917

DRAWN BY EVERETT SHINN.

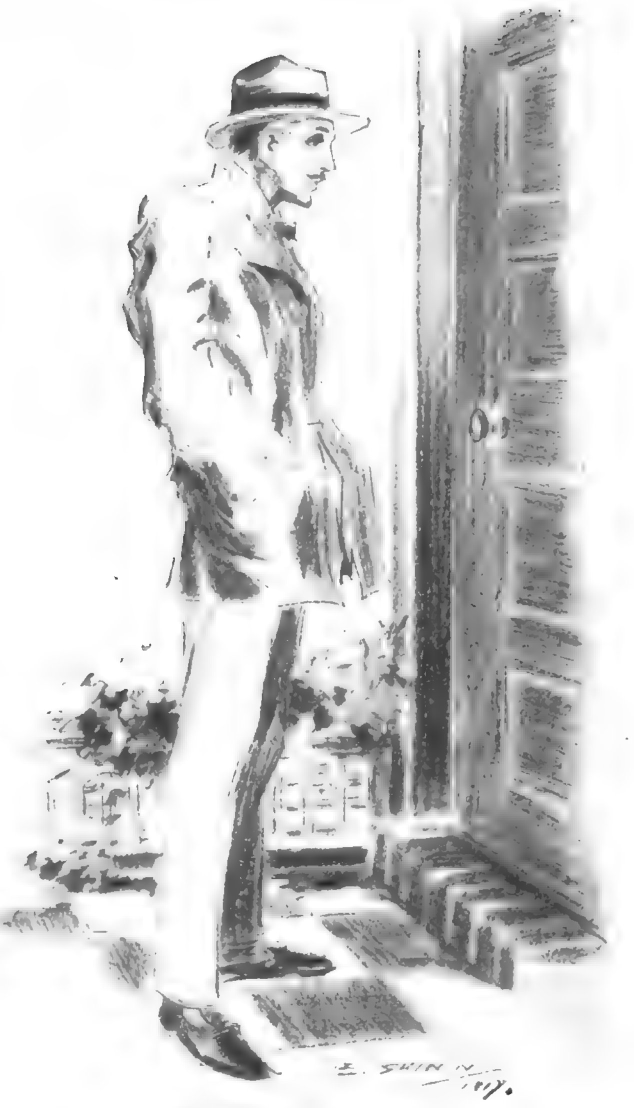
"I WOULDN'T HAVE THIS IN THE PAPERS FOR ANYTHING."

FRONT-PAGE FRANKIE

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN



"DICKIE, THE BOY REPORTER."

THE paltry ceremony of introducing my heroine is happily spared me. No matter what your favorite newspaper may be, you have met Miss Frances Everett Wayne in its columns. It is likely that her face, at the time, was painfully distorted in some variety of violent and victorious competition, the palm of which is publicity. For publicity is Miss Wayne's natural medium. Few professionals, whether of politics or the stage, can equal her at it. Yet her amateur status has never been impugned. She possesses the true flair of print. Reporters meet her at trains. Society editors vie with each other for a scoop on her latest picture. No daily with any pretension to enterprise permits her to come within range without signalizing the event in top headlines, while enemies sneer and acquaintances marvel and friends demand, "How *does* she do it!" To which query, were it put direct to her, Miss Wayne would doubtless reply, with wide and innocent eyes, that she doesn't do it at all. It just happens that way; she wishes the newspapers would let her alone. Quite probably she believes that in this she is speaking the truth, which she isn't. Not half the truth, even.

Privacy was not Miss Wayne's purpose, certainly, in coming to Buckingham for the season. For Buckingham prides itself on being not only the Tuxedo of the West, but also a sort of winter social capital of the nation; and whatever its hand finds to do, be it polo, war relief, or trailing with beagles, it does it in the happy assurance that all will be duly chronicled in the faithful and reverent press. That press informed a waiting world that Miss Wayne had taken the Warfield cottage, next to the Buckingham Club, and therein, duly chaperoned by a widowed and unimpeachable cousin, would prove "a stimulating addition to the social and athletic life of the exclusive colony."

"More work for me," sighed fat little Dot Massingale at the noonday meeting of the One-a-Week Circle, busy over its sweater-knitting for war export, in the patio of the Buckingham Club. Having been of the club, which is almost as hard to get out of as to get into, before the Massingales lost their money in oil, Dot remains of it, despite the fact of her being society reporter for the *Golden Star*, the leading morning daily of the neighboring big city, to which Buckingham is both suburb and social setting, under the elegant and convincing pseudonym of "La Princesse Peau de Cygne."

"Why?" inquired one of the knitters. "Is she compulsory?"

"Frances Wayne?" said Dot. "No society paper is legal without her picture on it."

"What's she been doing now to get herself written up?" asked young Mrs. Kinsley.

"The usual thing, all across the country. War-garden revivaling at Palm Beach. New Mardi Gras stunt in New Orleans. Red Cross innovations at Colorado Springs. Acting in the movies at Los Angeles. Fancy aviation at San Diego. Athletics all over the place. I don't know what on earth there is left for her to break into print on here, unless she gets mixed up in a scandal. That's the one thing the newspapers never have said about her yet."

"She can have my husband to flirt with mildly, if it will help you out, Dot," offered Mrs. Kinsley generously. "Maybe she could wean him from his airplane."

"They tell me she plays the game absolutely square with men," remarked La Princesse. "Good pals, and all that sort of thing. Half of 'em go crazy over her at that."

"Haven't we got an unattached man left around the place?" inquired Bianca Cheeseman, the local golf champion. "Why not Dick Dulany?"

"Dickie, the Boy Reporter! Oh, grand and glorious thought!" chirruped Dot. "I'll try to get the Sunday department to assign him the job of working up a 'special' on her. Here's the golden chance to break him in to a real job. Don't suppose he'll even know who or what she is, he's been away from the country so long. *Won't* he be bored!"

"Won't she be bored!" suggested Miss Cheeseman, "when she finds a reporter who doesn't know all about her!"

"Bet you a box of balls she works him for a big story of some kind."

"You sound like a person with a sure thing," returned the golfer distrustfully. "Why so certain?"

"Because she always lands. You

know what they call her in the newspaper offices?"

"How should we?" asked Mrs. Kinsley with lazy cynicism. "We only read the paper to see if we're in it. What do they call her?"

"Front-page Frankie."

"And yet they go on printing stuff about her."

"It's a form of fate," said La Princesse Peau de Cygne.

II

LIKE a distinguished publicity expert of earlier times, Miss Frances Everett Wayne came, saw, conquered. She also danced, golfed, tennised, rode, aviated, poloed, skated, Red Crossed, recruited and gardened, in all of which performances she was sedulously pictured and published on the society pages with occasional incursions into the news. To say that she enjoyed this, would perhaps be excessive. She accepted it with a superb unconsciousness as her natural and inalienable right, as some women accept adulation and others support. And she was amiably ready for any amount more of it, when there came to her gate on the tenth day after her arrival, Mr. Richard Dulany, as bored as La Princesse had maliciously prophesied, and profoundly disgusted into the bargain. If this was the way they broke in tyros to the trade, he was sorry he'd ever tackled it. His journalistic heart was out on the Farallones where a savage nor'wester was pounding a wreck to bits, to the extent of at least three columns on the first page.

From her seat on the rose terrasse, where she was teaching her Chow dog, Polyglot ("Canine Linguist Understands Five Languages"; cf., the Sunday Syndicate list of newspapers of the previous December tenth) a new trick Miss Wayne perceived a long young man with a short young mustache strolling irresolutely up from the gate. In his hand he held a newspaper clipping. He looked alternately at this and then at the cottage with an expression not to be misconstrued as flattering. From long experience Miss Wayne knew this to be the sign of the imminent interview. But her visitor did not resemble any of the types of reporter with which she was, by long habitude, familiar. Instead of displaying the alert, professional attitude, this youth appeared to be obsessed of a mortal languor, and to be struggling with valiant effort but meager success, against an overmastering distaste for his surroundings. Assured of her ability to put any reporter at his ease (one of her most valuable assets), Miss Wayne called out pleasantly:

"Were you looking for some one?"

Evidently the visitor was. He continued to look, perplexed, until through the screening roses he caught a glint of white, and moved around the angle to a point affording him a full view of the speaker. The view was distinctly pleasant. He bestowed a quick glance upon the clipping in his hand. That view was distinctly unpleasant. It set forth a young female whose contorted figure suggested the final stage of tetanus, and whose face wore the afflicted expression of one who has inhaled a sulfur match. The excuse and explanation of all this appeared to be a tennis-racket wherewith the lady had just smitten a ball with murderous fury.

"I am looking," said the visitor, furtively reading the caption, "for Miss Frances Everett Wayne. I've got to interview her," he added drearily.

Amusement twitched at the corners of the girl's mouth. "Don't let it depress you so dreadfully," she advised merrily. "Perhaps you'll survive it. What do you want to interview her about?"

"Haven't the slightest idea," returned the doleful visitor. "I thought perhaps you could tell me."

"I!"

"Yes. I thought—I hoped you might be her press agent—that is—er—her secretary, you know. They told me at the office that she kept one."

Miss Wayne flushed sharply. "I certainly do not," she averred. "I am Miss Wayne."

"Oh, Lord!" murmured the youth, in stricken tones. "Wh-what Miss Wayne? Not this Miss Wayne?" He held up the lamentable portrait.

So evident was his contrition that the girl softened to him. "It isn't a very good likeness, I'll admit," she said.

"Likeness! It's a ghastly libel. And see what a mess it's got me into," he said resentfully. "I'm started all wrong."

"Does it really make so much difference, since you don't seem to know what you came for, anyway?" she inquired smilingly.

"I came to get a page story for the *Star* about you. Those are the orders. Though why the paper should want—that is, why you should want—well, I mean I don't quite see where it comes in."

"Please keep this in mind," said the girl crisply. "I certainly don't want to figure in your newspaper, or any other." (So great is the self-delusive power of the human mind that she actually believed what she said.) "And your office seems to have a most extraordinary notion of me, with its nonsense about a press agent. I can't help it if the papers are always running after me. But," she continued with an effect of striving to be fair about it, "I suppose they have to have something to publish."

"At any rate, I have," murmured the visitor, "if I only knew how to go about it."

"You're quite new at this, aren't you?"

"I've never tackled just this kind of job before. The fact is, I don't like it."

She laughed aloud. "At least, you're frank. You wouldn't impress one as being so easily disconcerted."

"You see, I've done a stupid thing. The Sunday editor when he gave me this assignment—and he said he wanted a page story with pictures, from some fresh angle, if it took me a week to get it—handed me a bunch of clippings on you a foot thick, to look over on the train coming out here, and I left 'em in the office, all but this one. 'Miss Frances Wayne's Famous Overhead Smash.' That doesn't tell much to an earnest seeker after knowledge. I know you must be something awfully important."

"I'm just myself. But aren't you a queer sort of reporter not to read the papers? I've been here more than a week, and they've printed quite a number of things about me," she said, half-piqued, half-intrigued at finding herself unknown to this singular and by no means unattractive young man.

"Ah, but you see, I've been away for a fortnight, doing the labor riots up in the hop country."

"But before that?"

"Where I've been for the last three years, newspapers have been few and far between," he said indifferently.

Miss Wayne's clear gaze focused on certain details which had escaped her thus far: a distinctively square set to the shoulders, and high on the left of the forehead an overhanging lock of hair that only half concealed a seaming furrow.

"You've been fighting over there," she said quickly.

"Off and on."

"What service?"

"Foreign Legion first. Afterward, the aviation. Raiding mostly."

"Did you know my cousin, Lieutenant Van Arsdale?"

"Piet?" The youth's languor dropped from him. "Did I! He was one good scout! Your cousin? The last I heard he was all in. He hasn't—" He leaned forward eagerly, yet hesitating to put the question.

The girl's face quivered and softened. Her eyes filled.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said gently. "I didn't know. Poor old boy!"

"No, not that," she said with an effort. "He pulled through. But they—they had to take his legs off. Both of them, at the knee. They couldn't spoil life for Van though. When I last heard from him, he was riding again, strapped to his horse, and planning to help drill the rookies later on."

"Yes, that would be like the old boy!" He nodded thoughtfully. "And he took it all with a smile, I'll bet."

"He did," said the girl.

"Damn! I wish I were back there!" he ejaculated impatiently. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he added, abashed, "for the moment, I forgot I wasn't talking to a man."

"I like that," she said gravely. The changed look she gave him said as simply and plainly, "And I like you."

"What did they send you out for?"

"Various bumps and scratches. Not very serious; nothing like poor Piet. But I'm done for. They won't take me back."

"Hard luck," she sympathized, and her hand went out to him impulsively.

As impulsively he said, taking it and giving it an honest shake of fellowship: "You know, I didn't expect you to be like this a bit."

"What did you expect me to be like? That dreadful picture?"

"Oh, that's only the outside. Some day perhaps I'll tell you. See here, though, this isn't much like an interview, is it?"

"Plenty of time for that. Tell me how you came to take up this—this reporting work. After what you've been, and done on the other side—" The unfinished sentence was a sufficiently eloquent commentary.

"Rather a come-down, you think? A man's got to do something."

"But this going about interviewing women, and—and that sort of thing."

"There's more to it than that. Of course, somebody's got to do the drudgery. I, being a cub—new to the game—in this case it happens to be me."

"Thank you," she laughed, "for the graceful compliment."

But the man was serious enough now. "Think what a newspaper can do in the fight that's just beginning here at home."

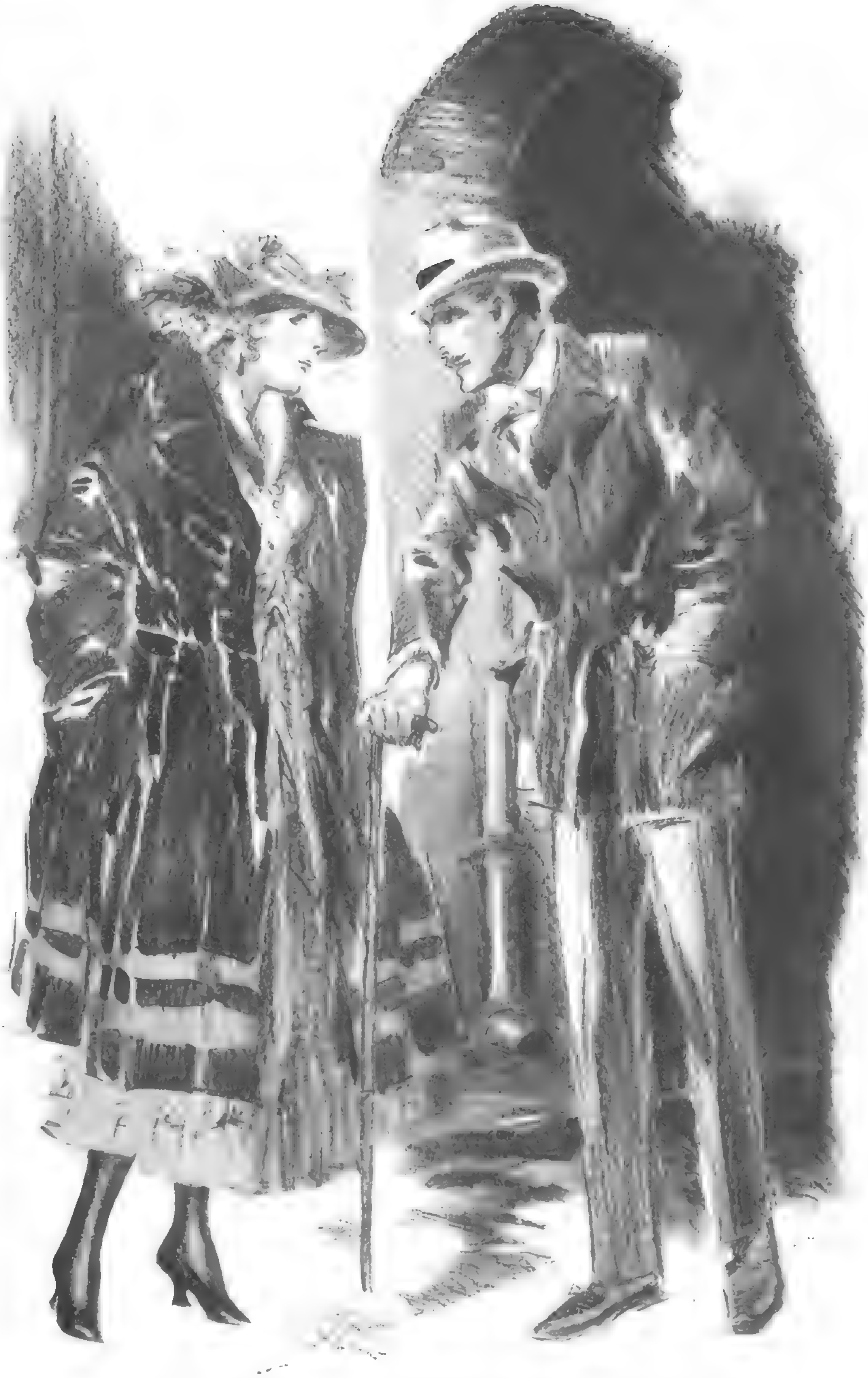
"I don't believe I follow you. What fight?"

"Treason and sub-treason. Propaganda in all its forms, public and private. We're after them now—the *Star* is, I mean. You should see the mail we get; every kind of threat, from withdrawal of advertising to poison in the water-filter. But—I beg your pardon. Why should you be interested in that phase of newspaper work?"

"Do you think that I read only the society and sport paper?"

"That's your principal interest, isn't it?"

"Indeed, it isn't. Now, I want you



"DO YOU KNOW THE SORT OF MAN YOU'RE DEALING WITH?" HE ASKED ABRUPTLY.

to tell me everything about your paper's campaign. I love a good fight of any kind."

"This is a good one, all right," he said with boyish fervency. And he outlined for her the strange, shimmering shadows of events as they are projected upon the sensitive film of the journalistic consciousness; shadows often too indefinite and impalpable to fix in print, until suddenly they merge and solidify in some formidable reality. Dulany's heart was in his speech; hence it was good talk. The girl drank it in. But as she listened, there took possession of her the insatiable desire of getting into print, unadmitted and potently operative.

"These are a few of the reasons for my liking this game," Dulany concluded.

"Do you go to these meetings yourself?"

"When I can. Some of the worst are hard to get into."

"Could you take me?"

"You!"

"It would be something new to me. And," she added with a simplicity which was real art, "it might be something new for you. That is what your Sunday editor wished, isn't it?"

So that was it! All the time she had been playing for an opening for her besetting vanity. He could even discern, he thought, a canny glint in the depths of the eyes which were meant to express only sweet ingenuousness, as they were turned upon him. Inwardly, Mr. Richard Dulany cursed himself for a fool, in that he, ordinarily far from expansive in matters close to his heart, had unbosomed himself to this fair manipulator of cheap print. His expression of languid boredom redescended.

"Too dangerous," he said curtly.

"I'm not afraid."

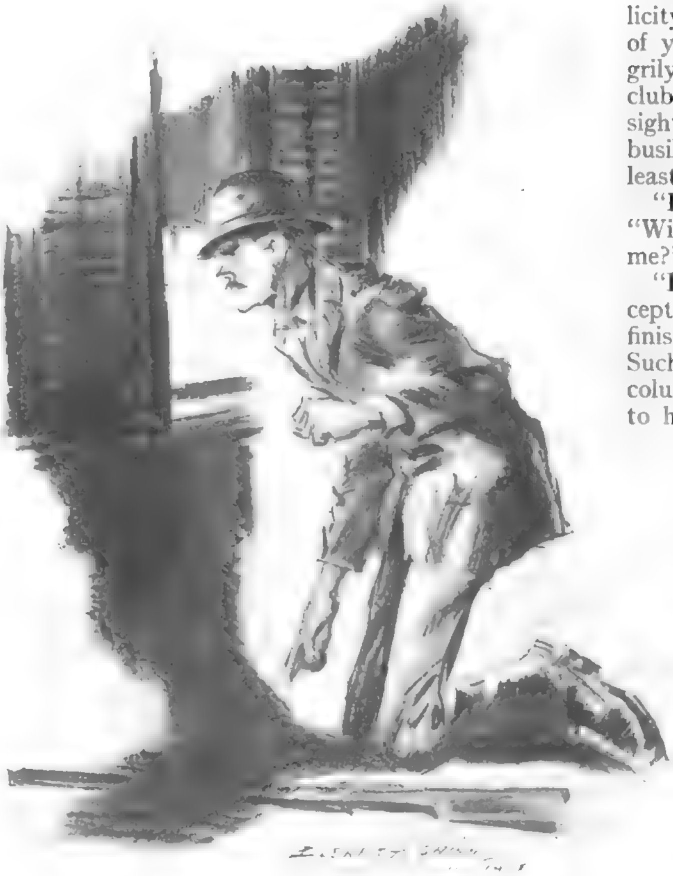
That he could well believe. Timidity would not be one of her failings, he considered with combined admiration and sarcasm.

"I might write something about the meeting myself," she added, as if the brilliant and happy idea had just struck her.

"No, thank you. It's very kind of you, but, you see, Miss Wayne, the *Star* takes these matters rather seriously."

Being both clever and experienced, Miss Wayne perceived that she had made a tactless error. Confirmation followed as her visitor got languidly to his feet.

The publicity-hunter within Frances Everett Wayne was chagrined, but her other self was game. "Giving me up as a bad job?" she laughed softly.



THIS GENTLE SOUL OPENED HIS WINDOW, TOOK AIM, AND PULLED A TRIGGER.

"I'm overdue at the office," he invented. "Besides, I realize that I haven't put enough study on so—so complicated a subject."

"I don't think I like the way you say that, Mr. Dulany."

"I'm sorry, Miss Wayne. My sincere apologies, though I really don't know what for. May I come back later, when I've gone through all the clippings and learned your whole history by heart?"

The girl had by now reached the doorway. She did not answer. But she turned and smiled. Though puzzling, the smile was not unfriendly.

Instead of restoring his invaluable talents to the office, Mr. Richard Dulany took the first turn to the left, and entered the sacred portals of the Buckingham Club. As he walked he tore the newspaper portrait of Miss Frances Wayne into minute pieces. Back of his eyes he carried a truer picture: a trim, tall figure, graceful with the grace of flawless youth and vigor; a face by no means flawless and perhaps the more charming for its contradictions, with a straight little nose, a mobile mouth on guard against the mutiny of sudden mirth, a skin of rose-and-tan, the true gift of the sun-god to those whom he loves, and golden-hued, wide eyes which for one swift moment had met and greeted his as friend greets friend. That all this winsomeness should be but the mask of a publicity schemer, rasped upon the spirit of young Mr. Dulany. Growling angrily within himself, he entered the club-house and was cheered by the sight of La Princesse Peau de Cygne busily writing at a table. Here, at least, was something genuine.

"H'lo, Dot," he hailed with relief. "Will you have a tall, proud drink with me?"

"Lemonade, thank you, Dickie," accepted the society reporter. "I'm just finishing up the day's slush-and-mush." Such was her irreverent term for the column which supplied the frills of life to her. "You look fagged," she commented. "Have you—I believe you have—been tackling Front-Page Frankie?"

"I believe I have," he admitted.

"What luck?"

Mr. Dulany looked down into the fruit-embowered depths of his lemonade. "Dot, what's the matter with that girl?"

"Cacoethes scrip-what-d'ye-call-'em. Help me out, O Phi Beta Kappa Princetonian!"

"Scribendi," he supplied. "But you're wrong. That's the hanker for writing—your trouble."

"Well, hers is the bug for being written about. It's a thousand times worse."

"How did she get it?"

"Bred in the bone. The Waynes are born to print as princes are born to the purple. Her father and mother were forever top-o'-column in Boston and New York and Newport. When they got their last and biggest headline by running their cup-winning sloop across the bows of a liner, the child inherited the publicity along with the money. She's been in the papers more or less ever since she came out. It's too bad, for she really is a decent sort, at heart."

"Is she?" said Dulany eagerly; just a little too eagerly, for the "Princess of Print" smiled as she went on:

"What isn't published about Frances Wayne is the best part of her. She really does a lot of good, and she does it at first hand, not just by leaving cash around loose. They tell me that all the farm people near the summer place adore her, and bring all their troubles to her. If we had a slum herd in Buckingham, she'd know all about it by now and be friends with it. Oh, she is the real Little Helping-Hand, all right. Bet you my best mashie she's up to something of the sort in the city already."

"Why isn't that my page story?"

"Try it," advised the other derisively. "Those are her private affairs."

"Does good by stealth and blushes to find it on the front page where she's carefully plotted to get it, eh?" mocked Dulany.

"Not a bit of it. She's as secretive as a diplomat about all that side of her life."

"How do you reconcile that with her craze for publicity?"

"How do *you* expect a girl with those dancing eyes and that dancing mouth to be consistent?"

"I'll dig out the story, anyway, if it's there."

"If you did, you wouldn't write it. And if you wrote it, old Mac would find an excuse not to print it—after she'd gone to see him. She's the original witch at handling newspaper people, or any other kind, for that matter. Did she happen to smile at you?"

"She did—just once."

"Then you know all about the why and how of it."

"Dot," said her co-worker solemnly, "has that girl got a soul?"

"Of course she's got a soul! And it's the soul of a thoroughbred too, with just that one flaw."

"Then I'm going to save it."

"'But Circe's soul was a flame of fire'," chanted Miss Massingale. "Careful you don't get your fingers burned. Danger, Dickie, danger!"

"I'm going to save it from the eighth deadly sin."

"Vanity?"

"Vulgarity. The vulgarity of wanting to be in the newspapers."

"Without which I couldn't pay my club dues. Besides, whatever else Frances Wayne is, she isn't vulgar."

"No, she isn't. That's the curious part of it. But the thing itself is. I'm going to cure her of publicity."

"Can't be done. Incurable disease."

"By the homeopathic method," he persisted. "Listen to my little scheme."

FOR three pregnant minutes Mr. Richard Dulany laid it out. At the end, La Princesse Peau de Cygne sighed enviously:

"What a thing it is to have a newspaper for a plaything!"

"Plaything, nothing! Saving souls is a worthy and serious pursuit."

"So is owning a newspaper. But you don't appear to be crushed with your responsibilities."

"Time enough when I've finished my apprenticeship and taken over full possession. Let me play while I can."

"Fire," warned the oracular Princesse again, "is a risky playmate."

It is doubtful whether the recent heir to and reporter for the *Star* heard her, as he strolled out revolving many things in his ingenious mind. Still more doubtful whether he would have cared had he heard. Such is the preoccupation of those who contrive salvation for others.

III

SUPPOSE, gentle reader, that a large and amenable dog which for years had obsequiously stood up, rolled over, barked, and performed its other parlor tricks for your benefit were, one day, at the signal to commence, to turn a repudiating back upon you and stalk away on business of its own, waving a disdainful tail as it went. Some such incomprehensible experience Miss Frances Wayne suffered at the hands of the *Golden Gate Star*. To be sure, the other local papers heralded with appropriate pomp and circumstance, her usual activities, but the *Star* is the journalistic oracle of Buckingham, and lacking that, other publicity was savorless.

Inwardly Miss Wayne chafed and rebelled. Outwardly she made no sign that Mr. Richard Dulany could discern; and he afforded himself plenty of opportunity for discerning, by contriving to spend considerable portions of quite a few mornings at the Warfield Cottage. His forthcoming article was the excuse. He talked about it conscientiously, when he happened to think of it. Miss Wayne didn't. She talked of everything, from movies to Conrad, and talked blithely and well, for she found this languid, leisurely young man amusing, and, at times, something more than that, and frequently forgot that he was only a representative of that press whose chief end was to glorify her forever. To Dulany, those mornings were brief hours in an Elysium inhabited by a goddess with only one taint of earth.

He wondered, sometimes, whether his resolution to go through with his plan would endure against her sweet and simple friendliness. More than once, when he had been on the verge of surrender, some casual reference to publishable matter would bring back that look of unconscious calculation to her face; he would conceive her visioning herself in print, and his heart would harden. The Buckingham Club's carnival of sports for the War Relief Fund clinched the matter, and gave him his opportunity.

This was to be Miss Frances Everett Wayne's field-day in the public eye. Deprecatingly she had volunteered to "do her bit." Well-placed hints to the committee had done the rest. Among the various events Miss Wayne was featured to play a tennis match against Gaylord Ormsby in the morning, followed by nine holes of golf with Travers Godwin, and finally to wind up the afternoon's polo match by playing at three for the Reds in the last half of the game.

"Is she really as good as that?" Dulany inquired of Dot Massingale.

La Princesse Peau de Cygne sniffed an un-princesse-like sniff. "Bianca Cheeseman was four up on her last week. But that wasn't for publication. She's no better than Annette Morris, in tennis. As to polo—well, you can imagine."

"Then how does it figure out for——"

"Why, the men will play down to her, of course."

"All arranged?"

"Nothing so barefaced as that. Catch the foxy Frankie at any such coarse work! No; it's just a recognized part of the game. You'll see it all in the regulation headlines tomorrow: 'Society Girl Beats Men Cracks in Double Event!'"

"Not in the *Star*. You'll see something quite different there. At least, she will."

"She's got it coming to her," declared the slangy Princesse. "It's enough to make one sick. I shouldn't mind if I didn't like her so well. But she really is a dear—outside of her newspaper-head hunting."

It is recorded in authentic print that Miss Frances Everett Wayne was the stellar performer of the War Relief Carnival. Though claiming against herself the rigor of the game in the matter of a soled club in a hazard (but gaining special praise for her sportsmanship in the papers) and thereby losing a hole. She finished all even with Godwin on the ninth. Glorious was her victory over Ormsby on the courts.

CONGRATULATIONS were showered upon her. She was specially toasted at the club dinner, and the winner's cup presented to her personally. As of right, she looked to see herself eminently typed on the morrow. Yes, even in the *Star*. Perhaps Dulany would write the article himself. She had seen him at the club, playing golf, rather to her surprise. She hadn't supposed that a reporter would be a member of the Buckingham; though, of course, Richard Dulany was presentable enough for any society. Quite casually, she mentioned his being there to her match-opponent and Godwin, misunderstanding, observed:

"You can't very well spare a man from your team who is steadily below eighty; can you, now?"

Miss Wayne decided to challenge Mr. Dulaney to a match on the morrow, should he come to see her. Come he did, but when he arrived her mind was occupied with concerns more serious than golf. For the recalcitrant *Star* had, in its report of the great athletic event, given her only the most casual mention; whereas in other and more discerning papers she had been illustriously headlined, pictured and described. She had just completed her second reading of its inferior report when Dulany arrived.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Wayne," thus tactlessly did he open the negotiations.

"For what are you apologizing?" she asked, with lifted eyebrows.

"About the paper."

Miss Wayne achieved a smile of indifference. "It's rather a relief to be able to read a paper for once without having one's name in the headlines."

"Without— Oh, I see. You must have got the second edition. It was cut out of that."

"What was?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"That won't do, Mr. Dulany," she said merrily. "There was something in the earlier edition about me. Was it *very* unpleasant?" She smiled, for the mere suggestion of any reporter being unpleasant about her was a mild joke. The next instant she got the surprise of her young and unruffled life.

"It was, rather."

HER eyes opened wide, with a hint of storm in them. The corners of her mouth dropped just the littlest bit. She looked like a child who, threatened, is still half-incredulous of possible hurt. Dulany hastily looked the other way.

"About *me?*" she queried. "Why—where can I get a copy?"

"Oh, it really doesn't amount to anything. Why bother about it?" he said, carelessly. He drew a clipping in regulation *Star* print from his pocket. "If you really think you want to see it," he protested doubtfully.

"Please!" She took the clipping from him and ran through it with a practised eye. It was headed "Society Girl in Polo Parody," and the entire article, which hinted broadly at "fixed" victories in the tennis and golf, was conceived and executed in a spirit of envenomed jocularity. As she read, Miss Wayne's faint-rose color warmed to a deep hothouse pink. Twice she said "Oh!", and once she obviously restrained herself from stamping. Nevertheless, it was with a high calm that she inquired, "Did you put that in the paper?"

"I? Heavens, no!" This was literally true. Nobody had put it in the paper, had Miss Wayne but known it. She regarded him with grieved and puzzled eyes.

"I don't see why they should say unkind things like that about me. I—I was doing my best."

Suddenly, she appeared to Dulany very young and unknowing and unprotected. In his heart he knew her to be fine and kind and true in so many ways. Was this which he was about either fine or true or kind? Was it even decently fair? Misgivings beset him that she was going to be worse hurt than he had intended or suspected.

"Miss Wayne," he began impulsively. And then she spoilt it all.

"I've always been good to reporters," she averred in the plaintive tone of one protesting against manifest injustice.

His tottering resolution regained its stability. "It isn't wholly one-sided, I judge," he remarked. "Reporters are pretty generally good to you, aren't they?"

"Good to me? What an extraordinary idea!"

"On the evidence of the pile of clippings about you which the office furnished me, I should say that you had been treated, on the whole, with a fair degree of generosity."

"Newspapers have to write about something," she repeated her pet theory tolerantly; "or they couldn't make a living."

"Particularly in the present dearth of material; with practically nothing going on but a world-war abroad and treason at home, and the country in a social ferment, and a few other unimportant details not for a moment to be compared to such real news as—well, as a girl flying a few miles in an airplane."

"Then why do they print it?" she retorted, with some degree of justice. "I certainly don't ask them to. And I think you're trying to be disagreeable."

"No. Only to get to your point of view. I've got that page article to do, you know."

"Do you think it likely that I would give an article to the *Star* after those spiteful things they've written about me?"

"I know. But you oughtn't to take it out on poor me. Reporters have to get articles or they couldn't make a living. *You* know that, Miss Wayne."

She looked at him hard. But Richard Dulany's face was as that of a babe for smiling innocence.

"Mr. Dulany, please tell me why they said such a thing as—as, well, that Mr. Ormsby didn't try to play, and that I wasn't even a match for the best of the women players."

"Possibly the reporter thought it was true. Had that occurred to you?"

She ignored the suggestion, intent upon her own private obsession. "I suppose I must have offended your reporter. Though how, I can't imagine."

Dulany felt exasperation rising within him. It did not sharpen, but only added suavity to the tone in which he said:

"My page article might serve to offset that unpleasant report."

"Can't you understand," she flashed at him, "that what the *Star* says or does not say about me is a matter of total indifference to me?"

"Of course. Not to me, though. I burn to make amends for the sins of my paper."

That he was inwardly laughing at her, Miss Wayne would have been convinced but for the intense seriousness of his expression. There was enough virtue in that "but" to tide Dulany over the crisis. She couldn't be sure, and she wanted to know. Curiosity is man's most potent ally in the battle of the sexes.

"It takes you a long time to make up your mind what you are going to write, doesn't it?"

"I'm sorry I'm boring you," he returned humbly. "But I've got my subject at last. A really new angle."

"Have you, really? Tell me."

"You're sure you won't be offended?"

"Certainly not," she replied in a doubtful tone.

"There's one thing in which you're preeminent," he exclaimed. "Nobody has ever found it out but me; or if they have, it's never been printed. And it would make a really corking article, if you'll only help me."

"I ought not to, but I suppose I will. What is your wonderful discovery?"

"I'll answer your question if you'll answer mine; and mine is the very essence of the article."

"Ask it."

"It's just this: How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"GET more free newspaper space than any other non-professional woman in the country. Wait a moment," he warned, as she opened her lips, "I want to put it before you fair and square before you answer." He extracted a huge bundle of clippings from his pocket and held them up before her eyes. "According to these," he said, "there's hardly a department of human activity, except maybe bullfighting and arctic exploration, that you're not expert in. All right; if it's true, it's worth all the space they give it. But what about the minor things that thousands of women do as well as you without getting a line, and that, when you do 'em, land you with your picture caught-in-the-act right bang at the top of the page? That's genuine, that is. A genius for publicity. Genius is always interesting. So there's my page interview, with pictures, of course. Come, now; how do you do it?"

"Is that what you really think of me?" she said in a low voice.

"Could I pay you a higher compliment? Genius, the true divine fire, is a rare gift. I'm quite pluming myself upon my discovery. It justifies my taking up so much of your time."

"What of your own time?"

"Oh, that's business."

"That at least isn't flattering. Have I been nothing but a matter of business to you, all this time?"

(Continued on page 85)

PEN AND INKLINGS

By Oliver Herford

April Fool

SWEETER far is hope's first gleam
Than fulfilment's golden ember,
Better April's fool, to dream,
Than to banquet with September.

Speaking of April

NOTHING is unthinkable in war time, unless it be War. Suppose Father Time should take it into his head to conserve the months: say there has been a strike in the month factory, and old Tempus is afraid the supply in hand will not last forever, and if it doesn't, what is to become of eternity? To keep an eternity going requires an absolutely inexhaustible supply of months, and should the supply become exhausted, what, I repeat, will become of eternity?

We should all be put on time rations: one month per annum for each adult person, and when it came to my turn to choose, if it chanced to be in May, I would wait a whole year till April came around again rather than take one of the others, even June, in her stead.

Are Cats People?

IF A fool be sometimes an angel unawares, may not a foolish query be a momentous question in disguise? For example, the old riddle: "Why is a hen?" which is thought by many people to be the silliest question ever asked, is in reality the most profound. It is the riddle of existence. It has an answer, to be sure, but though all the wisest men and women in the world and Mr. H. G. Wells have tried to guess it, the riddle "Why is a hen?" has never been answered and never will be. So, too, the question: "Are Cats People?" seemingly so trivial, may be, under certain conditions, a question of vital importance.

Suppose, for instance, a rich man dies, leaving all his money to his eldest son, with the proviso that a certain portion of it shall be spent in the maintenance of his household as it then existed, all its members to remain under his roof, and receive the same comfort, attention, or remuneration they had received in his (the testator's) lifetime. Then suppose the son, on coming into his money, and being a hater of cats, made haste to rid himself of a feline pet that had lived in the family from early kittenhood, and had been an especial favorite of his father's.

Thereupon, the second son, being a lover of cats and no hater of money, sues for possession of the estate on the ground that his brother has failed to carry out the provisions of his father's will, in refusing to maintain the household cat.

The decision of the case depends entirely on the social status of the cat.

Shall the cat be considered as a member of the household? What constitutes a household anyway?

The definition of "Household" in the Standard Dictionary is as follows: "*A number of persons living under the same roof.*"

If cats are people, then the cat in question is a member of the household, and for failing to maintain her and provide her with the comfort and attention to which she has been used, the eldest son loses his inheritance. Having demonstrated that the question "Are Cats People?" is anything but a trivial one, I now propose a court of inquiry, to settle once for all and forever, the social status of *felis domesticus*.

In appointing myself judge of the court, I have been careful to follow political precedent by taking no account whatever of any qualifications I may or may not have for the office.

For witnesses, I summon (from wherever they may be) two great shades, to wit: King Solomon, the wisest man of his day, and Noah Webster, the wordiest.

And I say to Mr. Webster, "Mr. Webster, what are the common terms used to designate a domestic feline whose Christian name chances to be unknown to the speaker?" and Mr. Webster answers without a moment's hesitation,

"Cat, puss, pussy and pussy-cat."

"And what is the grammatical definition of the above terms?"

"They are called nouns."

"And what, Mr. Webster, is the accepted definition of a noun?"

"A noun is the name of a person, place or thing."

"Kindly define the word 'place'."

"A particular locality."

"And 'thing'."

"An inanimate object."

"That will do, Mr. Webster."

So, according to Mr. Noah Webster, the entity for which the noun cat stands, must, if not a person, be a locality or an inanimate object!

A cat is surely not a locality, and as for being an inanimate object, her chance of avoiding such a condition is nine times better even than a king's.

Then a cat *must* be a person.

Suppose we consult King Solomon.

In the Book of Proverbs, Chapter XXX, verse 26, Solomon says: "The coneys are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks."

A coney is a kind of rabbit; folk, according to Mr. Webster, only another word for people.

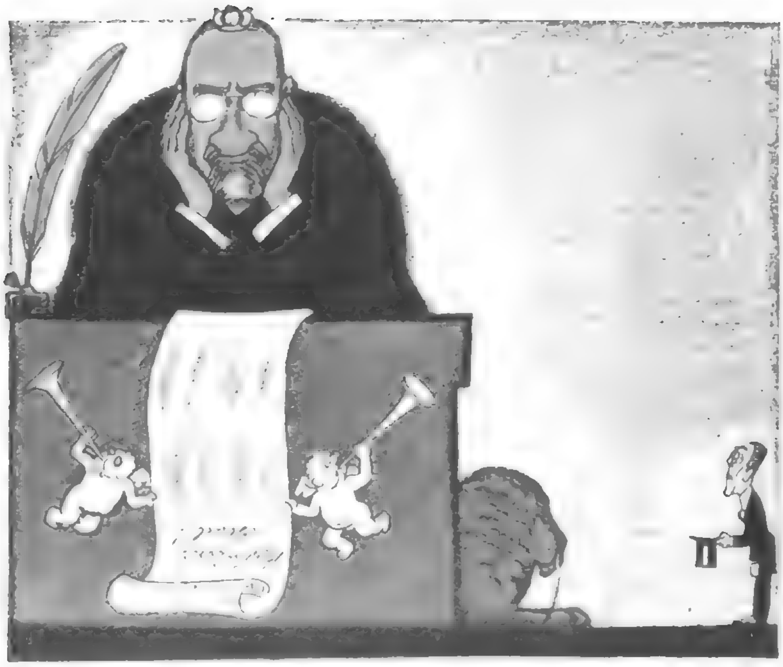
That settles it! If rabbits are people, cats are people.

Long lives to the cat!

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH SWEDEN?

By Edwin Björkman

HERE is the answer to a question we have all been asking, written by a man who knows Sweden. Mr. Björkman, distinguished as a dramatic critic and translator, was born and brought up in Stockholm. During his years in America he has kept in close touch with Swedish affairs, and has recently returned from an extensive visit there. Mr. Björkman writes from an intimate, first-hand knowledge of Swedish political and governmental organization.



"NO, MY DEAR WILSON, NOTHING DOING HERE."

Former Premier Hammarskjold's reply to President Wilson's note to neutrals after our severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. From a cartoon in the SONDAGS-NISSE of Stockholm.

HARDLY a person aware of my Swedish origin has failed to ask me this puzzling question. Some have asked it in a tone and with verbal embellishments indicative of disappointment, dissatisfaction and a great deal of impatience. And I have had no difficulty in understanding the feelings of my questioners.

Up to the end of the last century most Americans knew nothing more about Sweden than that it exported good servant-girls and still better mechanics to this country. I think the institution of the Nobel Prize Fund was the first thing that tended markedly to change the American estimate of the far-off northern kingdom. But what really put Sweden on the map, as far as this country is concerned, was the peaceful dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway in 1905.

American Impressions

THAT Sweden, as the more aggrieved partner, was able to agree to a separation without resorting to the time-honored process of international hair-pulling made a very deep and favorable impression on our own people, then just becoming interested in the Utopian scheme of abolishing war by means of treaties alone—treaties that would automatically lead to universal disarmament.

Having by action proved its faith in peaceful negotiation as opposed to armed conflict, Sweden suddenly took its place in the American consciousness as one of the leaders of modern civilization. And ever since that time Americans have instinctively expected the Swedish nation to maintain itself on a rather exalted level in regard to all questions of international relationship and international as well as national morality.

No wonder, then, that they have been surprised and puzzled, and even shocked, by what has seemed to be the general Swedish attitude during the present war. Their surprise began with the Swedish failure to enter any protest whatsoever against the brutal violation of Belgian neutrality. It was not the lack of an official protest by the Government that surprised them. Our own Government proved no less remiss in that respect. But here there has never been any question as to what public opinion thought of Germany's initial act as a belligerent, while public opinion in Sweden either remained pathetically silent on that subject or else ventured into sophistical defense of it. And from then onward, one act after another by the Swedish Government, by Swedish authorities of every kind and degree, by Swedish newspapers of high standing, and by representative Swedish men and women, has tended to make the rest of the world conclude that Sweden could find no wrong in Germany, thus proving itself more German than the Germans themselves.

The Archbishop of Upsala, the head of the Established Church of Sweden, the foremost official representative of Christianity in that country, two years ago preached a sermon constituting a hardly veiled defense of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and more recently he has come into renewed notoriety by permitting his eighteen-year-old son to enlist as a volunteer in the German army where, of course, the youngster has been found worthy of an Iron Cross.

American Judgment

NO WONDER, I say, that Americans, with their peculiar inclination to judge national as well as individual behavior from the view-point of ordinary human decency, have asked and go on asking: "What is the matter with Sweden?"

My own inclination on first encountering this question was to brush it aside as based on exaggerated and misleading reports. Like many of my former countrymen, I found it hard to believe Swedes of high standing and unsullied reputation capable of certain acts ascribed to them. I have learned better since. Exaggeration there has been, however, as, for instance, in much of the talk concerned with Swedish exports to Germany.

That Sweden no more than any other neutral country has been able to resist the lure of profits, can not be denied and need not even be defended. There was a time in the early part of the war, when all but a few seemed to have gone mad with the lust for money-making on an unprecedented scale suggested by the opportunities of the war; but all except a few waked pretty soon to recognition of the dangers involved.

What Sweden Gives Germany

BUT that was in 1915. The truth to be reckoned with at this late date is that Sweden has nothing whatever to give Germany except iron ore and a few other much less important home products.

The fact of the iron ore export is simply that the stopping of it would be desirable from the point of view of any nation engaged in war with Germany—though not as desirable or important as has been generally supposed until quite recently. To a certain extent the German processes for gun-making are based on the percentage of phosphorus contained in the Swedish ores, and it would undoubtedly inconvenience Germany to be forced into changing those processes in the midst of a war just reaching its most critical point. The Swedish ore is, also, much richer in metal than the German ores, so that Germany would have to mine more than two tons of native ore to each ton of the Swedish product, if she were thrown back on her own mine-fields. The number of Germans taken away from the fronts by such an exigency has been estimated at five to six thousand, which is not enough to have any serious influence on the conduct of the war. It may be said that, on general principles, a way should be found, if possible, to stop a single ton of Swedish ore from going to Germany, but whatever action be proposed with that purpose in view, it can not be based on any assumption of guilt on the part of Sweden for letting any of her native products be exported to an enemy of the Allies.

Granting, however, that certain Swedish actions have been exaggerated or misunderstood, there remains enough and to spare that, if not otherwise explained, would seem to indicate an actual perversion of national sympathies and a twisting of the national sense of justice.

During the earlier stages of the war, a Belgian steamer, the *Ambiorix*, was captured by the Germans in the Sound while she was seeking a safe passage into the North Sea, by keeping well within Swedish territorial waters. It was a clear case of violation of Swedish territorial rights. After repeated demands by the Belgian Minister, backed by his British, French, Italian and Russian colleagues, the Swedish Government finally consented to lodge a protest with the German Foreign Office strong enough to produce the desired effects. And the *Ambiorix* was actually released.

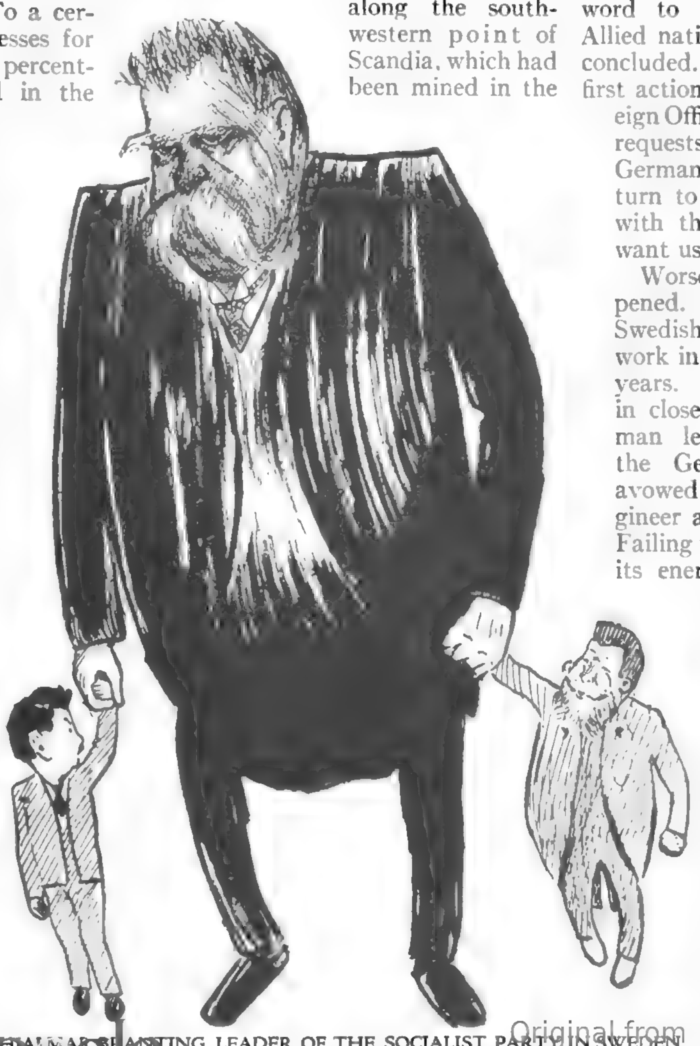
The long-established rule in such cases is that the released steamer shall be granted safe conduct back to the spot where she was captured, and it was up to the nation whose territorial rights had been infringed by the capture to see that such safe conduct be granted. Instead of doing so, the Swedish Government peremptorily refused to let the steamer in question pass through the Kogrund Channel along the southwestern point of Scandia, which had been mined in the meantime and closed to international traffic. This happened early last year. The steamer was ordered to enter the Swedish port of Trelleborg, which is one of the termini for the ferry route between Sweden and Germany, and there she was still lying when I left Sweden in July.

And now I shall come to the main point of this interesting little incident: No sooner had the *Ambiorix* tied up at Trelleborg than the Belgian Minister, again backed by his friendly colleagues, turned to the Swedish Foreign Office with a demand that it fulfil its clear international obligation to the utmost limit by giving the steamer free and safe passage through the mine-protected Kogrund Channel to the spot off the little Danish island of Hven, where she was captured originally. And what did the Swedish Foreign Office then do? It directed an inquiry to the Foreign Office at Berlin to find out whether the German Government would permit Sweden to do its duty by Belgium!

Ask Berlin!

SIMILAR things have happened time and again during the war. Arrangements between Germany and Sweden have repeatedly been made without a word to the representatives of the Allied nations until they already were concluded. On the other hand, the first action taken by the Swedish Foreign Office in regard to propositions or requests coming from the enemies of Germany has invariably been to turn to the German Foreign Office with the question: "What do you want us to do about it?"

Worse things than that have happened. A nationalist committee of Swedish Finlanders has been at work in Stockholm for nearly three years. This committee has been in close cooperation with the German legation at Stockholm and the German Foreign Office. Its avowed object has been to engineer a political revolt in Finland. Failing in this respect, it has devoted its energy and its funds to other pro-German activities. There is every reason to believe that it has furnished the large funds required by the most outspokenly pro-German newspaper in Stockholm, the *Afton-Bladet*. There is also reason to believe that some members of this committee, if not the committee as such, have found the men needed by Germany for conducting bomb plots against the Allied and neutral shipping like the one exposed at Christiania last spring. The same men have probab



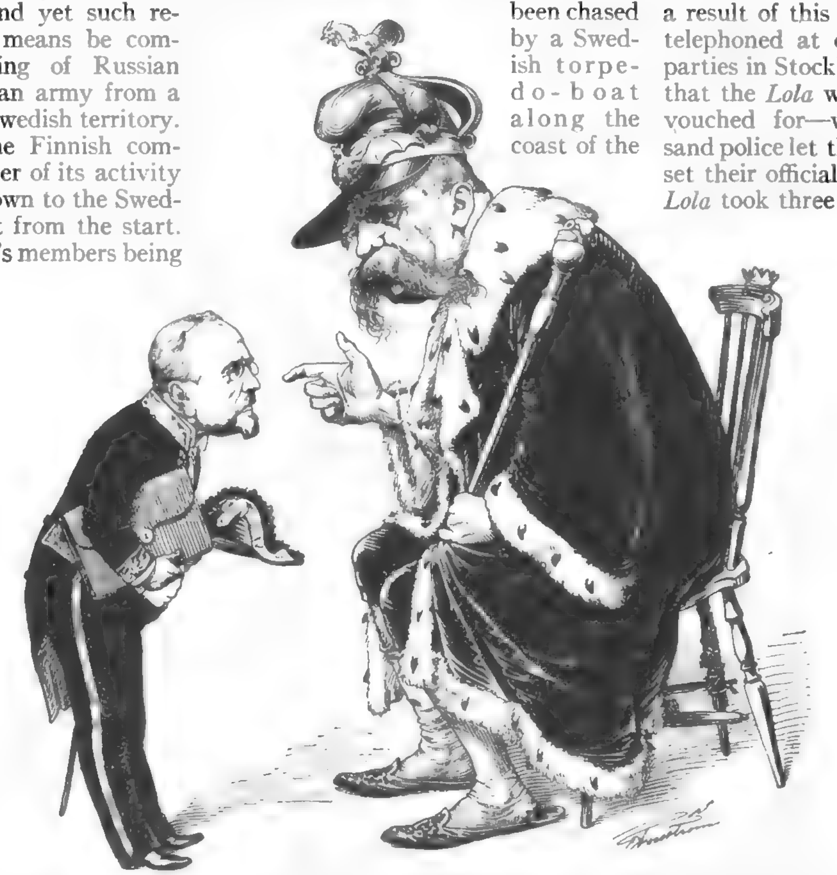
HJALMAR BRANTING, LEADER OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN SWEDEN AND PROBABLY THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE COUNTRY. FROM A CARICATURE IN THE *ALARUM BELL*, STOCKHOLM.

had something to do with the wholesale smuggling of high explosives into Finland, which was going on merrily all last year by way of certain northern Swedish ports. But the principal activity of the committee has consisted in the smuggling of young Finlanders from their native country through Sweden into Germany, where they have been enlisted in the German army.

Every one of these activities implies a serious, undisputed violation of Swedish neutrality. Until our own country was plunged into war, our Government was quick to suppress any attempt by any of the belligerent powers to recruit among its own subjects on this side of the water. And yet such recruiting could by no means be compared to the recruiting of Russian subjects for the German army from a vantage-point within Swedish territory.

The existence of the Finnish committee and the character of its activity were perfectly well known to the Swedish Government almost from the start. Most of the committee's members being foreigners, it was within the power of the Swedish authorities to deport them on mere suspicion of wrong-doing—a power that has been freely used in many cases of much less serious nature. Until I left Stockholm no Swedish authority had shown the slightest inclination to interfere. Even the sensational exposure of the German bomb plots in Norway failed to bring any results worth mentioning, although the Stockholm police hastened to deport one Finn whose betrayal of his own part in the plot had made the Christiania exposure possible. Complaints received from the Russian Minister now and then led invariably to nothing more than an assurance that the persons complained of had disappeared or that they had been investigated and found all right.

The story of one complaint of that kind may serve as a typical illustration: Last February, I think, the Russian legation at Stockholm lodged information with the Swedish Foreign Office about the mysterious journeys of a fast motor-boat named the *Lola*. This boat was constantly coming and going along the northeastern coast of Sweden. It paid frequent visits to Stockholm, and from there it would go along the coast to Lulea or Umea in the north, and thence across to Finland. Two Finlanders constituted the crew. It was often heavily loaded and on its return from Finland it was likely to carry passengers. At last, some time during the summer, certain reports concerning the doings of this craft found their way into the press, which had been rendered more suspicious and more outspoken by the recent exposures of German bomb activity in Norway. The Socialist papers in particular demanded an explanation from the Government. It came finally, and consisted in a declaration that a thorough police investigation had showed the journeys of the mysterious *Lola* to be wholly innocent. To be sure, it had been chased by a Swedish torpedo-boat along the coast of the Bothnian Gulf and had come under the attention of the police in one of the northern ports, whence it had gone still further northward with three Germans as passengers. But nevertheless the police found themselves able to answer for the boat, crew and passengers alike.



A CARTOON FROM *PUCK*, A CONSERVATIVE HUMOROUS WEEKLY, REPRESENTING BRANTING IN ROBES OF POWER SAYING TO HAMMARSKJÖLD: "I AM *VERY* DISSATISFIED WITH YOU, MR. PREMIER!" UNDER THE CAPTION, "HAVE WE REALLY GOT THAT FAR?" IT EXPRESSES THE BUREAUCRATIC OPPOSITION TO ALL ATTEMPTS OF THE RIKSDAG MAJORITY TO CONTROL THE ACTIONS OF THE SWEDISH CABINET.

This is what had really happened on the occasion mentioned in the official explanation: The *Lola* ran foul of a torpedo-boat off the city of Hernösand when it was going north heavily laden with explosives bound for Finland—or, perhaps, for some Swedish port still holding a British vessel or two. The officers of the Swedish navy have, by the by, shown a pleasant disinclination to overlook their duties in connection with the neutrality guard maintained along the coasts, and with them have originated most of the checks received by the Germans in their attempts to treat Swedish waters as their own. The commander of the torpedo-boat asked the *Lola* to show its cards, and gave chase when the smaller craft tried to run away. Unfortunately, something happened to the rudder of the torpedo-boat just then, and the *Lola* succeeded in getting safely into Hernösand, which seemed to have been her first destination. There, however, she was met at the quay by the local police, who had been warned by a wireless telegram from the torpedo-boat and who insisted on examining the cargo. As a result of this examination, the police telephoned at once to some party or parties in Stockholm. The answer was that the *Lola* was known and could be vouched for—whereupon the Hernösand police let the *Lola* go, having first set their official seal on her cargo. The *Lola* took three Germans on board and went to Umea, where it was passed by the custom-house officials as soon as the seal of the Hernösand police was discovered.

The question asked most frequently in Stockholm when this story got out was: to what persons or authorities did the Hernösand police telephone about their findings on board the *Lola*, and various vain efforts were made to find out whether the Foreign Minister or the Minister of the Interior might be held responsible. Attempts to connect the resignation of the latter Cabinet member, which followed shortly afterward, with the *Lola* affair did not prove successful. I may suggest that the police could have telephoned to a third party.

It is well known that the Swedish Government has established a secret political police during the war. No Minister or department has so far been found willing to take the responsibility for this organization, or even to admit its existence, but it is there nevertheless, and from time to time traces of its activity have been very much in evidence. It is made up of officers belonging to the General Staff of the army and detectives especially detailed from the Stockholm police for the purpose. The head of the staff is also practically the head of this extra-judicial organization, which, however, if properly named and properly conducted would be more than warranted by what has been going on under the surface in Stockholm since the outbreak of the great war. Its particular object has been to watch all suspicious foreigners and to keep the army leaders and the Government informed about the activities of such persons. Such a watch has been kept, but rather one-sidedly, I fear, as practically every staff officer concerned in the work has been known as strongly and openly pro-German. One or two of the men assigned to this delicate and highly responsible task have, in fact, been so notorious for the fanaticism of their German devotion that even in Stockholm they were held to carry the matter too far. In justice to the Swedish Government which resigned some time ago, it should be added right here that at least one of the officers in question was transferred to other duties some time after the conclusion of the Hammarskjöld régime.

Is Sweden Pro-German?

ANY one may draw his own conclusions from the facts related above. Personally, I find it only human to think that the composition of the Swedish secret police has proved one of the chief means of protecting the German intriguers and plotters at Stockholm—of which there have been many—from undue publicity. For all reports concerning activities like theirs have been handed to the secret police for investigation, and the men in charge of that police were seriously convinced that anything doing harm to the German cause would prove harmful to their own country as well.

And now, having related a few of the things that have gone on in the country which more than any other one has insisted on its unscrupulous neutrality—a neutrality so raised above all questioning that it was supposed to warrant the head of its Government in administering a rude rebuke to the President of the United States for lack of neutrality—I shall return to our initial question: What is the matter with Sweden? And I expect that the reader will be ready with his answer, charging all that he has heard of to a pro-Germanism so blind that wrong appears right on one side, and right becomes wrong on the other. If so, however, the reader will be very much mistaken.

Sweden is not pro-German as a nation. The bulk of the people are, if anything, anti-German. They are, above everything else, anxious to be on good terms with the side that can save them from actual starvation during the coming winters. The outgoing Swedish Government was recently reported to have arranged with Germany for the importation of corn and potatoes. Instead of rejoicing, Branting, the leader of the strongest party in the Riksdag, was at once moved to protest in sharp terms. "The immediate gains are obvious," he wrote, "but what is yet more obvious is that it will react on our chances to get anything from the other side. . . . Need it be added that these decisions, which may prove decisive to the whole position of Sweden in the world, have been made in secret committee, without any conference with representatives of the parliamentary majority? . . . One has the impression of a governing clique determined to act for its own part to the last."

In those words lies the cue to "What is the matter with Sweden?" It is to be found not only in what they express, but in their tone, which, after all, must seem peculiarly reserved to an American under the circumstances.

Sweden as we see it to-day, as we have seen it during the war's long course, is suffering from three things: from an overdose of Mandarinism, from a lack of true Parliamentarism, and from fear of the Mailed Fist of the Kaiser.

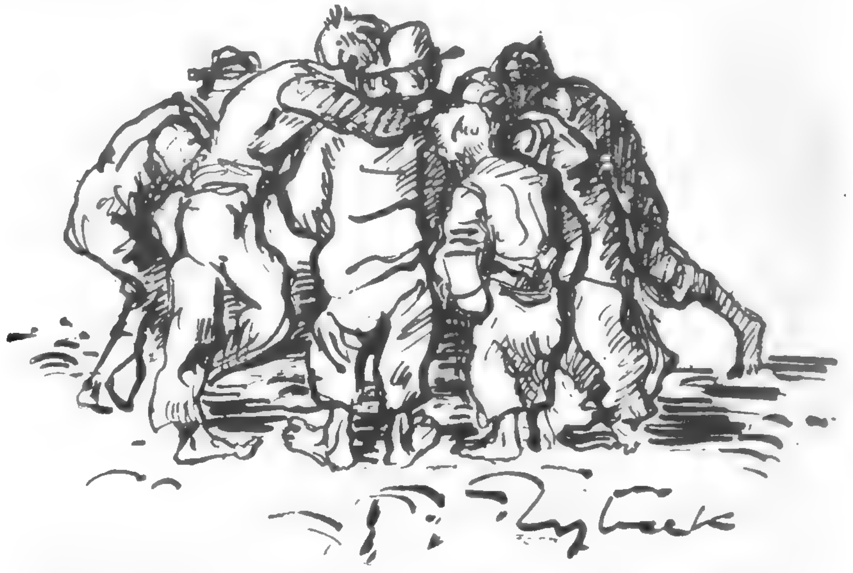
To explain this diagnosis is much harder than to make it. I shall try my best, however, taking up the diseases indicated one at the time.

Mandarinism means to me government by a special class selected through a system of examinations having little or no reference to the conditions and demands of real life. The principal secret of present-day Sweden is divided not into peers and commoners, not into rich and poor, but into "students" and "Philistines," into "gown" and "town." Those that have attained the white cap of the university student become automatically members of the upper class. It is, one might almost say, the mandarin button that implies a right to eat freely at the public crib, to look down upon those less fortunately situated, and to rule t country without questioning or crit cism.

The Swedish Bureaucracy

THE Swedish army and navy a simply two separate branches of t general body of bureaucratic rule The Established Church forms anoth branch. The universities are in t same class, of course. The men b longing to this bureaucratic caste co trol the entire government machine in Sweden, including its diplomat representation. They represent pract cally everything that has power with the country, and as the press is large recruited from the same quarter, the represent also practically everythin that is vocal, that has power of expre sion, that is capable of making t country as a whole seen and heard an understood abroad. Having until r cently despised and neglected what generally termed business, they ha lately become vividly aware of the ne opportunities offered by this latest for of national activity, and to-day we fin business men complaining bitterly tha all the most desirable and most respo sible positions in commerce and indu try are passing into the hands of go ernment officials and army and na officers who have retired for the pu pose. As a rule, however, members the bureaucratic machinery do not r sign, although they may take up oth activities on the side. It is qui common to find a government of cial serving in several departments the same time, while also holding mem bership in half a dozen or more roy commissions or special committees, an furthermore, sitting in the directora of a big corporation or two.

The Swedish bureaucracy in all i branches is as pro-German as the natio at large is not. And the reason is not



WHAT IS UPPERMOST IN THE MINDS OF THE SWEDISH PEOPLE. A CARTOON IN A SOCIALIST HUMOROUS WEEKLY. ITS HEADLINE WAS, "A CURIOSITY." ITS CAPTION WAS, "HEY, KIDS! JOHNNY'S GOT A SANDWICH WITH MEAT ON IT."

to find, though it would take longer time and more space than I have at my disposal to make clear all its phases and ramifications. The principal factor to be reckoned with in this connection is the model methods furnished by Germany for fighting back the onset of bureaucracy's main foe, which is modern democracy. In Sweden as elsewhere, democracy is on the move, and in Sweden as elsewhere bureaucracy is fighting its last and most desperate fight for its own waning privileges. The Swedish bureaucracy is pro-German chiefly because it has seen the handwriting on the wall, and because it sees in German victory the one possible escape from ultimate disaster. Great Britain, France and the United States are the principal homes of modern democracy, and for this reason, if for no other, the Swedish bureaucracy can not help hating the countries that logically must be the enemies of Germany and all that it still stands for.

This leads us by a natural transition to the second trouble from which Sweden is suffering to-day. Parliamentarism does not only mean representative government of some kind. This Sweden has had for many, many centuries. In fact, it is probably the country where representative government in one form or another has existed longer and with less interruption than in any other. But Parliamentarism in the true sense means more. It means a representative form of government which makes the men in charge of the executive machinery fully responsible to the legislative delegates of the people itself and to no one else.

Sweden has a Riksdag made up of two houses, one of which is supposed to be chosen by universal suffrage. The universality of this suffrage is circumscribed in various ways, but with that fact we need not bother ourselves. The Riksdag procedure prescribes a system of joint voting on all questions but constitutional amendments, concerning which the two houses have formed different decisions. Thus an undue power is laid in the hands of the Upper House, which is not popularly elected, and the Conservatives—that is, the party of the bureaucracy—are furnished with additional excuse for holding on to the Government, no matter how the tide may turn in the elections to the Lower House. But even this result is not vital, as the radical groups had a majority of twenty-eight on joint votes in the last Riksdag without this fact having the least influence on the Conservative disinclination to surrender the power so long held by them in clear defiance of the will of the people.

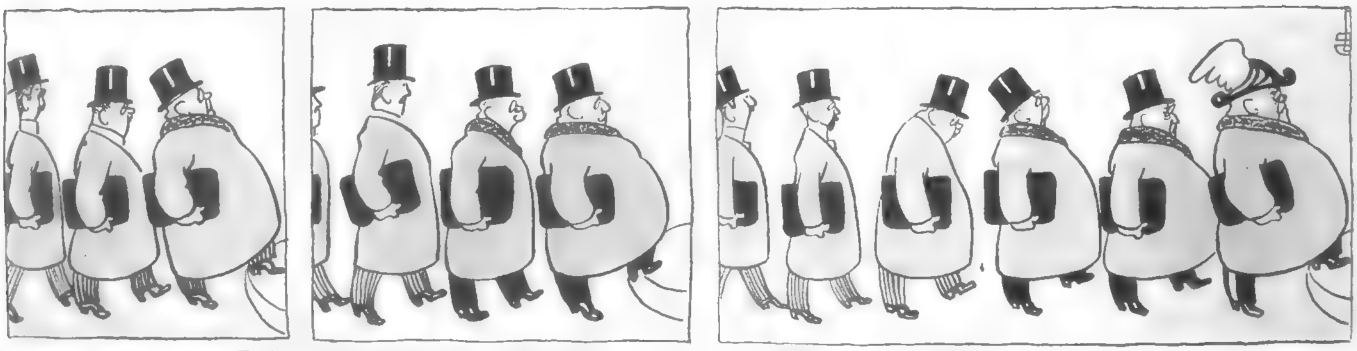
The main factor is that a literal reading of the present Swedish constitution seems to make the Cabinet responsible to the King alone, and not to any Riksdag majority, however strong in numbers or in the confidence of the people. This is the point about which the conflict has been raging for years between Conservatives and Radicals (which means Liberals and Socialists), between bureaucracy and democracy, between permanent officialdom with university hallmark, and representatives without better sanction than the will of the people.

If there be anything that may be held symbolical of everything that every true bureaucracy dreads and hates, it is the inquisitiveness displayed by the popularly elected representatives of the people in regard to the actual details of how the country is run and ruled. And in few other countries, if any, has the bureaucracy been more successful in its efforts to avoid such inquisitiveness. This was true in the piping times of peace that led up to the great world disaster. It has been more true than ever since that disaster broke upon the world, the war having furnished not only the Cabinet members but every little permanent official down to the department messengers (who, by the by, need not be qualified by university graduation) with an additional excuse for keeping the people in ignorance of its own affairs. One might almost say that the war has been rendered pleasant to the Swedish bureaucracy by placing at their full and free disposal the "red stamp" which by its mark of "Secret" on any document, removes that document from all public or publicistic inquiry. So freely has this stamp been used in Sweden during the last three years that the Riksdag committee whose task it is to audit all public accounts recently found it applied to a war department order for the erection of a new outhouse at one of the regimental camps.

The words of Branting quoted above describe accurately what has been going on in Sweden during the entire period of the war, and what has enabled the Swedish Government — taking this term in its widest sense without inclusion of the Riksdag—to place the Swedish people in a false light before the rest of the world. Basing their attitude on the doctrine of the Cabinet's freedom from responsibility to anybody but the King, the Conservative government, previously headed by Hammarskjöld and Wallenberg, and later by Swartz and Lindman, obstinately maintained its right to handle the affairs of the nation in general, and more particularly its foreign affairs, without any reference to the opinion or will of the Riksdag. The most important decisions were formed and put into execution without a word to the legally chosen representatives of the people. Policies directly detrimental to the interests of the country have been pursued in secret long after their condemnation by the mass of the people had been publicly proclaimed.

The Riksdag has a Secret Committee made up of prominent members of both houses and representing all the parties. This body forms a sort of executive committee with whom the Government may confer in regard to questions, too delicate to be introduced to the entire Riksdag even in secret session. All the Radical leaders asked of Hammarskjöld was that he take the advice of this body before he formed his final decision. All he would consent to do was to let the Secret Committee know what he had already done. When the delegates sent to London by the Swedish Government in November, 1916, to negotiate a complete commercial agreement that would secure Sweden its most needful supplies from without, returned to Stockholm in February, 1917, it soon became

(Continued on page 94)



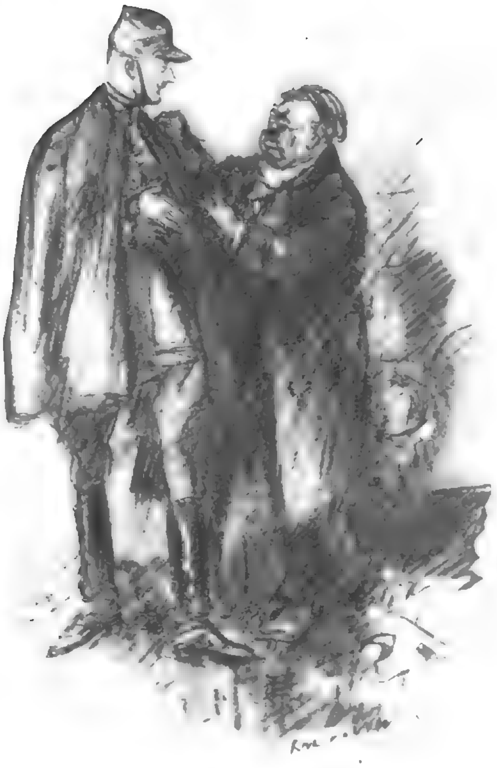
THREE CARTOONS BY STARKENBERG IN *SONDAGS-NISSE,* STOCKHOLM, SATIRIZING THE ENDLESS EXPANSION OF THE BUREAUCRATIC MACHINERY.

"Our citizens must curtail their consumption of gas. To [illegible] their doing so, the Gas Department needs an addition to its force: one inspector, twelve controllers and twenty-five clerks. ctricity must also be saved. This requires seventy-four new places in the Department of Electricity: one chief inspector, two inspectors, twenty-four controllers and forty-seven clerks."

THE CAMPAIGN OF ARISTIDE CARTOUCHE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"COME, COME," HE SAID ROUGHLY. "GIVE ME MY FARE, OR I WILL TAKE IT FROM YOUR BIG NORMAN NOSE."

AT THE Prefecture of Police in Paris there had long been suspicion of Aristide Cartouche. His taxicab had been seen in the vicinity of too many bold robberies for pure coincidence, and persons who had been seen to enter its dingy recesses were found later floating about in the Seine. In a word, he was suspected of working with the tide. But he was an old soldier who had fought like a devil unchained in the Algerian wars, where he had lost an eye, while serving with a *regiment d'Afrique*, and he had always been able to make complete and detailed explanations.

Still, it was decided to revoke his license and drive him from Paris.

"By blue!" swore the Prefect testily. "Should one be able to explain everything? I do not think so."

But then came the war, and the machinery which was to destroy Aristide Cartouche was unjointed. He made hay beneath the beneficent smile of Mars. He had been reduced to dining at the little fish-stall on the Pont St. Michel (the Restaurant of the Wet Feet), and to drinking cheap and virulent "schnick", but now he frequented the flashy boulevard cafés, and mingled with the elegant *souteneurs* who danced in the *caveaus*, or dives. He smoked the best, was comfortably tipsy all day, and drove his pirate craft all night, almost in his sleep. This was not war as it was managed in Algiers, you understand, but it was altogether delightful.

Paris was filled with stout persons in uniform from the country, who were as green as their pantaloons were red. This gentry knew nothing of the city, absolutely nothing, except that it was a place for enjoyment, and that one must expect to spend money there. Aristide Cartouche charged them what he chose, and often he drove them about seeing sights, instead of heading directly for his place of business, the river. At bottom he was a good-hearted chap.

This September morning he was returning to his room in the Rue Broca, where he lived on the first floor (as you come down from heaven!). Something was going on in Paris, some movement of troops, for the streets were strangely innocent of red pantaloons. Therefore when he espied this *sous-lieutenant* standing on the curb, beckoning, Aristide Cartouche swooped upon him swiftly, like a hawk upon a pullet.

"*A la bonne heure!*" he shouted. "In, my general!"

The *sous-lieutenant* did not enter the cab but mounted to a seat beside Aristide Cartouche who swung the cab around briskly to point it for the sinister river.

"That is right," said his passenger guilelessly. "Drive me to the Pont du Change!"

With his one gleaming eye Aristide Cartouche scanned the passenger's craggy Norman countenance. A sturdy fellow, but he could be handled!

But at the Pont du Change ten infantrymen were waiting, all in marching order with bayoneted rifles.

"In, my children," exhorted the *sous-lieutenant*. And the ten poilus squeezed into the cab of Aristide Cartouche.

"What is this?" demurred he. "Do I drive an omnibus, you think?"

"If I wish it," explained the lieutenant, "you will drive an omnibus. But push out now on the Compiègne road as if the devil were snatching at you! There is no speed limit," he continued shortly. "Drive along, old mud-turtle!"

"This will cost you something," grumbled Aristide Cartouche warningly.

The *sous-lieutenant* chuckled. "I will double your Government fee," he promised lavishly. "But speed, speed!"

Aristide Cartouche saw an astonishing sight on the Compiègne road. It was crowded with taxicabs, touring-cars, motor-trucks—all rushing from the city.

"What is this, then?" he inquired. "Are the Germans coming? But we are going toward them."

"You will see what you will see," replied the *sous-lieutenant*. "There is no order to divulge military secrets. Push this rattletrap along!"

They passed motor-cars in distress. Cars were tilted in ruins in the ditches. Cars were piled in débris at the crossings. Groans and cries came out of these wrecks. No one stopped. No one gave succor. All rushed ahead, *pêle-mêle!* Aristide Cartouche drove his car until the cries and protests of the unfortunates within answered to the wretches in the road, and the *sous-lieutenant* held on with both hands.

"You can drive," he admitted grudgingly, as Aristide Cartouche twisted like a flash to avoid a stalled car.

They had traveled fourteen miles before the *sous-lieutenant* ordered the rush abated.

Other cars had stopped behind them, and Aristide Cartouche had seen crumpled poilus crawling forth, and falling into long lines, along which numbers ran like a train of powder.

He heard the roar of cannon, and the crackling of machine guns, which came to him over hills and through forests, through miles of air, faintly as the snapping of dried grass.

The *sous-lieutenant* questioned sentinels standing by the roadside, and urged Aristide Cartouche to hurry forward.

The field-pieces now spoke with sharp-edged sounds, and the machine-gun fire caused ear-drums to tingle. Aristide Cartouche snuffed the morning breeze, acrid with a familiar scent.

"We're here!" cried the *sous-lieutenant*. And he leaped to the ground, while the battered infantrymen tumbled out of the tonneau.

A sharp order, and they set off down the road in column, marching in the direction of the firing, without a backward glance. This cavalier leave-taking filled Aristide Cartouche with indignation.

He glanced at the labored taximeter, and clambered down.

"Here," he cried, hurrying after his passengers. "A minute, my fine fellows! Do I not get my just fare?"

The *sous-lieutenant* had hugged himself waiting for this moment.

"For France!" he laughed with malice. "*La gloire!* You have aided the Republic, comrade. That is enough for a true Frenchman!"

HEARTILY was the Republic blasphemed as Aristide Cartouche took the other by the shoulder. "Come, come," he said roughly. "I am no peer, my friend. Give me my fare, or I will take it from your big Norman nose!"

"You will take it from my gun," the *sous-lieutenant* assured him, throwing off his hold. "Back to your dung-cart, you horse-fly!"

Aristide Cartouche returned to his cab, making outraged gestures.—War!

A wounded soldier came strolling along the deserted road, singing. He stopped before Aristide Cartouche and regaled him with his music, which had to do with the amours of one Maman Francine, and while he sang he stared at Aristide Cartouche in a most sober and unimaginative manner. To avoid this depressing companion, Aristide Cartouche crawled under his car and fingered shafts and bearings. The soldier crawled after him to watch him to better advantage. And always he sang of the disreputable Francine.

When Aristide Cartouche emerged the soldier ceased his song, seated himself on the step, and began to eat food from his haversack.

"Admirable!" growled Aristide Cartouche, contemplating this man who had lost his self-consciousness in the service of his country. "I will wait here, and shortly some horses will come and graze on the hair of my head, I believe. Get off that step!"

The soldier looked up at him, and ceased eating, but cleared his throat as if to resume his song. "Ah," he sighed, "I could strangle a parrot now! Have you any?"

Aristide Cartouche produced the indicated bottle of green absinth.

"Feel in my pocket," directed the soldier placidly.

Aristide Cartouche did so, and pulled out a heavy rouleau of gold coins.

"One," said the soldier watchfully. "One. And then drive me to the hospital tent. It is dry walking this hot morning."

"What is this?" asked Aristide Cartouche, relinquishing the beautiful coins with reluctance.

"It is a twenty-mark piece," said the soldier. "I had them of a German colonel who lay beside me in a shell hole out there. They are fat picking—those Berliners."

"Are there more out there?" inquired Aristide Cartouche greedily.

"Than there are bugs in Mazas prison," the soldier replied. He tapped his bandaged arm laughingly. "They have gold, but they give also small change in lead! One must expect that. It is for France."

"Where is this place?" demanded Aristide Cartouche, his eye flaming with desire.

"Down the road a piece, on the brow of that hill. We drove them out and I got my gold, then they returned and drove us out. You can see it, can you not?"

Aristide Cartouche climbed to his seat. He started the taxicab and the soldier fell off and sat in the dust.

"You are going the wrong way," he shouted. "The hospital lies behind you! Wait, wait!"

"Take train eleven!" shouted Aristide Cartouche mockingly, the eleven being represented by the two legs of a pedestrian.

"For France," he reflected, bending over his wheel. "Ah, that is well. But something, too, for Aristide Cartouche!"

The country opened out as he sped along, and he could see red-legged soldiers on either side of the road, digging industriously on rising ground behind hillocks of earth. Beyond their lines lay the promised hill. They shouted to him, and he saw a file level their rifles.

"No, no," cried Aristide Cartouche obdurately, as he opened the cut-off and ascended the grade on the wings of the wind. "You have had your little joke with me, but I shall not return to Paris empty-handed for all that, I promise you!"

Fallen bodies marked the road more thickly as he progressed. In places it had been hollowed by great explosions, but he did not slacken his gait.

He achieved the summit of the hill, and pulled up beside a tattered poplar tree. From his point of vantage he could see the silver length of a river, winding through yellow corn-fields, and by meadows lush with the heavy grass of autumn. It was the Marne; the pages of history were turning before his eye, and there in the middle distance a gentleman named von Kluck was reaching out to stamp the new page with the coronet of empire.

But the air on the hill was informed with a mournful and terrible humming, punctuated by sounds like the rending of sail cloth, and if Aristide Cartouche did not blench neither did he pause to meditate odes and elegies.

"Now for the Berliners!" he cried, springing down hopefully.

He could pick and choose if he wished for soldiers lay about thicker than leaves in the Bois de Boulogne. They groaned and put out pitiful hands to Aristide Cartouche.

He pulled them about speculatively, and with increasing disappointment.

"What an amount of trash is here!" he exclaimed disconsolately. "Is there no other place to kill beggars but on this hill? Why could you not die at home, you skinny fellows?"

He considered waylaying the deceitful man who had sent him on this foolish quest, and was returning to his cab to start on his traces, when he saw an officer lying on his back, with one leg doubled up, as if lazing in the warm noon-day sun, and brilliant as a cut flower. He wore a military cape, smoothly lined with red silk, beneath which golden stars shone on his shoulders.

"This is a bird worth scalding," he cried relievedly. "I warrant he will be well stuffed out with gold pieces!"

"Come, my pretty bee," he growled, pulling at the officer's tunic. "Give me honey, honey!"

The fallen officer twitched under his rough ministrations, and then turned over convulsively, and lay on his face.

"Eh, what? my fat Berliner!" grated Aristide Cartouche aggrievedly. "You are not content with what you have gotten? You struggle still? You resist a Frenchman? Contain yourself, or I will find me some little stone to dash out your brains!"

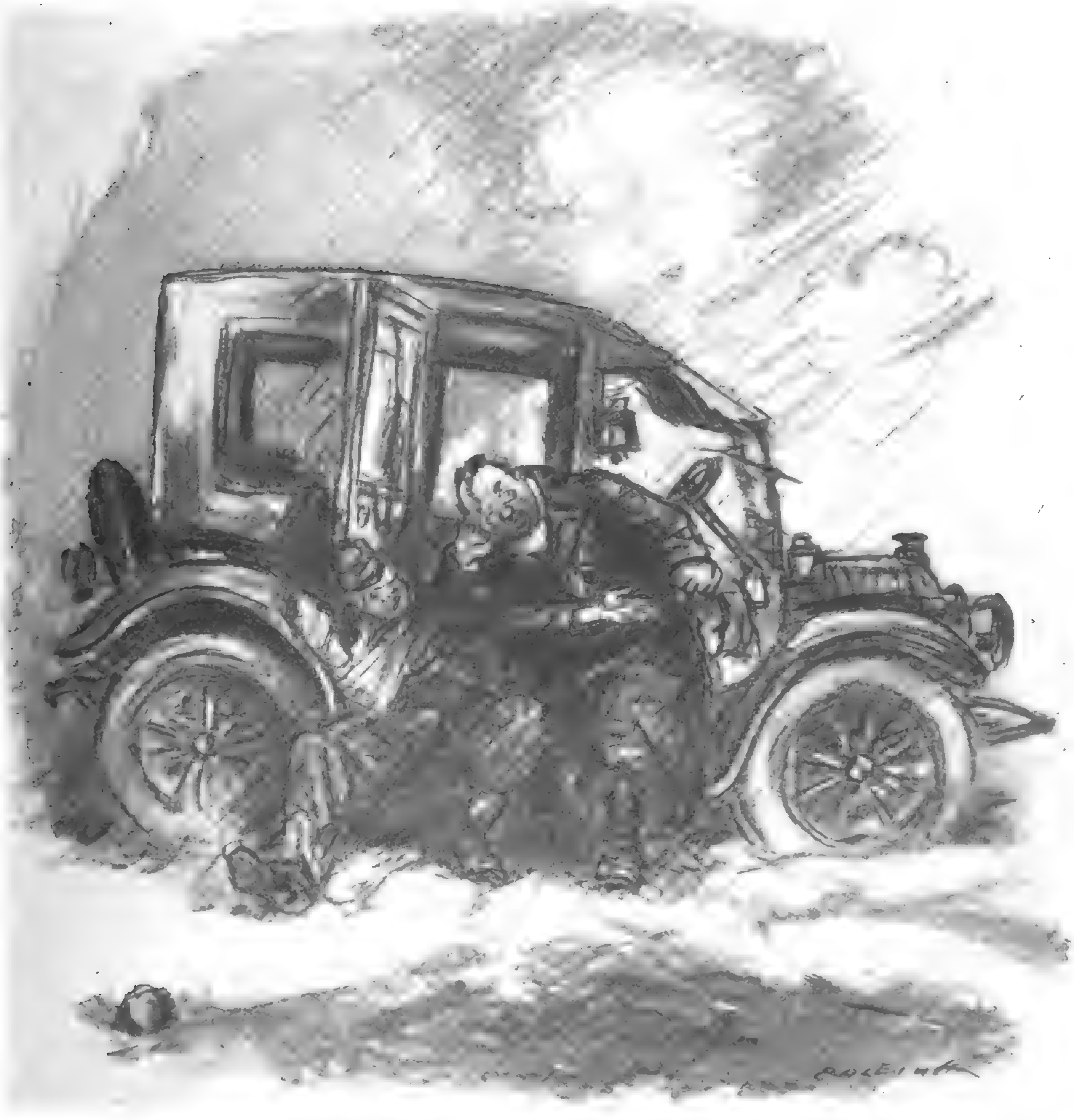
But at that juncture the earth rose up about Aristide Cartouche, like a horse lunging to his feet, and struck him on the nose and on the back, and there was such an incredible noise that it made a species of devilish silence!

ARISTIDE CARTOUCHE shook his head. It did not fall off and go bounding down the hill. He moved his limbs and they moved. He was not dead, then. His hand still gripped his quarry's collar.

"Ar-rh!" he rasped in rage. "This is the fruit of your pig-headedness. Will you be the death of me? Only come with me to some quiet spot, and you shall have to deal with Aristide Cartouche!"

He pulled the officer upon his shoulder and stamped to his taxicab, like a miller carrying a sack of meal. He slid his burden into the tonneau and slammed the door.

"*Foutre le camp!*" he cried coarsely, springing to the wheel and pulling the throttle open.



"WHERE IS THIS PLACE?" DEMANDED ARISTIDE CARTOUCHE, HIS EYE FLAMING WITH DESIRE. "DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE, ON THE BROW OF THAT HILL. YOU CAN SEE IT, CAN YOU NOT?"

The road was pitted with shell holes, and among them he piloted the lurching vehicle. Shells pursued him, like sea-gulls a fishing-smack, and losing in the race they burst over his head and gave down leaden rain. They burst behind him, and knocked the roof of his craft askew, so that he was solicitous for the safety of his precious catch. Their pertinacity bewildered him, for he was an ignorant rascal, and could not know that the page of history had been stamped with the wings of Gallic cocks, and that one von Kluck had accepted the dismal fact and was pounding to powder the road from Paris.

But Aristide Cartouche won through it all, and shortly the shells ceased falling on the battered road, and ahead of him, repeated over hill and dale, he saw advancing the relentless tricolor of France.

For the poilus were not digging now. The sun of victory shone down on them, causing their eyes to glow and their teeth to flash and joke and chanson to bubble from their happy throats. Their long lines bobbed up and down, interminably, as they quick-stepped on the road from Paris.

Aristide Cartouche brought his cab to a reluctant stop. A captain of infantry had barred the way, and Aristide Cartouche was looking into the bleak eye of a pistol.

"Get down," said the captain.

"A message from the Kaiser," announced Aristide Cartouche flippantly. "Way, my captain! I have a fare!"

"Deliver me the message," directed the captain with grim insistence, and drawing a file of infantrymen to his back with a flirt of an eye.

"Not so, little gamecock," frowned Aristide Cartouche hardily. "It is a message to me, Aristide Cartouche."

The captain threw open the door of the cab, seized the passenger by the boot, and drew him into view.

"A general!" he exclaimed, visibly taken aback.

Aristide Cartouche got down from his seat, stalked up to the officer, grasped the boot, and thrust the limp fare back into the tonneau.

"Look you, *mon capitaine*," he said menacingly. "I am a citizen of Pa now, and no dog of a soldier. He is mine! Will you want one for yourself? Take your bag then and go up on the hill. But this one is mine!"

"My friend," said the officer wonderingly, and even with respect, "I do not rob you. But see—he bleeds! Drive like the wind to where he can be attended to!"

Aristide Cartouche climbed back to his perch, and had started away, when the captain leaped up beside him.

"What do you do, in the name of a thousand thunders?" he shouted. "Now drive away to the field-hospital!"

"Such pork is of no use to France," remonstrated Aristide Cartouche, mastering his temper with effort. "I will drive him over behind that woods where I can manage him. Isn't it so?"

The captain presented his pistol.

"A real *forte tête*," he said. "You are mad, and accordingly I will blow out your brains in one little minute. Drive straight ahead to the hospital tent!"

"I will do so," said Aristide Cartouche, "but remember he is mine. If every hair on your head was a captain you should eat seven bullets if you tried to take him, understand that!"

With the growling of a baffled wolf in his throat he piloted the cab to the tent indicated by his unreasonable companion.

The captain alighted, opened the door of the cab, and called for a stretcher.

"Listen, my friend," pleaded Aristide Cartouche, perceiving that he was outnumbered. "Let us settle this business amicably. You have an honest face. Give me then some small matter of twenty francs, and I will go quietly, and you shall have him. Come, now!"

"You are certainly mad," said the officer bruskly. He assisted the white-clad attendants to place the fare on the stretcher, and accompanied it into the hospital tent.

Aristide Cartouche watched until the door had closed behind the little procession, and then he swore a terrible oath.

"*Attriste!*" he howled, shaking his fists at the tent door. "*Vautour! Lézard!* Is this your idea of war, you robber? Bring me back my little rabbit!"

TROOPS flowed by along the roads: quick-stepping, bearded fellows, caked with sweat and soil, but rippling with merriment. Aristide Cartouche shouted to them an account of his wrongs.

"Aye, laugh, my silly little men," he shouted. "You will get your bellyful of this war soon enough, even as I have, I tell you that. Your officers will cabbage all you get, the pigs! Rather sit down with me and smoke your pipe, you will get as much!"

"Shut up your big mouth," ordered a sergeant threateningly.

The captain came from the hospital tent, and hurried to the taxicab, rubbing his hands pleasedly.

"I will take you now to the general of the division," he said. "He has heard of your case, and wishes to attend to it himself, this, for example, as it was done on the field of battle."

"But what of *my* general?" demanded Aristide Cartouche fiercely.

"Don't worry over him, *mon brave*," replied the captain cheeringly. "He is not more than scratched, and will lead his brigade again inside the week. He is St. Laurent, of the Fourteenth Corps, and one of the best soldiers in the French army. Did you recognize him? Ah, now we will attend to your case!"

A Frenchman!

"So," muttered Aristide Cartouche indignantly, "this comes of eternally changing the uniform. Here am I, an old *soldat d'Afrique*, mistaking a Frenchman for a German, and carrying him off to knock in his head. For this, I must look out of the little window."

But he hoped that they would not guillotine him as he had said, but would let him face rifles. He had been a soldier.

The captain echoed his thought. "The order was to shoot you, this for the discipline. What the devil, can we have each man charging for himself? I do not think that would be military."

They drove forward along the road, going toward Paris. The marching troops, high-spirited and on the lookabout for a joke, twitted Aristide Cartouche for his glum white face. "A royalist!" they laughed. "See, he hoists the old table-cloth in his cheek!"

Recovering his tongue he returned their fire with biting obscenities, *des cochonneries*.

The cab stopped before an old-fashioned country *auberge* set under hoary lindens. The captain passed the guard with a word, the aide-de-camp with a nod, and conducted Aristide Cartouche into the black-raftered kitchen of the inn. Seated at an oaken table before the mighty hearth was a short block of a man very dirt-stained and weary. He was sipping a glass of the famous blue wine of Burgundy, and eating a hasty *repas* of black pudding, mashed potatoes, and *pain bis*. It was the commander of the division.

The general rose, answered the captain's bow, and then shook his hand vehemently. His red and kindly face beamed with a delight which effaced his fatigue.

"They are running!" he cried resonantly. "This was not another Sedan, I think! They finished the Eighteenth of the line, in their tracks to a man, but there they were stopped. Now we are giving them hot soup! It has been a glorious day for France!"

He sprang at Aristide Cartouche, grasped his arm, and shook it, while his prominent eyes strained in his head. "This is the man who brought in St. Laurent!"

"In a taxicab," nodded the captain, chuckling.

"It is I, General," muttered Aristide Cartouche, fastening his eyes on a bed of arum lilies outside the window. "I should have known, for I lost this eye in Algiers, fighting for my country. In war, eh, there is no forgiveness for mistakes. But overlook this affair, and let me die in battle, for France!"

"You have served?" reflected the general aloud.

"Six years, three in a *bataillon d'Afrique*."

"Ah, a bad soldier!"

Aristide Cartouche raised his head with pride. "Bad, yes. But not a bad soldier! It was the adjutant, the *chien du quartier*, who gave me a kick to the devil for a hasty oath. And in Biribi one does not improve one's manners. But there is room for all of us in this war, and I would try again."

"YOU shall live for France, my child," smiled the general. He reached over and pulled the ear of Aristide Cartouche. "You will drive for me, dare-devil? You will be my *tigre!* My driver has just been killed, and you must be sent from heaven! You will take his place! But see that you do not charge the entire German army again, not while I am with you!"

"I am not to be shot?" stammered Aristide Cartouche.

Tears of pleasure shone in the general's eyes. "Can we fail," he cried, "when we lead men who love death like a sweetheart?"

He plucked a decoration from his breast and pinned it with generous ardor upon the grimy blouse of Aristide Cartouche.

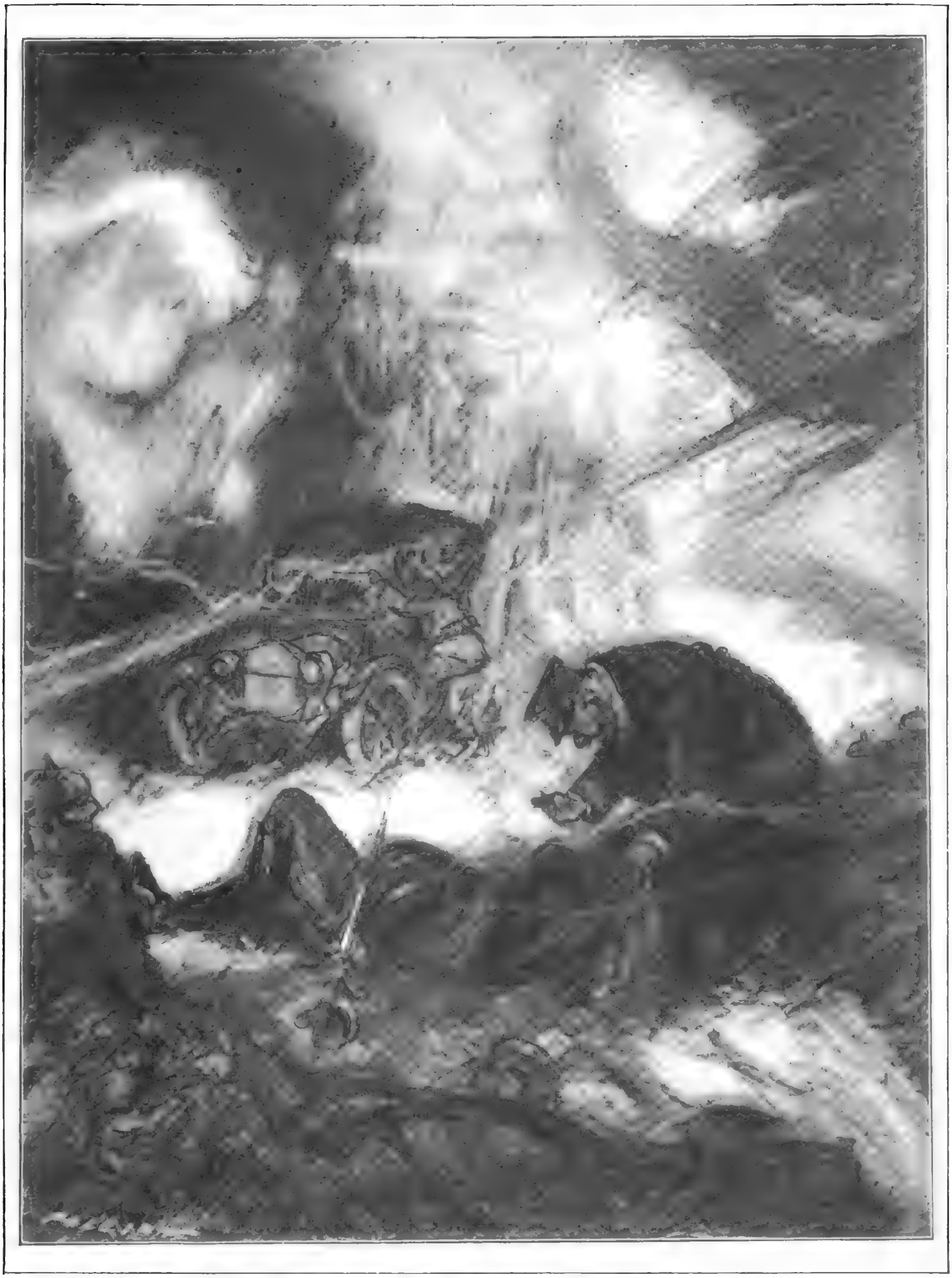
"There!" he said. And drew himself up to kiss each cheek of the old soldier.

Aristide Cartouche started as though slashed with a knife. He stared at the general; and with open mouth he stared at the decoration. Then he turned, and strode up and down the apartment with wide uncertain steps. His head swam.

"My general," he growled hoarsely at last, "permit me. You and I are men of the world, is it not so? Then we have not been *curés* all our lives. Granting that I have been an evil fellow, a very *défardeur*, you will still offer me this honorable post?"

"My son," said the general, "I want a driver; a *curé* I have. While the war lasts you have no past. See that you make a new one against the day of peace."

"I accept!" shouted Aristide Cartouche, his eye gleaming like a jewel. "We will take the color out of the cheeks of those Berliners, I warrant! I will drive you into the jaws of hell! Long Live France!"

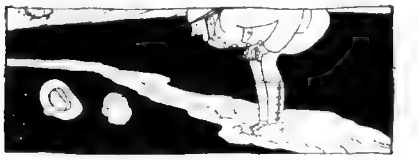


HE SAW AN OFFICER LYING ON HIS BACK, ONE LEG DOUBLED UP, AS IF LAZING IN THE WARM NOON-DAY SUN. HE WORE A MILITARY CAPE, SMOOTHLY LINED WITH RED SILK, BENEATH WHICH GOLDEN STARS SHONE ON HIS SHOULDERS.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES
BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



THE following is a Munchausen tale, showing the quality of the mud in Flanders at the present day.

A soldier walking along a road noticed a hat, which he attempted to kick out of the mud. What was his surprise to find a head under it, and to hear a voice calling for help.

When the man was extricated, he said, "I was on horseback." So together they proceeded to dig out the horse. The horse's mouth was found to be full of hay taken from a wagon which had sunk still farther down.

AT A recent meeting of horticulturalists in California the question of the scarcity of labor in harvest-time came up for discussion. One of the growers related his experience with a number of I. W. W.'s.

"I was in need of help to harvest my prune crop," said the grower, "and I went to a saloon in a near-by city. On entering the place I accosted the barkeeper, and asked him if any of the men lounging about the place cared for employment at good wages.

" 'I dunno,' said the mixer, 'yer better ask 'em.'

" 'Any of you men want to go to work?' I said.

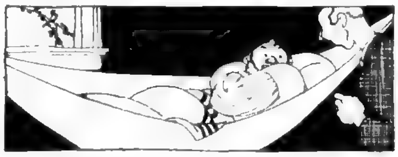
"There was a dead silence for a few moments, when one of the loafers spoke up and queried, 'What doing, and what do yer pay?'

" 'Picking prunes,' I replied, 'and I pay three dollars a day and board.'

" 'What kind of a place is it?' asked the garrulous one.

" 'It is an attractive rolling orchard,' I answered.

"The I. W. W. spokesman rose from his chair, yawned, stretched himself, and said, 'Well, roll her in here and let's see her, and we'll tell yer if we wants the job.' "



A RECENTLY retired admiral of the British navy tells with great amusement a story of his visit to an old boatswain of the flag-ship, who had fallen heir to a little money, and had retired. The admiral found him possessed of an apparently useless man servant and asked what he could possibly be there for.

"Every morning," explained the old sailor, " 'e comes to me 'ammock and tells me to roll hout. 'The hadmiral wants to see you,' 'e says to me. Hand hi says to 'im, 'Tell the hadmiral to go to 'ell,' says hi."

THE first Tommy was ruddy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn.

The second was smooth-shaven. "I useter have a beard like that till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

But the bearded man was not dismayed.

"Much better 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I growed this beard."

THE day after the second draft quota had reached Camp Devens a rookie strolled into camp after dark. As he was going past a sentry, he was challenged.

"Who goes there?"

"Machine gun 301," answered the rookie.

"Advance to be recognized."

"Aw, you don't know me. I've only been here a coupla days."

THE squad of recruits was particularly dense and the sergeant got more and more exasperated. One man appeared quite incapable of telling his right hand from his left.

Said the sergeant at last, "Now, yer bloomin' idiot, hold yer hands in front of yer. Twist them one over the other. Stop! Now tell me which is yer left hand and which is yer right."

The recruit looked blankly at his hands for a moment.

"I'm blowed if I know," he said; "you have gone and mixed 'em up."

THE WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one Army post after another, where she has gathered a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal, and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

The night of the bridesmaids' dinner Jean can not sleep for excitement. She goes down to the billiard-room to recover her dinner-card, on which Hugh has written a toast, and which she remembers having slipped into the folds of the settee. Passing the library, she is conscious of some one moving about. In order not to alarm the family needlessly, she goes back for her revolver, and enters the library just as the burglar is about to pick the safe. As he refuses to obey her injunction not to move, she fires at his feet. The family assemble at the shot. Hugh, guarding the burglar in the library while the family discuss his fate, discovers that he is an old employee of the Corbett works; and, after half an hour's conversation, Hugh startles the family with the charge that it is the fault of conditions in their factory that the man has been led to steal. He is prepared next morning to back up his statement to his grandfather, who, having slept through the noise, hears the news from young Greg at the breakfast-table, and goes into a rage.

That afternoon, in an interview with his grandfather, Hugh is dumfounded by the permission to see what he can do to improve conditions at the factory. He goes to work, conscientiously, to develop a scheme. However, about a year after the inauguration of the welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

Hugh is away at the time, studying welfare systems, and learns of the strike through the head-lines of a newspaper. He returns home instantly, and adopts a method of his own to break up the strike. He drives out to the factory in the family limousine and learns that the detectives have planned to kidnap Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. He carries her off himself with the purpose of hearing the strikers' side of the story. Helena misunderstands his purpose, and struggles violently to escape, biting the hand that Hugh puts over her mouth. She finally quiets down, and a heated sociological discussion follows, in which Helena characterizes Hugh's welfare methods as hypocritical, cowardly philanthropy. In spite of their difference of opinion, each feels an intense personal interest in the other, and they part with the expectation of meeting again.

Soon after, Hugh is housed with a fever, due to infection in his hand, and in his abnormal condition his relation to the strike and to Helena Galicz becomes more important. His feeling for her is heightened also by a letter which he receives from her, in which she shows that she is beginning to care for him. He still tries to make himself believe, however, that his interest in her is impersonal, a state of mind which causes his family much uneasiness.

The strike kills old Gregory and estranges Hugh from his family. His resignation from the company heightens the emotional strain which he is going through in his relations with Helena. He receives a letter from her on the morning of his grandfather's funeral, in which she tells him that she is going away and asks him not to try to find her. He discovers her address, follows her to New York and marries her. Their new life together is abruptly broken into by a telegram, which calls Hugh home to take the position in the firm arranged for by his grandfather's will.

Helena fits easily into her place in the Corbett family. She and Hugh set up housekeeping in a dignified old house, accessible to Hugh's friends as well as hers. In working out a practical plan of settlement for the strike, Hugh finds himself alone between Helena's friends and Greg, understood by neither side. A fire destroys a great part of the Corbett plant on the very night that Hugh makes the last of a series of speeches to the strikers. From this night, Hugh's estrangement with Helena begins, along with a growing away from his former interest in the factory. He meets at one of Helena's Sunday parties an old acquaintance, a scientist, who reminds Hugh that he is primarily a metallurgist.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Jean Returns from Europe

IT IS three years, almost to the week, from that Sunday-night supper of Helena's (to which the controversy-loving sociologist at the university brought in his metallurgical friend for a look at the animals) to the point where we again pick up the thread of Hugh's life.

It is not because they were unimportant years for him, that we pass them by in this chronicle. It may be questioned whether, to the omnisapient eye, any one year in a man's life is more important than another. Even his static phases contribute, likely enough, as much to the final sum of him, as his kinetic ones. But they make heavy going for the biographer.

These three years of Hugh's were not static, for he had by no means stood still during the lapse of them. Considering him as a man of science—those years will very likely be written down as the most important and fruitful years of his life. But his scientific and technological achievements are—necessarily as well as preferably—outside my province. For the record of them, I refer you to his own contributions to the *Journal of the Non-Ferrous Metals Institute*. There, if your mathematical, electrical, chemical and crystallographic knowledge is sufficient to enable you to understand what it is all about, you may follow in detail the earlier and less revolutionary of his investigations among the ternary alloys of the white-metal group.

It is the story of the man and not the scientist that I am trying to tell. And even with that I am dealing only in a partial and episodic way; with the critical angles of his life, to borrow a figure from his own science; with those points at which it changed direction—the points at which new influences intersected it, rather than with the planes of uninterrupted development. Most biographies, I suppose, have to be limited to about that.

We saw him at first at the time when the capture of the burglar by little Jean, on the eve of Anne's wedding, brought him out of his laboratory at Youngstown, and put him down at Riverdale, where, his grandfather calculated, he could get the humanitarian nonsense out of his system.

We took up the thread of his life again at the outbreak of the great Corbett strike, when Helena Galicz came into it. That phase ended when he said to Allison Smith: "I believe a metallurgist is all I am, really."

From that moment on for three years, almost to a week, the thread lies straight. And if, as indeed was true, the man himself as well as the metallurgist, changed in those three years, it was a change so gradual and constant, that it can best be seen in retrospect as with the eyes of one whom an unfaded memory and a long absence provided with the data for measuring.

It was in October, nineteen-fifteen, that Jean Gilbert, with her mother, came back to Chicago from England.

Major Gilbert, we may pause to explain, had, on the outbreak of the war, been sent to Paris, attached, not to the embassy, but to a special military mission the War Department had established there. He was recalled in May, nineteen-fifteen, to make a personal report to the chief of staff, and was immediately thereafter reassigned to his battalion. On his return to America, his wife and daughter had gone back to England to Ethel's older sister, Christine. Christine's husband, one of the first hundred thousand, had twice been severely wounded, but had returned twice for active service. They lived down in Surrey, and the sight of Zeppelins going over to raid London became a familiar one. Their village had got a casual bomb or two one night, and an old woman they knew had been fatally hurt. Ethel and her daughter, along with Christine, had been working all these months as volunteer nurses' aids.

They had attempted to return to America earlier than they actually did. On the afternoon of August eighteenth, they sailed from Liverpool on the *Arabic*, but that ill-fated liner had already made the last voyage she was ever to complete. She was torpedoed without warning and sunk by a German submarine, just before nine o'clock the next morning.

The two women were on deck, having just finished breakfast, when, directed by the exclamation of a fellow-passenger, they saw an apex of foam glinting along toward the side of the ship. The next moment, almost masthead high, a great column of water spouted up, and they experienced palpably, as well as audibly, the shock of an explosion. And, very promptly, thereafter, the curt blare of a bugle. They both remembered that ringing assertion of authority as immensely reassuring, and were inclined to credit it, in part at least, with the failure of anything at all resembling panic to manifest itself.

The life-boat to which they had been assigned before the ship sailed, was one of the fortunate ones that was launched without accident, and the crew (they had no officer) pulled away from the side safely before the final plunge. Jean saw the captain on the bridge—incredibly high he looked, as the bows rose farther out of the water. She looked as long as she could endure it; then covered her eyes. Presently she heard, with a gasp, as of relief, from some one: "She's gone!" and from another: "It's just seven minutes."

"WHY GO UNLESS YOU CHOOSE?" HER MOTHER-IN-LAW INQUIRED RATHER DRYLY.

Then they rowed back over the area marked by a litter of wreckage—human and other—where the ship had gone down; and managed to rescue four men, all members of the crew. This was a task attended by great difficulty and considerable danger, since there was no one in the boat capable of directing operations, and there was a heavy swell, breaking every now and then in whitecaps. The last man they got aboard—one of the stewards—was badly hurt; an arm crushed and all of his side stove in. Jean and her mother did what they could for him, but it was, of course, little.

They had been in the boat for about three hours, and for the last two, trying to row, when they sighted a patrol-boat coming to the rescue. Within a mile of them, they saw her sharply alter her course, and, for a moment unaccountably, open fire. Then some one said: "It's the submarine. They can see it. Waiting around to sink her, too."

It was then, for the first time, that Jean realized the human malice and hatred that lay behind the attack; saw with her mind's eye the complacent face, with a hungry, half-satisfied smile in its beard, watching through the cobra hood of the periscope their little bobbing cluster of boats; awaiting the arrival of a rescuer that he might make his crime complete. That sense of the thing that was waiting to strike again, was, as she remembered afterward, the sharpest emotion of all. It was enforced by the haste with which they were bundled aboard the patrol-boat and by the intense alertness of the watch.

But the gun-fire had been accurate enough, perhaps, to make a further attack seem too dangerous. Another patrol-boat came up presently to help, and all the survivors were got safely aboard. At seven o'clock that night, they were landed at Queenstown. Mrs. Gilbert and Jean embarked again six weeks later, and this time made a safe voyage home.

Their disaster and narrow escape from death on the *Arabic*, had one personal result in their lives which was quite unlooked for. It brought about a reconciliation, long overdue and just about despaired of by Jean, between old Mrs. Crawford and her daughter Ethel.

It had been, you may remember, in the hope of accomplishing this result, that Captain Gilbert, years before, had "loaned" Jean to Constance and Frank. The plan had not worked out according to calculations. Jean's conquest of her grandmother had been complete, and if not instantaneous, at least as rapid as any one who knew the old lady would most optimistically have ventured to predict—a matter of a month or two during the summer that followed Anne Corbett's wedding. But along with this unwonted growth of affection for Jean in the rather sterile soil of the old woman's heart, there had sprouted that less amiable plant, jealousy.

If young Jean could have been persuaded or bribed into an outright transfer of allegiance, Mrs. Crawford would no doubt have celebrated the triumph with an amnesty. But it was a victory she could never win. And it looked for a while to Frank and Constance as if the only fruit of Jean's olive-branch were going to be apples of a fresh discord.

It was all natural enough, of course. The old woman had a lifelong habit of going first—of being put first in the consideration of all about her; finding other people's wishes and intentions pliant to her own. She had allowed herself to grow genuinely fond of this straight-standing young granddaughter of hers, before she recalled how unconquerable a thing the child's original loyalty was. When she did realize the quality of it, she could not but respect it—loved Jean all the better, of course, for her possession of it. She charged the exasperation it cost her to the account of the original rebels, Roger and Ethel.

But her encrusted vanity was not hard enough to withstand the shock of the event of the nineteenth of August. On the very day when the evening papers reported the news, she had had a letter from Jean telling of their intention to sail on the *Arabic* rather than on the dangerously overcrowded American liner, which was leaving the same day. And it was a dazed, distracted, and utterly pitiable old woman who waited twenty-four sleepless hours for the reassuring cable that finally came.

Jean wrote two letters to her grandmother in the interim before they sailed again, and what in the first one had been a mere undercurrent of uneasiness about her mother, became an outspoken anxiety in the second.

"She won't admit that she's ill. And there's nothing that I can really put a finger on. It's like something elastic that has been stretched too hard. What she counts on doing when we get home, is going straight to Columbus or whatever border town will be nearest to Father. I hope I can persuade her not to. But wherever she goes, there's no question of my not going with her."

Jean's blunt refusal to consider a separation from her mother on any terms missed the effect it once would have had of rousing old Mrs. Crawford's anger. Within an hour after the receipt of Jean's letter, she telegraphed urgently for Frank—her customary procedure in all emergencies, real or fancied, and one that he and Constance found sometimes rather trying. This time, though, his trouble was well repaid.

"I mean to spend the winter in Chicago," she told him, "but not with you and Constance."

"Of course," Frank said somewhat dubiously, "Connie and I can get out."

Their own place was up in Lake Forest, but they usually spent their winters in the old Crawford house on Rush Street. It still belonged to the widow, who had steadily rejected all her son's pleas to be allowed to sell it, and of course she was entitled to turn her son and his family out of it, if she liked. One couldn't wonder, though, that he surveyed the prospect a little blankly. Constance's fourth and, she declared, last baby, was now just a year old and their eldest child was not yet nine. Altogether, they were quite an establishment, and an unexpected move . . .

But this was not what his mother meant at all. "Don't interrupt," she admonished him sharply. "Especially when it's to jump to wild conclusions. I don't want the house, of course. I wouldn't live in it if it were standing empty. I want you to get me an apartment—on the Drive, if you can. If there's one of those plush-and-varnish millionaires in that new building of your wife's, who wants to let furnished for the winter, that'll do nicely."

"But, Mother!" Frank expostulated. "Those places are huge. Of course, if you mean to do a regular season. But all by yourself like that——"

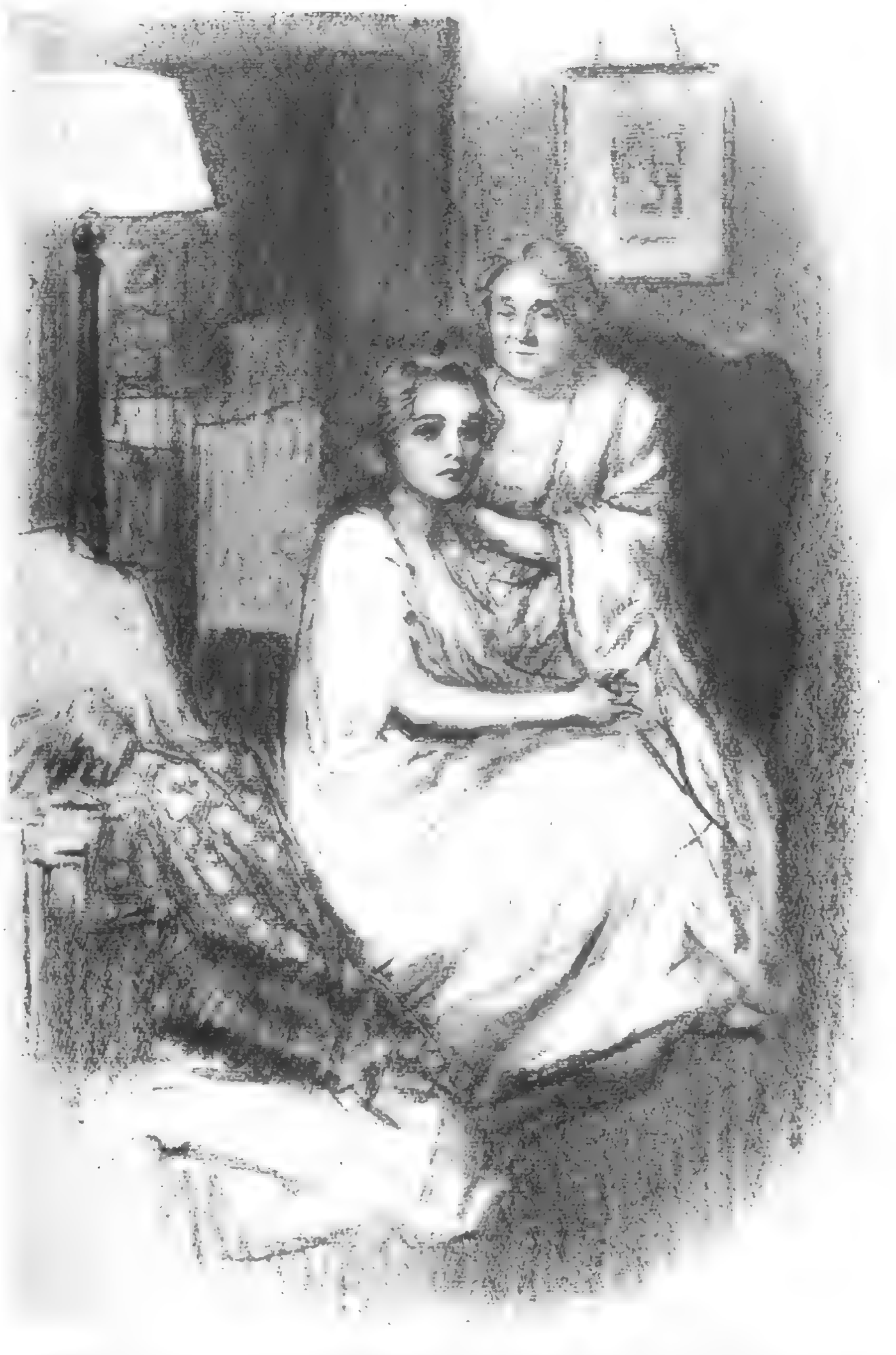
"I'm not going to be all by myself," his mother retorted. "There you are jumping to conclusions again, without letting me finish. I'm going to have Jean."

"Jean!" her son echoed with a stare. "I thought she——"

"*Will* you let me finish?" demanded the old lady. But she turned away for a long look out of the window before she made use of the silence he now accorded her, and her voice was shaky when she finally said: "Jean and Ethel."

"It was all I could manage," Frank reported to Constance afterward, "not to see that she was crying. She'd never have forgiven me if I had."

Both agreed that Mother Crawford's scheme was an ideal one from every point of view. To the old lady herself, whose existence had—there was no disguising it—been growing lonelier and more barren from year to year, it would give a new interest and concern; an object for the renewal of those social activities she had so reluctantly relinquished. It would literally mean a new lease of life for her. For Ethel it presented the one conceivable alternative to the monotonous and intensely familiar privations of life in some border town, enlivened, to be sure, by her husband's occasional snatched visits, but, conversely, made duller and deadlier by his long absences. After what she must have been through in England during the past few months, she would be in no condition—Jean's letter made this clear—for a trial like that. A winter with her mother, well served



SHE SETTLED DOWN ON A LITTLE FOOTSTOOL AGAINST HER MOTHER'S KNEES, AND BEGAN AN ACCOUNT OF THE PARTY.

and attended, a renewal of comfortable old friendships, enough amusements to enliven the time and enough leisure to relax in, ought to make her ten years younger. "That's about what she needs taken off, too," mused Constance. "The last time I saw you two together it didn't seem possible that you were twins. She might have been fifty, then. And she's only forty-one now!" Lastly, and with no need for explanations, it would be most awfully nice to have young Jean about again.

So the two of them put their competent shoulders to the wheel and got the apartment their mother wanted—were lucky enough, just as it happened, to find one of Constance's plush-and-varnish millionaires intent on spending the winter in Pasadena, and willing to sublet, furnished, back to his landlord, for a sum that fairly made Frank blink.

Plush-and-varnish, by the way, however truly it may have indicated the recent acquisition of this tenant's wealth, was a libel as regarded the objects in which that wealth found expression. For the apartment was ruthlessly furnished, down to the last footstool and pair of snuffers, in the period of William and Mary. Most of them original pieces, too, the tenant had declared, with pardonable—though perhaps ill-founded—pride. It was a sort of poetic justice on old Mrs. Crawford, for there wasn't a comfortable chair in the place until she shattered its harmonies by bringing some of her own in.

Anyhow, Constance spent days over such matters as bedding, silver, and table-linen, and in good time—well ahead of time, as was her way—had everything ready.

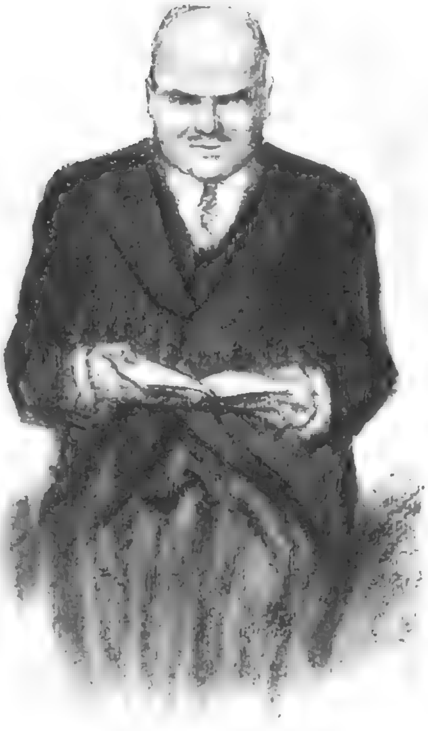
There was a bombardment of telegrams from New York, whither Mrs. Crawford had gone to meet the returned travelers—a bombardment that did not slacken, intensified itself rather, after the receipt of the good news of their safe arrival——. They weren't coming at all—— They were taking the fast train this afternoon and must be met at the station with a wheel-chair—— It would be at least a fortnight till they could think of coming.

Finally, they did come, with no premonitory telegram at all (the message had been written, it afterward appeared, but not dispatched), well within the fortnight that had last been prophesied.

The consequence was that the four of them (Mrs. Crawford had her maid along) descended to the station platform about four o'clock one wet afternoon, and slowly followed their convoy of red-caps up the length of it, without seeing either of the familiar faces that might have been expected to be waiting for them. There was no need of the wheel-chair. That collapse of Ethel's had proved as brief as it had been sudden. But Jean eyed her mother rather closely as they walked along. Old Mrs. Crawford, brisk as ever, had got ahead on the heels of the porters.

At a distance of fifty paces, one would have said Jean and her mother were sisters. Ethel had never lost the rounded slimness of outline her daughter had inherited from her. They were just of a height; wore the same sized gloves and shoes, and could—and frequently did—exchange garments indifferently. But if, at a distance, Ethel looked younger than her years, she paid for it as you came nearer—added not only the twenty years that were her due, but easily another ten. Approaching strangers got a surprise that was often visible to Ethel herself, and that she winced at. Her hair, which you had taken from afar for a decided blonde, betrayed when you came near, the indeterminate ashen color that looks older than white. And the face it framed was haggard with lines. Her skin—you knew it must have been lovely once—had lost its tone; was flaccid now, where three years before it had merely looked weather-beaten.

It was not really Ethel's fault that she looked like that. An army officer's wife, living nomadically in an alternation of violent climates, all the way from Fort Laramie to Zamboanga, can keep her looks, to be sure, but only by making them a primary consideration. Ethel, long ago, had decided this price was too high, and deliberately sacrificed them, along with a lot of other things, to her love for her husband, and his as constant as possible companionship.



BJORNSTADT.

The effect of illness on a face whose one remaining beauty had been that it looked hale and sound, was particularly cruel.

Ethel said, aware of her daughter's solicitude, "I'm all right. Don't keep looking at me. Of course I'd have been glad of the sight of Frank."

"It was in this same station," Jean said, "that he didn't meet me—when I first came on, you know."

Involuntarily she caught her breath in a little gasp over the surprisingly tight grip of an emotion that took hold of her throat, as her glance went down the concourse to the big bulletined board where, on that other occasion, Hugh had been waiting for one of Anne's bridesmaids. Wouldn't it be—nice, if he were there now, waiting for somebody else?

She smiled, first over the ridiculous inadequacy of the adjective, and then at the emotion whose force made it inadequate; at the absurd—the utterly idiotic tears which she felt flushing up into her eyes. Heavens! Hadn't she got over that?

They took a couple of taxis straight to the Rush Street house.

That their arrival was unexpected was instantly apparent and almost as quickly explained by the non-receipt of Mrs. Crawford's telegram. But a sense that it was a little worse than unexpected—that it made, insofar as a really welcome event could, a *contretemps*—was not so quickly accounted for. Constance was taking a nap when they came. She was called at once, of course, and came flying down, very negligée, to welcome them. Frank was summoned home from the office; the children were hastily brought to be admired and kissed; the inevitable trivial first questions were asked and answered all in a jumble, anyhow. But then there came a lapse. The same things got said twice and with uncalled-for emphasis. Constance was—trying too hard.

Ethel, less able than the others to go on ignoring a thing like that, said presently, "We've come at the wrong time. You've got something planned. You mustn't let us be in the way."

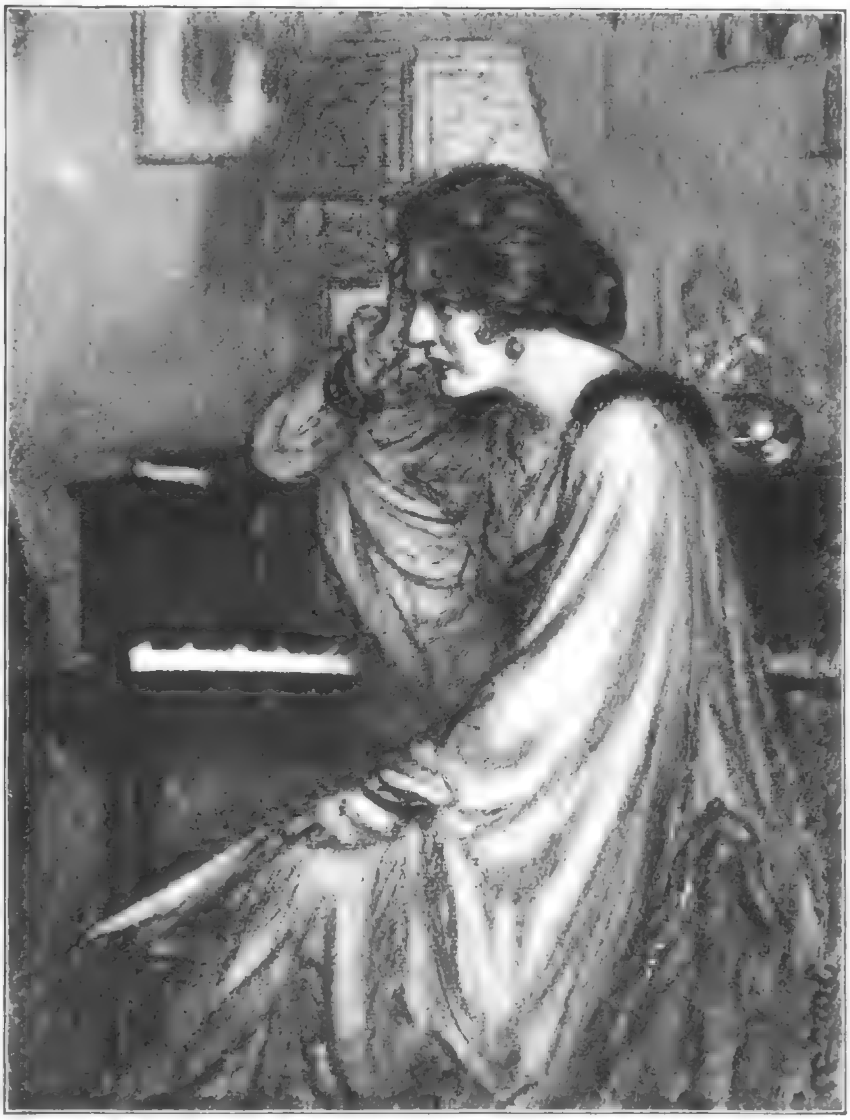
Constance hesitated over a total denial; then gave it up. "There isn't a thing, now. Not for hours. Only Frank and I have got a party to-night, and I was hating the thought that we'd have to go."

"Why go, unless you choose?" her mother-in-law inquired rather dryly.

"We're giving it. Oh, not here," Constance hurried on to explain. "At the Blackstone; and not till after the theatre—though we'll have to go to the show first, because that's really a part of it. It's—it's for Rose Aldrich. It's the first night here of 'Come On In,' the thing she made the costumes for, that was such a hit in New York all last season. She's here now with Rodney, and we're having this for a sort of celebration. It's very exciting, because Rose has promised that Lester Vernon and Ivy will both be there. They're the stars in her show, of course. We're all wild enough over the idea of meeting him, wondering whom he'll dance with, and so on, but it's nothing to what the men are about her. I expect Carter's begun dressing already. I really frightened Frank, asking him what he thought would happen if he kicked her ankle. They must be worth about a million dollars apiece, those ankles."

"I remember Rodney Aldrich well enough," Ethel said, "and I seem to remember his having married somebody, but do I know her?"

Constance shook her head decidedly. "Nobody did," she said, "until Rodney married her. That was three years ago last summer — just about the time you and Jean went to England. She's led us a life since. First we all fell in love with her, and then we all hated her, and now we're all making up our minds that we love her better than ever — all but poor Frederica, who hasn't quite got over it yet."



"SHE'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL. EVERYBODY SEEMED TO ADMIRE HER A LOT, ESPECIALLY THE MEN."

Constance had been talking a little harder than she was in the way of doing, from a realization that her mother-in-law was getting ready to say something disagreeable. A very audible sniff from the old lady could not, at this point, be disregarded.

"She's a young woman," Mrs. Crawford explained to her daughter, "whom we had all supposed to be a person of sense and breeding, who ran away from an excellent husband in order to be what is called, nowadays, a chorus girl. In my day she'd never have been allowed to come back."

"She didn't run away exactly in order to be a chorus girl," Constance good-humoredly protested. "She was a chorus girl for a while, while she was learning to make stage costumes. She's made a perfectly wonderful success of them."

A critical moment in old Mrs. Crawford's life had been that when she made the fancied discovery of a resemblance between her wit and that of George Meredith's heroines.

She had most assiduously been modeling her conversational style upon that of those classical ladies ever since.

A smile of hard, glittering brilliancy now appeared on her face, and she said: "Rose Aldrich made a sow's ear out of a silk purse and then set about trying to make silk purses out of sow's ears. And, since they are filled with gold, no one will examine the tissue too closely."

The completeness of her satisfaction over this dubious piece of wit, was made evident by the number of times she repeated it during the ensuing season. Before she had half done using it, she had worked herself into a thoroughly good-humored acquiescence in Rose's reinstatement in society.

A bolus like that always sticks in the throat of conversation—momentarily anyhow. And there was a little pause before Jean changed the subject. "I don't even know," she said, "who the Vernons are that are so exciting."

"You *have* been away," said Constance. "It doesn't seem possible that you haven't heard of them. They're the most wonderful ballroom dancers in the world. They're simply fabulous. Anybody who takes three lessons from either of them, can make his fortune teaching for the rest of his life."

She checked herself rather abruptly. The girl's smile had come responsively enough, but there was something a little remote about it.

"We've been away, that's true," she said. "Or else we haven't got back yet; I don't know which."

"I know," said Constance. "It must be bewildering after all you've been through. We're going to try to help you forget it." She added: "I wish you'd come tonight." She turned to Ethel. "We'd love to have you, only I know I mustn't ask." She also invited her mother with a humorous lift of the eyebrows and, on seeing the grim smile which was all the answer she expected, she turned back seriously to Jean.

"Won't you come, really?" she repeated. "We'll have an early dinner and get your mother safely put to bed before we need go. And we can manage another seat at the theatre perfectly. Frank shall attend to it as soon as he comes in. Everybody will be there, and we'll make Rose have Lester Vernon dance with you."

The question, "Will Hugh be there?" was in Jean's throat, but it did not find its way to her lips. "Everybody" included him and his wife, didn't it? Surely. But if it did not, then of course one shouldn't ask.

This was the explanation she worked out afterward for her not having asked. But she was not quite satisfied with it.

She went to the party, though it involved something of a scramble for her trunks, and a scant allowance of time for dressing, and she did not get home till after four.

At that hour, she stole burglariously

to her room, hoping to avoid rousing her mother, whose chamber adjoined hers. The precaution was futile, however. At the end of ten minutes the communicating door opened, and Ethel in robe and slippers, appeared.

"You are a mouse," she said. "I couldn't be sure whether you were really there, or whether it was just fancy. And I'd been listening for you for ever so long, too."

She cut short her daughter's contrite, "Oh, I shouldn't have gone!" with a decided negative.

"I have had a splendid night's sleep between ten and two. And if you hadn't gone, I shouldn't have had anybody to talk to now. You don't mind, do you, telling me all about it?"

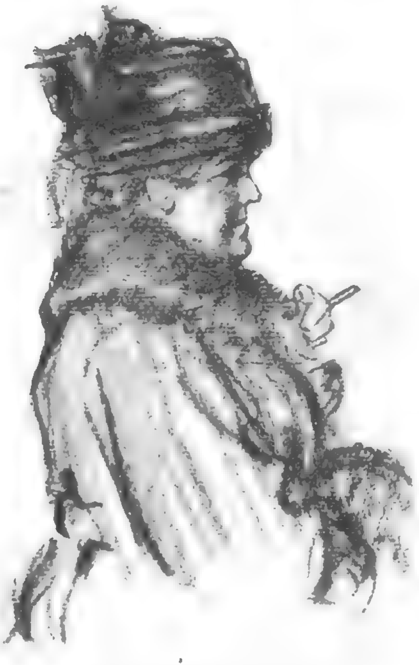
"Mind!" said Jean. "Doesn't everybody love to talk after a party?"

So they refused the maid Constance had sent around with a whispered offer of services. Ethel volunteered to solve the intricacies of Jean's hooks and stipulated for permission to take down and brush out the girl's hair.

"I love to do it, you know," she said. "I pretend it's mine."

"It is, for that matter," Jean observed. So, once she had got out of her "things" and was comfortably robed for the night, she settled down on a little footstool against her mother's knees, and began—"at the beginning," according to Ethel's instructions—an account of the party.

She told about "Come On In;" how funny Mr. Vernon was, and how adorable his wife; the wonder of the costumes Mrs. Aldrich had designed; the brilliancy of the assemblage in the hotel ballroom afterward. "Only no uniforms, of course; that seemed queer.



"WHAT DOES SHE SAY ABOUT HUGH?" MRS. CORBETT ASKED.

"There were lots of people there that I knew, and all of them were lovely to me. Gregory Corbett and his wife. She's the widow he was in love with so long. I only just met her, but she must be nice, because he is now—I mean nicer than he used to be. He used to seem a little self-satisfied and dull. And then there was Carter." She smiled and sighed at once. (The pair were seated before the long dressing mirror so that they could see each other's faces while they talked.) "How I used to hate Carter for making me feel like a little girl, being so lordly and superior and cocksure. I used to try to pretend to laugh at him for it, but I never could be quite sure I really did."

"He's different now?" her mother prompted her when she paused.

"Not very," said Jean thoughtfully. "Oh, he's different to *me*." A fugitive smile came then, just before a look of deeper seriousness. "He makes the puzzle all the harder to understand; he, and some of the others like him. There were a lot of them there to-night. He's beautiful, Mother! Clean and hard and slim, with that same kind of wholesome brightness about him. He *is* the same kind as those over there, even down to his little tricks and ways. He's rude just the way they are. The kind of rudeness that's like a fresh bath-towel—makes you glow. It's the same race—the same blood. He *isn't* too proud to fight! Only he doesn't see. It's just as if all that, over there, had never happened; was just our own little nightmare, yours and mine.

"It's funny," she went on after another pause. "Who do you suppose the exception was, Mother? There *was* one there. The dancing man, Mr. Vernon. We did have a dance together—danced a dance, I mean—without saying anything much. And at the end of it he complimented me on how well I did, in a rather tired sort of way. I suppose he says that to all the women he dances with—even those he has to haul around like sacks of potatoes. I said I was surprised that I could dance at all, because I hadn't for so long; because of where I had been, there at the hospital in Brighton.

"He was just going away when I said that, but he changed his mind and found a place where we could sit down. And then, the first thing I knew, I was telling him all about it; things you and I haven't been able to talk about to anybody. We talked straight through two dances, and later he came back and we sat out another. I think I was quite unpopular for a while. I heard one girl say, going by—and I know she meant me to hear—that she had never really understood the fable of the dog in the manger until now.

"He says he's going over. He's under a contract that he's trying to carry out, but he can't stand this sort of thing much longer."

Then, "Oh, I know," she said, "they haven't had it brought home. If Carter could just have *seen* that bent old man puttering around the wreck of his house, trying to save little useless things out of it. Going to tell his wife how much there was, to cheer her up. Trying to make her understand. And she dying there—half the bones of her body broken. On purpose, Mother! Because there wasn't anything anywhere around for those bombs they dropped to hit but just little cottages like that. On purpose, so that everybody in the world should cringe and shrink when a German went by. They don't believe that yet, over here. If I could bring a Zeppelin over Chicago to-night by wishing it, I think I would. Then they'd know. They've got over minding about the submarines. People were asking me to-night why we *tried* to come home on a British ship.

"Oh, it's wicked of me to be talking to *you* like this. Why didn't I to them? I wanted to, but somehow I couldn't. The words stuck in my throat. Of course quite a lot of them have gone. There are thousands of Americans, Mr. Vernon says, in the Canadian battalions. Nobody important enough for the papers to make a fuss about. Just regular people—old-time American people, without any attitudes or moral superiorities; not beyond being angry when they are struck in the face."

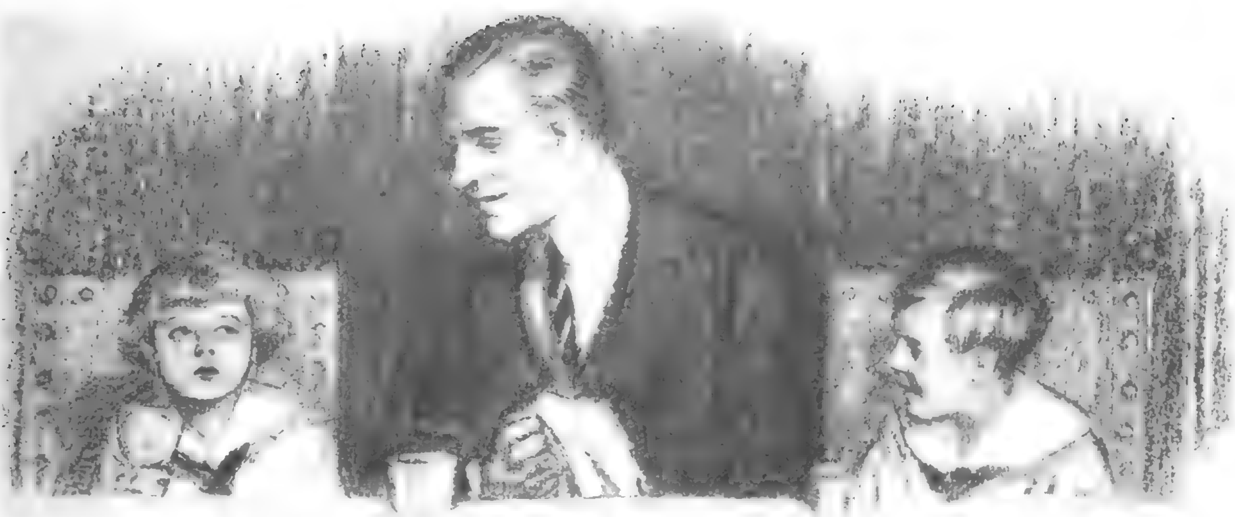
The mother's hands rested a moment on the girl's shoulders—all the remonstrance that was needed. "That wasn't fair," she admitted instantly. "Carter—I can see him—all ablaze, and yet with just that wonderful impudence that *they* have, that makes a sort of sport even out of the ghastliest of it. It *is* the same blood. I'm starting round again."

She broke off there, but her mother, looking in the glass, could see the thought that was, indeed, going round again. With an effort of her own, she changed the subject.

"How did you like Rodney Aldrich's wife?" she asked.

Jean brightened. "Oh, I really liked her a lot. We didn't talk hardly at all. But what we did, went to the spot in a way. She didn't ask me if it wasn't nice to be back in America again, nor say how 'horrible' it must be over there, nor any of those deadly things. I can't remember anything that she did say, except that she was going to California for a month, in a few days, but that she hoped she'd see me when she came back. I hope she does. She'd be a wonderful person to have for a friend, in case you happened to need one."

Her mother laughed. "That's quite a conclusion to come to from her having



HE SAT BETWEEN THE TWO LITTLE BOYS, PHILIP AND FRANCIS, AND THEY PRETTY WELL MONOPOLIZED HIM.

said she was going to California, instead of asking you how it seemed to be back home."

"It wasn't anything she said, of course," Jean admitted. "And there wasn't anything particular she did, except—well, the way she looked at me. As if she really saw me, and didn't mind my seeing her. It isn't often you get a chance to exchange a look like that with anybody; with the wrappings off, you know. She hasn't been in the war, but she's been—somewhere that came to about the same thing. You can tell when they have, somehow. Don't you think so, Mother?"

Mrs. Gilbert assented rather absently. She was tired. Her face—if Jean had looked up to see it—had gone a little slack. She would have been glad, to tell the truth, of a simple recital of gaieties without any implications.

She asked: "Who else was there? Any of the people I used to know? John Williamson, or Heaton Duncan? Or William Forrester? The Whitneys were there, I suppose? I always liked Martin."

Jean was able to identify and report about a few of them, and they got at cross-purposes about some of their younger brothers, or older nephews. Ethel wasn't old enough, of course, for any of the sons to come in and confuse identities. Finally she asked: "Anybody else?"

"No," Jean said rather decisively and with a restless twist of the body at the same time. "Nobody. I mean," she added—for her mother's quick look invited explanation—"I mean the person I went there especially to see wasn't there. That was Hugh!"

"Hugh Corbett?" Ethel asked, superfluously of course, because she knew well enough; merely because something had to be said. A sentence like that last one of Jean's, if left hanging up in a silence, gets charged with a kind of electricity.

"Yes," Jean said. She leaned forward now out of contact with her mother's body, and rested her elbows on her knees. "I've wanted to talk with him ever since we landed in New York. Oh, before that, of course. All last summer. Every time *Punch* came out with a new cartoon, or the President sent over another note protesting about the interference with American commerce. But it was worse in New York. Of course we kept saying to each other that what we saw, there in the hotel and all, wasn't the real America; was just the drunken scum, throwing money away and making it back again faster out of its 'war babies'!

"But I've wondered all the while—haven't you?—whether we really understood, after all; whether there mightn't be something we didn't see. I've wanted to know how it looked to—well, to Hugh. When he has explained it to me, then I'll know."

"He's still infallible, then?" Ethel asked, with just the light breath of affectionate amusement that she wanted in her voice. It was not quite spontaneous. She was rather more alert than she wanted the girl to guess.

Jean smiled in response to her mother's tone, but she answered, quite seriously: "Yes. Well, that's reasonable, Mother. He really thinks through things — without knowing when he starts where he's going to come out; and there aren't many people whose minds are good enough for that, even if they wanted to. And then he's not afraid of anything in the world. Not of any of the things Carter wouldn't be afraid of—nor of any of the other things that he would.

"So, of course," she went on, after having waited a moment to see whether her mother wished to dissent from either of these propositions, "it was to see him and—*begin* talking with him, anyway, that I went to the party to-night. And I could have—wept almost, with disappointment, when I saw he wasn't there."

"Why wasn't he?" Ethel inquired. "Did you ask Constance about him?"

"Not Constance," Jean answered. "But—his wife was there. Mrs. Williamson introduced me to her. She said Hugh was in his laboratory with some experiment he couldn't leave, but that she knew he'd be disappointed when he found he'd missed me by not coming."

"Oh, I'm curious about her," said Ethel. "Tell me about her. I've wondered how that would come out. Do you like her?"

Jean was not very prompt with her reply. "I think I will," she said finally, "when I have had time to get used to her a little. She's rather—strange at first. There's something sudden that flashes up and then goes away, that's rather frightening. She's really beautiful. Everybody seemed to admire her a lot; especially the men. She had on a very—stunning gown. I'd been wondering all the evening, until I met her, who she was. And of course it was a little bit surprising to find out. I thought she was surprised, too, at me. But she meant to be nice to me, I'm sure. She asked me to lunch for day after to-morrow—Wednesday, that is; it's to-morrow already. She says she can't absolutely promise Hugh, but that she thinks he'll come. I hope he comes, of course; though I don't suppose there'll be much chance for a real *talk* anyway."

"Jean," her mother said after a pretty long silence, "don't you think it might be well to be a little careful——?"

"Not to fall in love with him again, you mean; the way I did four years ago." This was not inflected like a question, nor was there any humorous mockery in the voice. "I'm sure there isn't any danger of that," she went on.

"I did then, of course, and I'd be sorry for myself if I hadn't. I think any child would. There's something about him—about the way he says and does things—I don't know what it is—but it's romantic. And for anybody that isn't quite out of the world of fairy stories yet——"

"Prince Charming?" asked Ethel. "I'd hardly have thought that of him."

"He was Cinderella's prince, wasn't he? No, not him. Nor Snow White's, either. Nor Beauty's prince, that was Beast before she kissed him; nor Sir Launcelot — quite — nor Ivanhoe, though they're nearer. Mother, we're getting silly. Let's go to bed. They'll be blowing reveillé in a few minutes, down in Texas."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Jean Meets Hugh Again

JEAN, arriving with military punctuality for Helena's lunch at one o'clock on Wednesday, was ushered by a maid into a drawing-room whose only occupant was a stranger to her. Having noted a man's hat on the settee in the hall, she had entertained the hope of Hugh; and before the bulky figure in front of one of the bookcases could face around, she had time for the absurd thought, "He *can't* have changed as much as that!" The man was not by inches as tall as Hugh; was very blond, blue-eyed, broad-faced. His head was an only slightly modified cube; his trunk a parallelopiped. He had rather the look—attractive to some persons, no doubt—of a well-bred bull.

He said, in an accent which she bristled at as German: "Miss Gilbert?" And then introduced himself by the name of Bjornstadt. "Our beautiful hostess," he explained, "does not count punctuality among the virtues, so I am under her instructions to make you at home until she shall be dressed."

There was no doubt of his being quite at home himself, and his conversational resources were more than adequate. But Jean had a struggle during the whole of the twenty minutes that elapsed before Helena came down, to get beyond monosyllables. If she had been coached about him, as he evidently had been concerning her, she'd no doubt have done better. He knew the main facts in her recent history, and seemed determined, by questions, to elicit details. He set about, with considerable address, getting an account from her of the sinking of the *Arabic*. How much warning had they had? Was it true that the ship had changed her course in the attempt to ram the submarine? What measures had been taken, prior to the "accident," to provide for the speedy embarkation of the passengers in life-boats?

Then, finding this theme unfruitful, he spoke in a friendly, familiar way about England; remarked that it was months since he had visited that country, and wanted to know how, in her opinion, the English were taking the war.

Well, he mightn't be a German; probably, since his name was Bjornstadt, was not. But he was a foreigner in the sense in which no Englishman, nor Frenchman, ever could be to her again. And these were matters which she simply could not bring herself to talk about freely with a foreigner.

Then, too, his smiling assurance and the florid gallantry of his manners rubbed her fur the wrong way. She felt—was still young enough to feel—that any manifest disapproval of him on her part would be ridiculous. She could not be sure, toward the last, that it hadn't begun to take him that way. His demure observation that but for having been told who she was, he would have taken her for an English girl, struck her as indicating that.

Helena's eventual descent, in a rather dressy hat, did not improve the situation, either. Rather, indeed, the contrary. She seemed as foreign as he.

"It's very bad of me to be late," she said. "I had counted on it that for this once, Hugh would not be. I hope Bjornstadt has kept you amused," she paused there for a glance at him—her first since she had entered the room—and added: "and that he hasn't been flirting with you too violently. It's a harmless weakness of his with pretty girls."

He protested, with manifest amusement, that this injurious charge was wholly ill-founded. "I assure you, my dear lady, that our conversation has been decorum itself."

She cut him off with a brusk nod and asked him to ring the bell. "We won't wait lunch for Hugh," she said. "There is simply no telling when he'll come, since he's as late as this."

Jean was, really, a pretty good cosmopolite. She had had enough experience of the world to have taken this sort of situation easily enough; to understand that this paraded air of intimacy between a married woman and an unattached man need not necessarily be stretched to bear a sinister interpretation. She didn't go the length of so interpreting it to-day; not, certainly, in her formulated thoughts. But it embarrassed her painfully. She just wished with all her might that she hadn't come. Suppose Hugh didn't, at all! And she had to sit through lunch with them——

"He comes!" exclaimed Bjornstadt, who stood where he commanded a view out the front window. "*Mirabile dictu*, he is here."

She was amused, thinking it all over afterward, to realize that once more, just as so often in the old days, he had rescued her; not by doing anything in particular—just by coming in and being Hugh.

It was as mysterious as a trick of legerdemain, the way the very atmosphere of the room changed when he entered. His greeting to Jean was practically all hand-shake and smile; both completely satisfactory. He must have said something, of course, but she wasn't able to remember what. Then, his smile changing quality a little, amusement replacing the affection there had been in it, he turned to the other guest.

"Count," he said, "make a note for your book on America, that men sometimes come home for lunch. Once in —how many times is it—five?" And lastly, in a good-humored but thoroughly domestic tone, he asked for an exegesis of his wife's hat. "Does it mean that this lunch is a party? Or only that you're going out right after? You're not taking Jean, I hope."

"She's very welcome to come if she likes," said Helena. "Bjornstadt is going to talk to our Wednesday class about Free Trade."

Jean took it from that that she needn't go unless she liked, and she believed that if she elected not to, Hugh would stay for a while and talk to her. She was happy again. What a silly she had been to worry about that Swedish count—if that was what he was. Hugh, being Hugh, his very same dearly remembered self, was a match for a dozen of him.

In this suddenly changed mood, she even enjoyed the lunch, though the talk, to which she contributed very little, would have distressed her had not Hugh—himself a listener most of the time—been sitting there at her left hand, taking it all so calmly.

HELENA and Bjornstadt discussed the war, but in a set of terms almost bewildering to Jean. America was responsible for it, of course, Bjornstadt said, through having begun, within the last fifteen years, to export a greater value of fabricated articles than she had imported. She had more than built a dam. She had turned back the tide. And the result was an inundation. So long as America had remained an unlimited reservoir for manufactured products, there was room in the markets of the world for England and Germany to go on expanding side by side. Now that the reservoir had, so to speak, overflowed, these two great industrial rivals must fight it out for survival. France, Belgium, Serbia, and the rest, were incidents—pawns in the great game. And well within the next hundred years, he noted calmly, the survivor—whichever it happened to be—would fight it out with the United States for the industrial empire of the world. "All that," he concluded, "in the absence of the adoption of my panacea—Free Trade."

Hugh's remark at this point, that the

(Continued on page 95)

FIRST-AID MEN ARE GIVEN SEVERE TRAINING UNDER WAR CONDITIONS, IN PREPARATION FOR THEIR HAZARDOUS SERVICE. THE WORK TO WHICH THIS FEARLESS BRANCH OF THE ARMY IS ASSIGNED NECESSITATES SERVING IN THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES, AND BEYOND THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES, ANYWHERE IN "NO MAN'S LAND" WHERE OUR BOYS HAVE FALLEN.

A MODEL FIELD-HOSPITAL AT A MEDICAL TRAINING CAMP.

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BEYOND THE FIRST LINES

By

Earle Harrison

IN THE Medical Department of the United States Army, officially known as Sanitation Troops, the United States has an organization which for ability and efficiency is second to none in the world—an organization we may well be proud of, apart from the fact that on it depends the health of all and the life of many of our soldiers. Its work is of supreme importance, its organization is perfect, the danger and heroism in it stand comparison with that of any other branch, and the training for it is of great thoroughness and severity.

Many of us picture the wounded being carried away in dashing ambulances to military hospitals, where skilful surgeons await their arrival. Such a picture, in a way, is true; but there is much more in the handling of the wounded than that.

Immediately behind the firing-line are the regimental first-aid stations. Each regiment has one of these stations, consisting of one major (surgeon), three lieutenants or captains (also surgeons) and thirty-three men. The equipment consists of a small surgical dressing-tent, supply tent, living quarters and mess-tent. Every one of these thirty-three men carries a first-aid kit; some of these kits contain dressings, wire splints, etc., while others are filled with first-aid drugs—morphin, strychnin, etc. They are divided into squads, and each squad has stretchers and an abundant supply of nerve. After every engagement, big or little, these men go into the trenches or out upon the open field in search of the wounded. There is no place too hazardous, no risk too great for them to undertake—their orders are to get the wounded—and disobedience is unknown to them.

From the battle-field the wounded are taken to the first-aid station. Here they are more closely examined, their wounds redressed, and whatever is necessary is done to relieve their pain. The ambulance companies gather the

THE MEDICAL CORPS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY WEAPONS OF ANY KIND. THEIR ONLY PROTECTION IS THE RED CROSS ON THE ARM, WHICH HAS TIME AND AGAIN PROVED A TARGET FOR THE GERMANS.

TRENCHES ARE DUG, BOMB-PROOFS CONSTRUCTED, RIFLE, MACHINE-GUN AND ARTILLERY PITS ARE MADE TO RESEMBLE THOSE AT THE FRONT. THE MEN ARE TAUGHT TO ADMINISTER FIRST AID, AND TRANSPORT THE WOUNDED UNDER WAR CONDITIONS.

wounded as rapidly as possible from these regimental first-aid stations, transporting them either in motor or mule ambulances to the second line of hospitals, known as ambulance dressing stations.

These are larger, also a little better equipped, and are intended to take care of the wounded from a brigade, which is composed of three regiments, each with its first-aid station and stretcher-bearers. The equipment in detail consists of twelve ambulances, an operating tent, sleeping quarters and a mess-tent. The personnel is one captain (surgeon), four lieutenants (also surgeons), and one hundred and fifty men. If the ambulances are not motor-driven, then the equipment includes forty-eight mules, as each ambulance requires four mules to move it over the rough roads.

It may seem, because the ambulance companies are located farther from the actual field of battle than the regimental first aid, that their work would be less dangerous. On the contrary, it is more so; the first-aid men's work is sometimes in the trenches and under cover, while these men are at all times exposed, and often work twenty-four hours a day.

The field-hospital is located four or five miles back of the ambulance dressing station. In the field-hospital the wounded get their first real rest, for here they may stay a while. The field-hospital is prepared to do other than emergency operations. The equipment comprises a large supply tent, receiving and forwarding office (a tent), operating tent, six ward tents, each accommodating thirty-six patients; a kitchen, a mess and sleeping quarters, also tents. The staff is composed of one major (surgeon), five lieutenants (also surgeons), and eighty men. Here is a hospital capable of caring for two hundred and sixteen patients with a staff of eighty-six men and all the necessary surgical paraphernalia, cots, blankets, tents, cooking utensils and dozens of huge cases containing pharmaceutical supplies; yet when word is received to move forward or retreat, it comes down, packs up, and moves away in less than an hour, leaving nothing behind.

From the field-hospital the wounded are sent on to the evacuation hospital. This is designed to prevent over-crowding of the field-hospital, which would happen if the wounded were allowed to remain there even during the early stages of convalescence. The evacuation is much larger than the field-hospital; its equipment is sufficient to take care of all the wounded sent in from four field-hospitals, constituting a division. Our Government is prepared, however, if necessary, to supply two such hospitals to each division. Each of these hospitals is in command of a lieutenant-colonel, who has with him a major, fourteen captains and lieutenants, and one hundred and seventy-nine men. All the patients here are divided into two classes: those whose wounds will heal within a short time, enabling them to return to the front, and those who are permanently disabled for service or who-

AN AMBULANCE DRESSING STATION. MEDICAL MEN RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN EMERGENCY OPERATING AND AMBULANCE-LOADING.

A COMPANY OF AMBULANCE DRIVERS. THESE MEN HAVE ALREADY WON FAME IN FRANCE BY THEIR BRAVERY AND EFFICIENCY.

AN OPERATING TENT IN A FIELD-HOSPITAL.

IMMUNIZING OUR TROOPS AGAINST SMALLPOX AND TYPHOID. IT REQUIRES A CONSTANT AND VIGILANT SANITARY CAMPAIGN TO PREVENT DISEASE FROM CREEPING IN. OUR TROOPS ARE, BY AND LARGE, THE HEALTHIEST IN THE WORLD.

ADMINISTERING FIRST-AID DRUGS AND DRESSING IN THE FIELD.

wounds will require considerable time o heal. It is the latter class which is ent on to the base hospital, the former is kept in the evacuation until in condition to reenter the trenches.

The evacuation hospitals are located on or very near railways, the wounded being carried from these points to the base hospitals by train. Ambulances can be used to bring the wounded from the field hospitals to the evacuation, as the distance is rarely more than six miles; but railways are necessary to carry them from the latter to bases, as this journey may be anywhere from ten to one hundred miles.

There is no standard form for a base hospital. It may be under canvas, it may be constructed hastily and inexpensively, or it may be established in a building conveniently located. However, the following personnel is defined by the medical department: one colonel (commanding), one major (operating surgeon), eighteen captains and lieutenants (two of whom are assistant-surgeons, one a dentist, the others assigned as ward officers), and one hundred and fifty men and forty-six female nurses. Some of our base hospitals will be located in or near Paris, and possibly a few will be established in England.

When our wounded reach the base hospital they will remain there until entirely recovered, or, in the case of permanent disability, until they are in position to be sent back to the United States. It is, in fact, a place where reconstruction takes place, and is a home for the wounded during convalescence. Of course there is surgery done in the base hospital, an enormous amount of it, but not the kind performed in field hospitals, where bullets are cut out of legs and arms, bones set and gashes sewed up. The surgery in a base hospital is the most intricate, tedious and possibly the most remarkable done anywhere in the world. It is here that bullets are taken from the brain, removed from the lungs, kidneys or regions around the heart. Marvelous feats are accomplished. After a bullet or piece of shell has been located with the X-ray, the base hospital surgeons can be relied upon to remove it, if it is within the range of science and efficiency to accomplish it! I do not intend to imply superiority of a base surgeon over those working in the field, but the former has the time, the X-ray, the bacteriological laboratory, and greater operating facilities.

The efficiency of our medical department, its perfect organization, individual proficiency, and complete equipment, is not a recently acquired condition. It dates back to the time of the Spanish-American War.

Long before the United States Army went to France, our medical department proved its ability and perfect system, for it was through its work that this Government was able to build a great military machine. Just compare the camps of 1898 with the camps of 1917 —for it is in camps or cantonments that an army is built—you will find as strong a contrast as between black and white, day and night, or life and death.

This is largely due to the excellent training which our medical troops have received and are receiving in their various special camps.

The training of first-aid men—members of regimental first-aid stations—is given them in the camps and cantonments where the regiments have been stationed, and as most of our regiments have gone into intensive training, this gives opportunity for instruction in first-aid field work similar to that which will be met with in France.

Special instruction camps are in operation throughout the country where ambulance men and medical officers receive their training. One of the largest camps for ambulance training is located in Allentown, Pennsylvania, while at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, there is a big M. O. R. C. (Medical Officers Reserve Corps) training camp. Every possible phase of army medical work is given the men in these camps—they go in for an intensive training of three or four months' duration, and many of them, after leaving these camps, are sent to government hospitals, laboratories, or posts, where they are assigned studies in special work, such as bacteriology, plastic surgery, X-ray, etc.

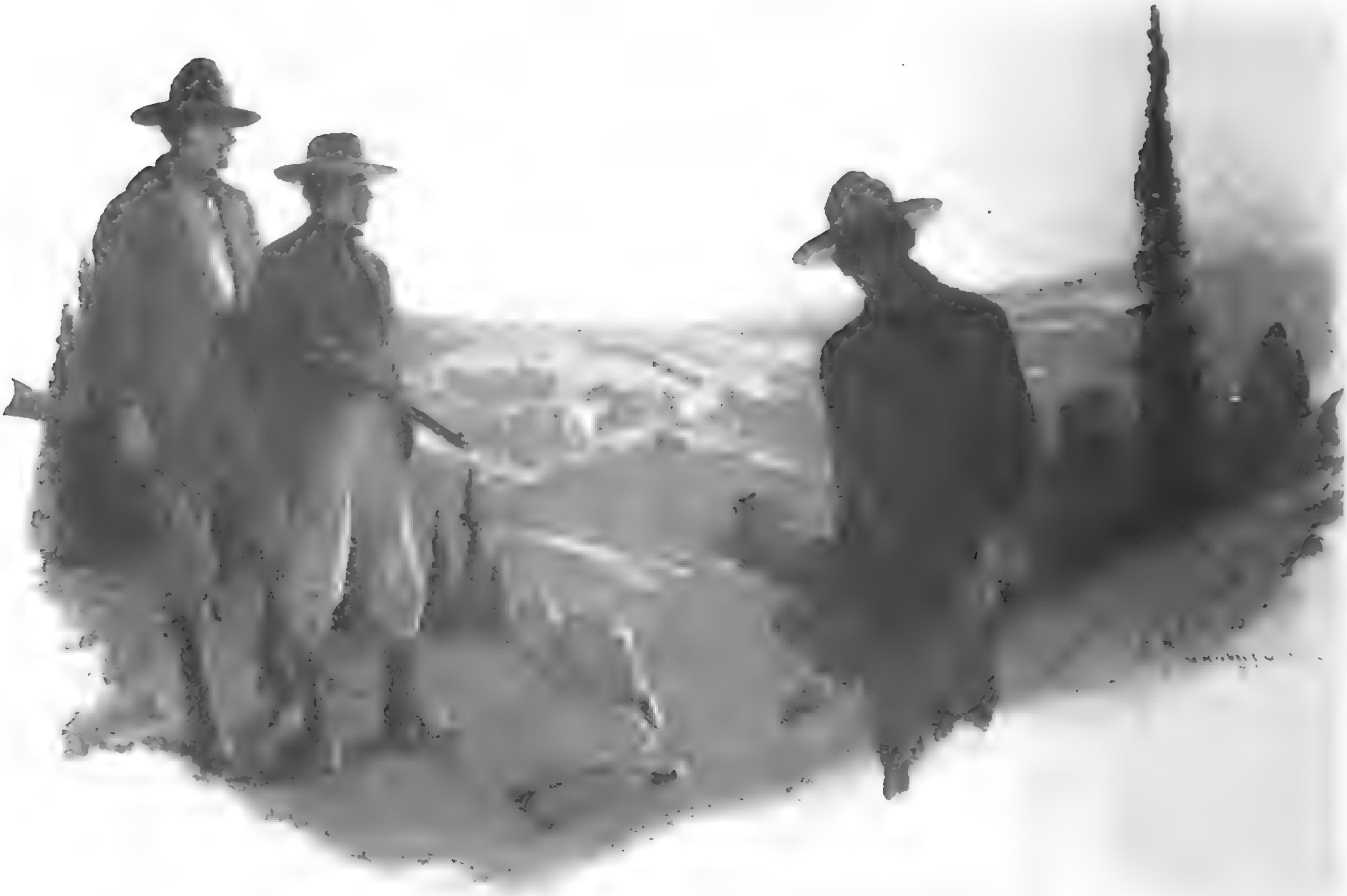
A part of the training at these medical camps includes the setting-up and operating of ambulance dressing stations, field-hospitals, evacuation hospitals, base hospitals, etc. Hundreds of "supposed wounded" are brought into the hospitals by the ambulances; the cadet medical officers must care for these wounded (each is tagged, showing the character and severity of the hypothetical injury), explain the necessary operation, make the proper dressing and complete after-treatment all within a prescribed length of time. The supposed wounded are sent on from one hospital to another, each step in accordance with the proper handling as designated by the character of the case.

In these training camps our medical corps has enlisted the service of the most eminent men of American medicine and surgery.

Throughout their training the ideal and spirit inculcated is not only that of their military function, but also that of their deeper human function of soothing pain and calming suffering by the kind word, the gentle touch, the inspiration of courage and faith so vital in modern war.

AS FAST AS THE WOUNDED IN BATTLE CAN BE LOCATED, AID IS ADMINISTERED, AND THE HYPODERMIC IS USED TO RELIEVE THE PAIN OF THE SUFFERER.

THE LARGE KNIVES ARE CARRIED FOR CUTTING SPLINTS ON THE FIELD.



"LOOK AT THAT, BUD, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?"

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

AFTER her father's death, Judith Sanford takes over the management of Blue Lake Ranch, and with it "a peck of trouble." Bayne Trevors, who has been running it for the part owners, is working deliberately to ruin the ranch so that the Western Lumber Company, a neighbor, may get it cheaply.

Judith dismisses him; but he continues his plots from the neighboring ranch, with all the powerful backing of the Lumber Company. Disease is spread among the stock, spies are planted among the ranchmen, many of whom are bribed away, and suspicion is sown among the loyal old employees of Sanford. The outlook is black.

On her side Judith has only her courage, the understanding and loyalty of Bud Lee, her young horse-foreman, and two older men, Carson and Doc Tripp, who worked under Sanford. Her difficulties are increased by the other part owner, Pollock Hampton, a young man about town, who with his guests—the Langworthys, and their daughter, Marcia, and two artists—Farris and Rogers—comes to settle at the ranch to escape his city embarrassments. Hampton, who is well-meaning but "soft," is inclined to trust Trevors, and continues to be friendly with him.

Trevors's plots grow more violent. A messenger returning from Rocky Bend, with the ranch salaries on pay-day, is waylaid and robbed. Lee makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On his return his horse is killed under him by a shot from the cliffs; but he arrives in time to save the good faith of the men in Judith.

Bud Lee and Judith are ambushed and attacked while on a tour of inspection in the hills. They take refuge in a cabin retreat, besieged by Trevors's henchmen, among whom is a rascal named Quinnion, who, Judith believes, murdered her father. After hours they are rescued by Hampton.

The cabin, with its books and furnishings, built by Lee as a retreat, gives Judith a first glimpse of another, mysterious side of the young foreman's life. Lee, who had been somewhat smitten by Marcia Langworthy as his feminine ideal, also finds himself increasingly attracted to Judith.

At a party given for Marcia, Lee is recognized by Farris as an old chum, once wealthy, but ruined by the treachery of friends and forced to drop out of sight. Farris pleads with him to return to his old life, but Lee refuses.

That night Lee is overwhelmed by the spell of Judith's charm, and in an impetuous moment kisses her. In his remorseful mood later he learns that Quinnion has been defaming Judith's character because of the siege in the cabin. He rides with Carson to Rocky Bend, traces Quinnion to a dangerous dive, and after a gun duel in the dark makes Quinnion retract. Quinnion vows revenge.

The atmosphere of treachery about the ranch thickens. Lee and Carson are suddenly ordered by Hampton to prepare the ranch stock for immediate sale to a firm known to be friendly with Trevors. Judith is missing. The orders, Lee finds, apparently come from her in San Francisco. But Lee suspects foul play, and [illegible] determined [illegible] before Hampton.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN (*Continued*)

HAMPTON lifted swift eyes, sensing something stern and ominous in this silent approach.

"We want to talk things over with you," began Lee.

"If you've come to bulldoze me out of that deal in the morning," retorted Hampton, his eyes showing fight, "you might as well keep still. I'm going to sell."

"I don't know that you'd exactly call it bulldozing," smiled Lee, determined to be pleasant with the young fellow as long as possible. "But you've got sense enough to listen to reason, Hampton."

"Have I?" jeered Pollock. "Thanks."

"If Miss Sanford wants the deal to go through," continued Lee, "why, then, of course, through it goes. If she doesn't, there's going to be no sale."

"I tell you she wired me to sell; I showed you the telegram——"

"But you didn't prove to me that she sent it. You didn't know yourself whether it had been sent by her or Doan, Rockwell & Haight, or by Bayne Trevors or the devil himself." He took up the telephone and said into it, "Western Union, Rocky Bend. . . . That you, Benton? This is Lee of the Blue Lake. We want to get in communication with Miss Judith Sanford, somewhere in San Francisco. Send this message to every hotel there, will you? And rush it: '*Must have word with you immediately. Important. Telephone.*' Got it? Oh, sign it, Carson and—and Tripp. Rush it, I tell you, Benton. And if you get in touch with Miss Sanford in any way, tip us off here, will you? Thanks."

"She might be visiting with friends," muttered Hampton, little pleased at the thought that Lee and Carson were seeking to rob him of his newly acquired importance.

"Where's Mrs. Simpson?" asked Lee.

"Gone to bed," answered Hampton.

"And Miss Langworthy is still on the veranda. Now Hampton, Carson and I want a look at Miss Sanford's room. Come with us, will you?"

"I'm damned if I will!" cried the boy hotly. "I don't know what you are up to, but I'm boss here and I'm giving orders, not taking them. If there's any reason in all this, I've got the right to know what it is."

"Yes," answered Lee, thoughtfully. "You've got the right. I just don't like the looks of affairs, Hampton. I don't believe all that I hear. I don't believe Miss Sanford sent that wire. I don't believe she is in San Francisco. I do believe that your friend Trevors has got hold of her somehow, and that he is playing you for a sucker. That's our reason in this. Now will you come with us to her room?"

"Trevors?" said Hampton. Then he laughed. "You are like the rest, Bud. Trevors is a gentleman, and you try to make him a crook. Such a scheme as you imagine is absurd and ridiculous. And I won't go prying with you into Judith's room."

"Come on, Carson," said Lee. "If Hampton wants to stay here, let him."

But the young fellow was on his feet, his face flushed, his eyes excited.

"You'll get out of this house and do it quick!" he cried sharply. "If you think for one little minute that I'll stand for your high-handed actions, you're mistaken."

At a look from Lee, Carson stepped quickly forward, so that Hampton stood between them.

"You come with us," and now Lee no longer sought to be pleasant. "And keep still or we'll stop your mouth with a yard of cloth. This way, Carson."

With right and left arms gripped, with lagging feet and furious eyes, Hampton went between them to the door. For an instant only did he struggle; then, with a snort of disgust, seeing the futility of making a fool of himself, he went quietly.

Just what he expected as a result of a visit to the girl's room, Lee did not know. He hoped for some sign to tell him something, anything.

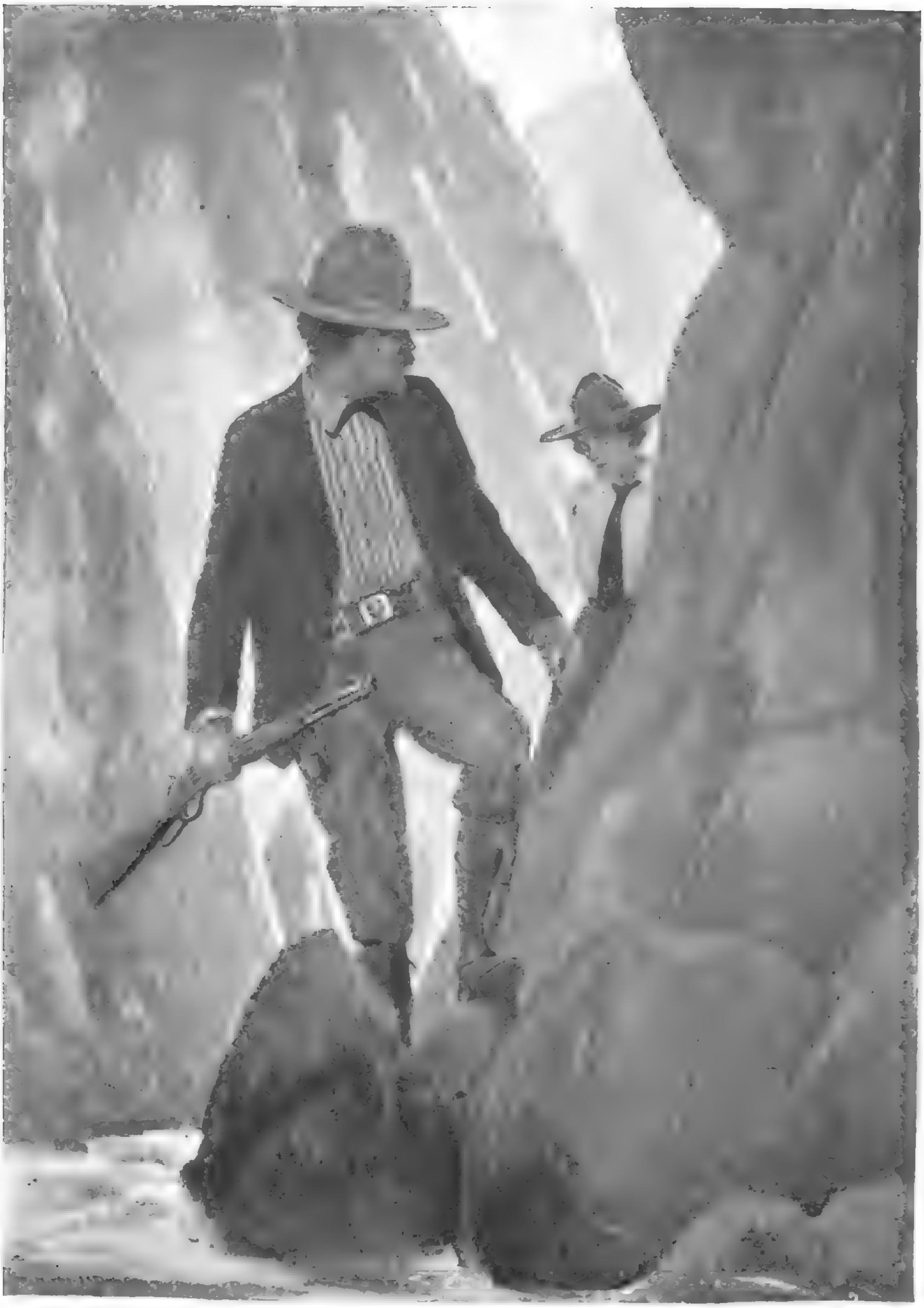
Quietly the three went through the house until they came to Judith's dainty blue-and-white bedroom. Here all had been set in order by Mrs. Simpson. A great vase of rosebuds, brought by José this morning, accepted by Mrs. Simpson with suspicion and searched carefully for a lurking scorpion or a coiled rattlesnake, stood on a table by the window. On entering the room a sort of awkward shyness fell over both Lee and Carson. Hampton, freed now and standing alone, though under Carson's hard eye, stared at them angrily.

"When you get through with this foolishness," he told them stiffly, "you can either apologize or call for your time."

Neither answered. Carson little by little had come to share Lee's uncertainty and anxiety; and now, like Lee, sought eagerly to find a sign—something to tell that Judith had been lured away by Trevors or Quinnion; or that she had been overpowered here and taken out, perhaps through a window.

But Judith had been gone since Saturday night, and Mrs. Simpson had done her work thoroughly. It might be well to call the housekeeper and question her. Had she found a chair overturned, a rug rumpled, a table shoved a [illegible] from its accustomed

DOC TRIPP SPED ACROSS THE MILES BETWEEN THE LOW



ALL DAY THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY ALONG THUNDEROUS RAVINES.

lace? But, again, it would be as well ot to start suspicion and surmise in ther minds if, after all, there were no rue cause for it. Judith *might* be in an Francisco; she *might* have sent the rder to sell.

"Chances is we're smellin' powder here there wasn't no shot," said Car-on hesitatingly.

"Bright boy!" mocked Hampton. 'You'll make a great little gumshoe rtist one of these days."

Had Bud Lee not loved Judith as he lid, with his whole heart and soul, it vell might have been that he and arson and Hampton would have gone ut of the room knowing no more than hen they had come in. But it seemed to Lee that the room which knew Judith so intimately, was seeking to open its dumb lips to whisper to him of danger to her. He had come here troubled for her; he stood, looking about him frowningly, his heart heavy, fear mounting within him. And at length he found a sign.

At the far end of the room, in a corner, was Judith's writing-table, opened letters, pen and ink, a pad of paper. Lee stepped to it. If she had been lured away after nightfall, then some message had come to her. If that message had come by word of mouth, there was no need seeking it; if it had been a note, fate might have kept it here.

Impaled on a sharp file was a sheet of note-paper. The note was brief, typewritten, even to the signature — that of Doc Tripp. It ran:

> DEAR JUDITH:
> I am afraid of a new trouble. Have spotted another one of T's gang working for us. Also have got a bullet-hole in my right hand. Nothing serious so far. Come down right away. Don't let any one see you as I want to spring a surprise on them. Am not even using the telephone, as I've a notion they are watching me. Hurry. TRIPP.

"Come back to the office," said Lee bluntly. And well in front of Carson and Hampton, who stared wonderingly at the paper in his hand, he went to the office telephone and called for Tripp.

"How's your hand?" he asked when Tripp answered.

"All right," replied Tripp. "Why?"

"Get it hurt?"

"No."

"Did you write Miss Sanford a hurry-up note within the last few days?"

"No."

"Sure of that, Doc? Typewritten note?"

"Of course I'm sure," snapped Tripp. "What's wrong?"

"God knows," answered Lee shortly. "But you'd better come up here and come on the jump. Also, keep your mouth shut until you can get a chance to talk with me or Carson."

He clicked up the receiver and turned terrible eyes on the two men watching him.

"They've got her," he said slowly. "They've got her, Carson. They've had her since Saturday night. Good God!"

Carson read the note. Only then did it pass into Hampton's hands. The boy, angered at the way in which he had been ignored, insulted in his sense of dignity by those words of Lee's to Tripp: "Talk with me or Carson," seeing the reins of power being snatched from his hands, was speechless with wrath.

"You fellows have butted in all I'll stand for!" he cried at them, his shut fists shaking. "I tell you I'm running this outfit and what I say goes. I don't believe that Trevors or any man living would do a trick like that. I tell you it's ridiculous. And, no matter where Judith is, when she is not here I run the ranch. I need money; she needs money; we've got a fair chance to sell;

(Continued on page 70)

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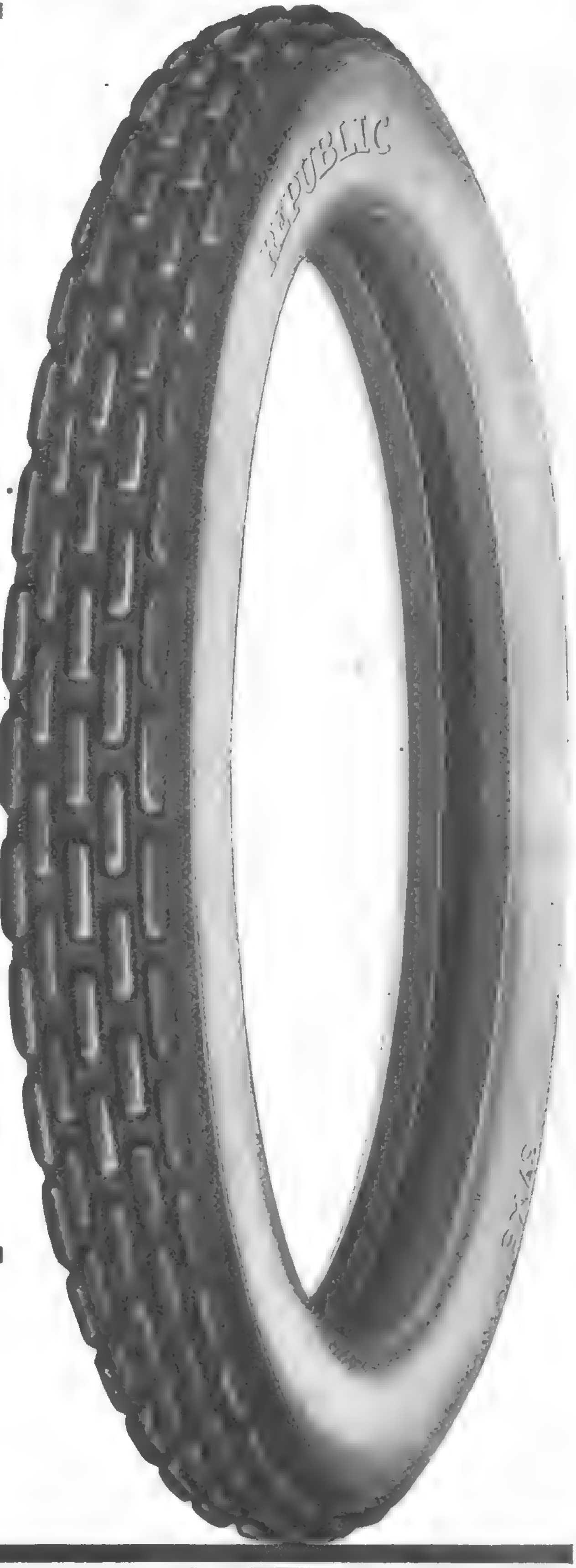

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REPUBLIC TIRES

I've passed my word we are going to sell; and by God, we are going to sell."

In another mood, Hampton would not have spoken this way. In another mood and with time for argument, Bud Lee would have expostulated with him. Now, however, Lee said tersely:

"Carson, it's up to you and me. Get the boys out, to the last man of them. Turn every hoof of cattle and horses back into the Upper End. We've got to do it to-night. Get them into the little valley above the plateau. We can hold them there, even if they try to force our hands, which will be like them. I take this to be Trevors's last big play. And, by thunder, he has mighty near gotten away with it!"

"Don't you dare do it!" blazed out young Hampton. "Carson, you take orders from me. Get out of this house and leave the stock where they are. In the morning——"

"Go ahead, Carson," cut in Lee's hard voice. "I'll take care of Hampton here."

"You will, will you?" cried Hampton. With one bound he was at the table, jerking open a drawer. As it came open, as his hand sought the weapon lying there, Bud Lee was on him, Bud Lee's hands like iron on his shoulders, throwing him back. Carson looked at them a moment, then went to the door.

"You're right, Bud," he said calmly as he went out.

Lee, forcing himself to show a calmness like Carson's, said gently to Hampton:

"Can't you see the play? It's up to you to kick in and stop it. There's a telephone; call up the buyers in Rocky Bend. They're there now, or at least their drivers are, if they're coming out here in the morning. Tell them the deal is off——"

"Can't I see?" said Hampton, writhing out of Lee's hands, on his way to the door. "You bet I can see! If you and Carson think that you can run me——"

Then, for good and all, Lee gave over trying to influence Hampton. There was too much to be done to waste time. He drew Hampton back, forcing him against the wall. As he tried to call out, Lee's hand over his mouth smothered his words.

"You're coming with me," he said sharply. "Right now."

Though he struggled, Hampton was little more than a baby in the horse-foreman's muscular grip. Tripped, with a heel behind his calf, he fell heavily, Lee upon him. Both arms were pinioned behind him, and Lee's neckerchief thrust into his mouth. He writhed in impotent rage. His outcries died in his throat, the loudest of them not reaching Marcia's ears above the creaking of her rocking-chair. Lee still held Hampton's tied hands gripped in his own. So the two men went out the back door, down toward the corrals, Lee pushing Hampton.

Seeing men hurrying from the bunk-house to the stables under Carson's snapping orders, Lee called out for Tommy Burkitt. And in a moment, with bulging eyes, Burkitt came running.

"Bring out three horses, saddled, Tommy," Lee commanded, giving no explanation. "Hurry, and keep your mouth shut."

Burkitt obeyed Lee as he always did, silently and unquestioningly. Very soon he returned, riding, leading two saddled horses.

"Get into the saddle, Hampton," said Lee sternly. "There's no time for nonsense. Get up or I'll put you up."

"Curse you," Hampton said in smothered anger, his tone making clear the meaning of the indistinct mutter. But he climbed into the saddle.

"Come on, Tommy." Lee, too, was up, his hand on Hampton's reins. "We're going up to the old cabin. You're going to ride herd on Hampton while I do something else. I'll tell you everything when we get there."

So they rode into the night, headed toward the narrow passes of the Upper End. Hampton and Lee side by side, Tommy Burkitt staring after them as he followed. No longer were Bud Lee's thoughts with his captive, nor with the herds Carson's men were driving back to the higher pastures. They were entirely for Judith, and they were filled with fear. She had been gone for three full days; she was somewhere in the clutches of Trevors or one of his cutthroats. He thought of her, of Quinnion's red-rimmed, evil eyes, and as he had not prayed in all the years of his life Bud Lee prayed that night.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Trevors's Last Play

TO BUD LEE that night was the longest he had ever lived through. For he had to curb his chafing will, hold his restless body in activity though he was powerless to restrain the thoughts which came and went like horrible nightmares.

He had left Hampton securely bound and under Tommy Burkitt's watchful eyes, and had gone straight back to the ranch-house. Marcia was not yet in bed and he made his first call upon her. Marcia was delighted, then vaguely perturbed, as Lee made known his errand without giving any reason. He wanted to see the note from Judith. Marcia brought it, wondering. He carried it with him to Judith's office, comparing it carefully with scraps of her handwriting which he had found there. The result of his study was what he had expected: the writing of the note to Marcia was sufficiently like Judith's to pass muster to an uncritical eye; looking, in fact, what it purported to be, a very hasty scrawl. But Lee knew that Judith had not written it. Even Marcia must know that, if she examined it closely. Lee slipped it into his pocket.

Tripp was waiting for him, impatient and worried, when he came back from the Upper End. From Tripp he learned that one of the men, a fellow the boys called Yellow-jacket, had unexpectedly asked for his time Saturday afternoon and had left the ranch, saying that he was sick.

"He's the chap who brought the fake note from you," said Lee. "It's open and shut, Doc. Another one of Trevors's men that we ought to have fired long ago. The one thing I can't get, is why he didn't do a finished job of it and hang around until Miss Sanford left, then get away with the note. It would have left no evidence behind him."

"She must have locked her door and windows when she went out," was Tripp's solution. "And probably he didn't hang around wasting time and taking chances."

Tripp's boyish face had lost its youthful look. His eyes, meeting Lee's steadily, had in them an expression like Lee's. Neither man spoke his thoughts, neither gave a sign, beyond that look, of the fear in his heart.

"If it's Quinnion—" Tripp had begun. Then he had suddenly stopped.

LEE and Tripp were together in the office not above fifteen minutes. Then Tripp left to return to the Lower End, to get the rest of the men out, to help in the big drive of cattle and horses which must be returned to the shut-in valleys of the Upper End. Lee went to the bunk-house, slipped revolver and cartridges into his pockets, took a rifle and rode again to the old cabin.

"It's Trevors's big, last play," he told himself gravely, over and over. "He'll be backing it up strong, playing his hand for all that there's in it, and he'll have taken time and care to fill in his hand so that we're bucking a royal flush. And there's only one way to beat a royal flush, and that's with a gun. But I can't quite see the whole play, Trevors; I can't quite see it."

There were enough men to do the night's work without him and Tommy Burkitt, and Lee gave no thought now to Carson, swearing in the darkness of some shadow-filled gorge. He did not know what the morrow's work would be for him, but he made his preparations none the less, eager for the coming dawn. He fried many slices of bacon while Hampton glared at him and Tommy watched him interestedly; he made a light, compact lunch, such as best "sticks to a man's ribs," wrapped it in heavy paper and slipped the package into the bosom of his shirt. He completed his equipment with a fresh bag of tobacco and many matches. He loaded his rifle, added a plentiful supply of ammunition to his outfit from the box on the shelf. Then he went outside to be alone, to frown at the black wall of the night, to think, to await the dawn.

"I'm coming to you, Judith girl," he whispered over and over to himself.

DAWN trembled over the mountain tops, grew pale rose and warm pink and glorious red in the eastern sky, and Bud Lee, throwing down his coiled rope which had been put into service a dozen times during the night, said shortly:

"Here we camp, boys. I'll leave you my fried bacon, Tommy, and take the saw with me. You're not even to light a fire. And you're to stick here until I come for you."

They had traveled deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the mountains, mounting higher and higher until now, in a nest of crags and cliffs, on a flank of Devil's Mountain, they could look far to the westward and catch brief glimpses of the river from Blue Lake slipping out of the shadows. They had gone a way which Lee knew intimately, traveling a trail which brought them again and again under broken cliffs, where they must use hands and feet manfully, and now and then make service of a loop of rope cast up over an outjutting crag.

"They'll never follow us here, Tommy," he said confidently. "If they do, you've got the drop on them and you've got a rifle. You know what to do, Tommy, old man."

"I know, Bud," said Tommy, his eyes shining. For never before had Bud Lee called him that—"old man."

Long ago the gag had been removed from Hampton's mouth. Long ago, consequently, Hampton had said his say, had made his promises. When he got out of this—glory to be! wouldn't he square the deal, though! Did Lee know what kidnaping was? That there were such things as laws, such places as prisons?

"Here," said Lee, not unkindly, "I'll loosen the rope about your wrists. That's all the chances we're going to take with you. Come, be a sport, my boy. You're the right sort inside; just as soon as this fracas is over, when you know that we were right and that all this is a put-up job on you, your friend Trevors playing you for a sucker and getting Miss Sanford out of the way, you'll say we were right and I know it."

"That so?" snapped Hampton. "You just start now and keep going, Bud Lee, if you don't want to do time in the jug."

Tommy Burkitt, staring back across the broken miles of mountain, cañon and forest, his eyes frowning, was muttering:

"Look at that, Bud. What do you make of it?"

For a little Lee did not answer. He

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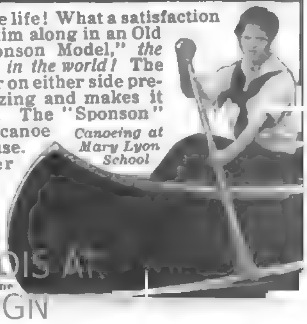
Canoeing at Mary Lyon School

and Tommy and Hampton, standing among the rocks, turned their eyes together toward the hills rimming in the northern side of Blue Lake Ranch.

"I make out," said Lee slowly, "that Trevors means business and that Carson has got his work cut out for him this morning, Tommy."

For the thing which had caught the boy's eyes was a blaze on the ridge, its flames leaping and licking at the thinning darkness, its smoke a black smudge on the horizon, staining the glow of the dawn. And farther along the same ridge was a second blaze, smaller with distance, but growing as it licked at the dry brush. Still farther a third.

"If that fire ever gets a good start," muttered Lee heavily, "it's going to sweep the ranch. God knows where it will stop. And just how Carson is going to fight fire with one hand and hold his stock with the other, I don't know."

But even then he turned his eyes away from the ranch, sweeping the ragged jumble of mountains about him. Judith was gone. Judith needed him and he did not dare try to estimate the soreness of her need. What did it matter that Carson and Tripp and the rest had their problems to face back there? There was only one thing in all of the wide world that mattered. And he did not even know where she was, north, south, east or west! Somewhere in these mountains, no doubt. But where, when a man might ride a hundred miles this way or that and have no sign if he passed within calling distance of her?

In his heart Bud Lee prayed, as he had prayed last night, asking God that he might come to Judith. And it seemed to him, standing close to God on the rocky heights, that his prayer had been heard and answered. For, far off to the east, still further in the solitude of the mountains, rising from a rugged peak, a thin line of smoke rose into the paling sky.

It might be that Judith was there. It might be that she was scores of miles from the beckoning smoke. Bud Lee had asked a sign and there, like a slender finger pointing to the brightening sky, was a sign.

He stooped swiftly for rifle and rope and packet of bacon.

"Where you goin', Bud?" asked Tommy.

"To Judith," answered Bud Lee gently.

For in his heart was that faith which is born of love.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Judith in Trouble

TO JUDITH life had changed from a pleasant game in the sunshine to a hideous nightmare. In a few dragging hours she had come to know incredulity, anxiety, misery, dejection, black hopelessness, and icy terror. She had come to look through a man's eyes at that which lay in his heart, to feel for the first time in her fearless life that the fortitude was slipping out of her bosom, that the strength was melting in her.

She lay on a rude bed of fir-boughs, an utter, impenetrable blackness as of a night in hell like weight on her eyeballs. When it was silent about her, and for the most part silence reigned with the oppressive gloom, she yearned so for a little sound that she moved her foot along the rock floor under her or snapped a dry twig between her fingers or even listened eagerly for the coming of the terrible woman who was her jailer.

Gropingly, again and again she went over in her thoughts the long journey here, seeking fruitlessly to know whether she had come north, south or east from the ranch-house. It was one of these three directions, for there were no such mountains as these to the west, no such monster cliffs, no deep cavern reaching into the bowels of the earth. The sense that, even were she freed, she had no slightest idea where she was, which way she must go, stunned her.

"Will I go mad after a while?" she wondered miserably. "Am I already going mad? O God, have mercy on me——"

FROM the instant when, Saturday night, she had been gripped suddenly in a man's strong arms, when another man had smothered her outcry, she had known in her heart that Bayne Trevors was taking his desperate chance in the game. But in the darkness she had had only the two vague blurs of their bodies to guess at. They had been masked; her own eyes were covered, a bandage brought tightly over them, her mouth gagged, her hands tied behind her, her body lifted into the saddle, all in a moment. Neither man had spoken. Then, tied in the saddle, she only knew that she was riding, that one man rode in front of her, leading her horse, the other following close behind. The sense of direction which she had lost in those first five minutes she had never been given opportunity to regain. She might, even now, be a gunshot from her own ranch; she might be twenty miles from it.

For the greater part of that Saturday night they had ridden; and when trails died under them and rocks rose steeply, they walked. Not once did she hear a man's voice; not once did she know whether it was Trevors himself, or Quinnion or some utter stranger who forced her into this hiding.

But just before dawn she had known. At first she had struggled like a captive panther, fierce and angry and knowing less fear than rage. After that, she obeyed quietly. Coolness and shrewd saneness succeeding the outburst, told her that she could only bide her time.

It had been only an hour before they came here when she had learned who the silent man was. At the last there was but one, and she did not know when the other had left, whether he had gone away with the horses when they had been forced to dismount, or whether he had gone his way at the last moment.

They were climbing cliffs now, now going down into chasms, now following a roaring creek or making their way along the spine of some rocky ridge. The man with her was masked, his eyes rather guessed at than seen through the slits of his bandanna handkerchief. He had jerked the bandage from her eyes, since blindfolded she would make such poor progress. But still he guarded his tongue.

"He would speak," she thought, "but that I would recognize his voice. Trevors or Quinnion? Which?"

FEELING the first quick spurt of hope when she saw that there was but one man to deal with, she was aquiver to seize the first opportunity for flight. But that hope died swiftly as she recognized that no such opportunity was to be granted her. Once she paused, looking to a possible leap over a low ledge and escape in a thick bit of timber. But the two eyes through the slits in the improvised mask had been keen and quick, a heavy hand was laid on her arm, she felt the fingers bite into her flesh as he sought to drive into her a full comprehension of his grim determination that she should not escape.

It was when they had clambered high upon a mass of tumbled boulders, topping a ridge, that Judith had seen the man's face. Docilely she had obeyed his gestures for an hour; now, suddenly, maddened at the silence and the mask over his face, she sprang unexpectedly upon him, shoving him from the rock on which he had stepped, snatching at the mask as she did so. For the first time she heard his voice, cursing her coolly as he gripped at her and held her.

It was Bayne Trevors, at last come out into the open, his mask torn from his face, his eyes hard on hers.

"It's just as well that you know whom you are up against," he said as he held her with his hand heavy on her shrinking shoulder.

Summoning all of the reckless fearlessness which was her birthright, she laughed at him coolly, laughed as the two stood against the skyline, upon the barren breast of a lonesome land.

"So you are a fool, after all, Bayne Trevors!" she jeered at him. "Fool enough to mix first-hand in a dangerous undertaking."

Trevors shrugged.

"Yes?" He slipped the handkerchief into his pocket and stared at her with a glint of anger in the blue gray of his eyes. He lifted his broad shoulders. "Or wise man enough to do my own work when needs be, and when I'd have no bungling? I'm going to square with you, girl. Square with you for meddling, for a bullet-hole in each shoulder. If there's a fool in our little junketing party, it's a girl who thought she could handle a man's-size job."

They went on, over the ridge and down. Judith made no second attempt to surprise him, for always his eyes watched her. Nor did she seek to hold back, to loiter, to in any way hamper him now. For, swiftly adjusting herself to the new conditions, she made her first decision: Trevors did think her a "fool of a girl," Trevors did sneer at her helplessness in that man's way of his. Let him think her a little fool; let him hold her in his contempt; let him grow to think her cowed and afraid and helpless. Then, when the time came——

AGAIN she had been blindfolded; seeing the look in Trevors's eyes she had offered no objection. Again she had followed him in a darkness made at sunrise by a bandage across her eyes. Again, the bandage removed, she winked at the sunlight. Again they climbed ridges, dropped down into tiny valleys, fought their way along thunderous ravines where the water was lashed into white foam. Again blindfolded, again trudging on, her whole body beginning to tremble with fatigue, the weakness of hunger upon her. And at length, out of a cañon, making a perilous way up the steep walls of rock, they came to the mouth of the black cavern in which she lay now, waiting for the sound of a stirring foot.

Only an instant had Judith stood upon the ledge outside the cave before she was thrust into the black interior. But in that instant her eager eyes had made out, upon a tiny bit of table-land across the chasm of the gorge, a cabin, sending aloft a plume of smoke.

Then, after an hour, the terrible woman had come to whom Trevors had intrusted her, bringing food and water in her hard, blackened hands, carrying the flickering fires of madness in her unfathomable eyes. A lantern set on the floor made rude shadows, and out of them came this woman, leering at Trevors, peering at Judith, licking her thin lips and chuckling to herself.

"I have brought her back to you, Ruth," he said, speaking softly, more softly than Judith had thought the man could speak. "You will know what to do with her. And you will not let her escape you again."

The mad woman, for only too plainly was her reason strangely misshapen, stood in silence, her great muscular body looming high above Judith's, a giant of a woman, bigger than Trevors even, broad and heavy, her forearms

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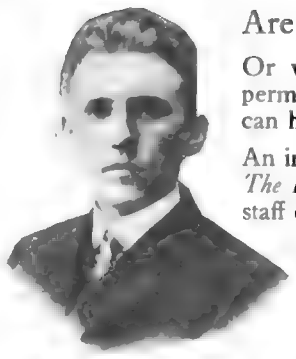

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thick and corded, her bare throat like the bull neck of a prizefighter.

"I will know, I will know," she said, her eyes filled with cunning, her voice a strange singsong oddly at variance with the coarse bigness of her body. "Oh, no, she will never escape from me again."

"I will have a man on the ledge outside night and day," went on Trevors. "But we can not be so sure of others as we are of ourselves, Ruth. You know that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know," she answered quickly. As she spoke she suddenly shot out her long arm, her great, bony hand fastening like a big claw on the girl's shoulder. "I have got her again! She is mine, all mine. Oh, I will keep her well."

In a little while Trevors left. He had not returned. Mad Ruth, still gripping Judith's shoulder, half led her, half thrust her farther back in the cavern. Judith made no resistance. Always, even when terror was uppermost, she held one thought in mind: "If I can make them sneer at me for a little fool and a weakling, my chance may come after a while."

As the two women passed around a bend in the sinuous tunnel-like cave, the faint rays of the lantern they had left behind them died out, and heavy darkness shut them in. Judith could barely make out the huge form towering over her. But Ruth, whether her eyes were like a cat's and accustomed to this somber place, or whether a hand on a rock wall or a foot on the uneven floor under her told her which way to go, moved on without hesitation. Judith estimated roughly that they had come fifty yards from the outside ledge in front of the cave when she was pushed down and felt the rude bed of fir-boughs under her.

"So," grunted the woman, for the first time removing her hard hand from the girl's shoulder, "I've got you again, my pretty. And this time you don't play any more little tricks on your old mother."

She was gone swiftly, all but silently, through the gloom, her form vaguely outlined against the lantern's glimmer, bringing the food and water which she had set down when she came in. Judith drank and ate.

IT WAS only little by little, in fragments which she obtained during the slow days which followed, that she came to understand Trevors's scheme. And the scheme was in keeping with the man; so far as it was possible, Bayne Trevors was still playing safe.

Mad Ruth was an odd mixture of crazed suspicion, shrewd cunning, cruelty and madness. Perhaps very long ago—Judith came to believe that it had occurred at the time when she had gone mad, for God knows what reason—Mad Ruth had had a child, a daughter. The girl had been lost to her, whether through death when an infant, or some tragic accident when a young girl, Judith never knew. But Ruth's heart had been bound up in that baby of hers; when madness came, it centered and turned upon the return of her child, "Who had run away from her, but who would come back some time." Trevors, having learned of her and her mad passion, had shaped it to his purpose.

But that was not all. Judith had been brought to the cave early Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon a man came to the cave, a well-dressed man carrying a little black bag in his hand. He talked with Ruth; he took up the lantern and came to look at Judith.

"So I'll know you again," he laughed.

Then he went away. In fragments which through long, empty hours her busy mind pieced together, bridging the gaps, she grasped the rest of Trevors's plan. This man was a physician, sent here from some one of the many mining-towns in the mountains, probably from a camp twenty or thirty miles away. He, too, was a Trevors hireling. Should Judith ever accuse Trevors of having brought her here, there was another story to be told. And this man would tell it: How he had been summoned here to attend a girl who had had a fall, who had wandered delirious through the mountains until Ruth had found her; whom he had treated here, not daring at first to move her for fear of permanent shock to her reason; who could give them no help to establish her identity; who had a thousand absurd fears and fancies and accusations to make; who in her babbling had at one time accused Bayne Trevors of having forcibly abducted her; who at another had cried that it was a man named Carson, a man named Lee, who had brought her here.

WITH no rope binding her, with arms and legs free, Judith spent many a long hour exploring her prison, hoping to find a way out. So far as she knew she had but one person to reckon with, Mad Ruth. True, Trevors had said that he'd have a man on the ledge outside day and night; Judith had never seen such a person, had never heard his voice, had begun to believe that it was a bit of bluff on Trevors's part. But she had never again been where she could look out of the cave's mouth, since Mad Ruth had her own pallet on the floor at the narrowest part of the cave where it was like the neck of a monster bottle, and always at the first sound of the girl's approach, was on her feet to thrust her back.

Clearly there was no way out of this place of shadows except the way through which she had come. Judith sought an explanation of her imprisonment and could not satisfy herself what it was. Until, after long groping, she came very near the truth: Trevors would work his will with Hampton through Hampton's faith in him and admiration for him. And, in her absence, Hampton was the head of Blue Lake Ranch.

Sunday night, hearing Mad Ruth moving cautiously, Judith raised herself on her elbow, listening. She was confident that the woman was moving toward the cave's mouth; she hoped wildly that Mad Ruth was tricked into believing her asleep and was going out. Her shoes in her hands, her stockinged feet falling lightly, Judith moved toward the mad woman's couch.

Ruth was going out; was in fact even now slipping out of the narrow throat of the cave and on the ledge. But Judith could not see her. For a new, unexpected obstacle was in her way. Her outthrust hands touched not rock walls but heavy wooden panels; she knew then that the narrow neck of the cave was fitted with a heavy door and that it had been drawn shut, fastened from without. In a sudden access of fury and despair she beat at it with her two hands, crying out bitterly. And at this moment the icy fingers of terror clutched her heart.

IT WAS so dark, so inky black, and as still, save for her own outcry, as a tomb sealed and forgotten. Such darkness, smothering hope, suddenly filled with vague terrors; for one worn out and nervous as Judith was, the darkness seemed to harbor a thousand ugly things which watched her and mocked at her despair and reached out vile hands toward her. She called loudly, and for answer had the crazed laugh of Mad Ruth which floated in to her from without, but which seemed to drop down from the void above.

"Judith, Judith," the girl whispered after the first outburst, when she found that she was shaking pitifully. "You've got to do better than this; I'm ashamed of you."

She went back to her couch, sat down and began singing softly to herself, seeking to hold her jangling nerves in check. But, despite her intention, her voice choked and died in her throat and she sat silent, listening, listening—praying for even the footfall of her jailer.

When Ruth was with her she attempted in a hundred ways to gage the woman's warped brain, to seek some way to get the better of her, to gain her trust and so to slip away. But she found that there was the usual cunning born of madness, and that Ruth's one idea was to keep the girl who had escaped her once but who must never do it again. There were times when suspicion awakened in Ruth's mind, and she broke into violent rage, when her big body shook, when her eyes in the lantern-light were cruel and murderous, when Judith shrank back, and tried to change the woman's thoughts. For more than once had Mad Ruth cried out:

"I'll kill you. Kill you with my own hands to keep you here. To keep you mine, mine, mine!"

The woman carried no weapon, but after her two hands had once gripped the girl's shoulders, shaking her, Judith knew that she needed no weapon. Hers was a strength greater than Trevors's, greater than two men's. If Mad Ruth saw fit to kill Judith with her two hands, she could do it.

SUNDAY passed and Sunday night; Monday and Monday night. Judith knew that she had accomplished nothing, except perhaps to make Ruth believe that she was very much of a coward. In Ruth's mad brain that was little enough, since this did not allay her cunning watchfulness. Then Judith began to do something else, something actively. Just to be occupied, was something.

Her fingers selected the largest, thickest branch from her bed of fir-boughs. It was perhaps a couple of inches in diameter and heavy, because it was green. Silently, jealous of a twig snapped, she began with her fingers to strip the branch. The little limbs were tough and pliable and resisted while they seemed to yield.

But the triumph was great when, after a long struggle, one by one they were torn away. Then the cutting of the bigger branch into a length which would make it a club to be used in a cramped space. She found a bit of stone, hard granite, which had scaled from the walls and which had a rough edge. With this, working many a quiet hour, she at last cut in two the fir-bough. She lifted it in her hands, to feel the weight of it, before she thrust it under her bed to lie hidden there against possible need. Poor thing as it was, she felt no longer utterly defenseless. Once Mad Ruth, lighting the lantern, had dropped a good match.

When she had gone, Judith secured it hastily, hiding it as if it were gold. She knew that now and then Mad Ruth went down the cliffs and to the cabin across the chasm. Always at night and at the darkest hour. When she heard her go, Judith rose swiftly and went to the heavy door. Always she found it locked; her shaking at it hardly budged the heavy timbers. But though she could not see it, she studied it with her fingers until she had a picture of it in her mind. A picture that only increased her hopelessness. Barehanded she could never hope to break it down or push it aside. And above it and below, and on each side, were the solid walls of stone.

She no longer knew what day it was. She scarcely knew if it were day or night. But, setting herself something to do so that she would not go mad, mad as Mad Ruth, she secured for herself another weapon. Another bit of stone which, lodged in a crevice in the wall above her head, her groping fingers had found and hidden with her club; a jagged, ugly rock half the size of a man's head. Some little scraps of bread and meat, hoarded from her scanty meals, she had hidden in her blouse.

"If I could stun her, just stun her," she got into the way of whispering to herself. "Not kill her outright—just stun her——"

At last, seeing that she must work her own salvation with the crude weapons given her, Judith told herself that she could wait no longer. Another day and another and she would be weak from the confinement and poor food and nervous, wakeful hours. She must act while the strength was in her. And, if Trevors had spoken the truth, if there were a man to deal with outside—well, she must shut her mind to that until she came to it.

Mad Ruth was gone again, and Judith stood by the thick door, her heart beating furiously while she waited. It seemed to her eager impatience that Ruth would never come back. Then after a long, long time she heard a little scraping sound upon the rock ledge outside, the sound of a quick step. And then, before she heard the snarling, ugly voice which she had heard once and had never forgotten, she knew that this time she had waited too long, that it was not Ruth coming.

One man—and there might be others. She stepped back to her bed, hid the two weapons and waited. She must make no mistakes now.

The door was flung open. Outside it was dark, pitch dark. But evidently the man entering had no fear of being seen. He had thrown down a bundle of dry fagots, had set fire to them, and the blaze, leaping up, casting wavering gleams to where Judith stood, showed her plainly the twisted, ugly face of Quinnion, his red-rimmed eyes peering at her, filled with evil light.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Judith Wins Out

"THE better to see you by, my dear!" was Quinnion's word of greeting. Judith made no answer. She drew a little farther back into the shadows, a little closer to the things she had hidden among the fir branches.

"Ho," sneered Quinnion, his mood from the first plain enough to read in the glimpses of his face and in the added harshness of his voice. "Timid little fawn, huh? By God, a man would say from the bluff you put up that it was all a dream about findin' you an' the han'some Lee in the cabin together! Stan' off all you damn please; I've come to tame you, little beauty of the big innocent eyes!"

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Not drunk; no, Quinnion was never drunk. But, as he came a step closer, the heavy air of the cave grew heavier with the whisky he carried, whisky enough to stimulate the evil within him, not to quench it.

"Stand back there!" cried Judith, with a sharp intake of breath. "I want to talk with you, Chris Quinnion."

"So you know who I am, do you? Well, much good it'll do you."

"I know who you are and what you are," she told him defiantly, suddenly sick of her long hours of playing baby, knowing at the moment less fear than hatred and loathing. "Listen to me. Bayne Trevors has come out in the open at last; he has made his big play and is going to lose out on it. Your one chance now is to let me go and to go yourself. Go fast and far, Chris Quinnion. For when the law knows the sort Bayne Trevors is and how you have worked hand and glove with him, it will know just how much his word was worth when he swore you were with him when father was killed! Coward and cur and murderer!"

Quinnion laughed at her.

"Little pussy-cat," he jeered. "You've got claws, have you? And you spit and growl, do you? Want me to let you go back to that swaggering lover of yours, do you? Back to Lee——"

"That's enough, Quinnion," she said sharply.

"Is it?" He laughed at her again, and again came on toward her, the red-rimmed evil of his eyes driving quick fear at last into her. "Enough? Why, curse you and curse him, I haven't begun yet. When I'm through with you I'll go fast enough. And he can have you then an' damn welcome to him!"

"Stop!" cried Judith.

His laughter did not reach her ears now, but as he kicked the fire at his foot and the flames leaped up and showed his face, she read the laughter in his soul; read it through the gleaming eyes, the twisted mouth which showed the teeth at one side in a horrible leer. His long arms thrust out before him, he came on.

"Oh, my God!" cried Judith. "My God!"

Then suddenly she was silent. She thought that she had known the uttermost that fear could do to her and now for the first time did she fully know what it was. His strength was many times her strength, his brutality was unbounded, she was alone with him. There was no one to call to, not even Ruth, the mad woman.

She was shaking now, shaking so that she could barely stand. Quinnion came on, his long arms out.

She felt the strength die out of her body, grew for a moment blind and dizzy and sick. She tried again to call out to him, to plead with him. But her voice stuck in her throat.

He was gloating over her, a look strangely like Mad Ruth's in his eyes. Good God! He *was* like Mad Ruth; the same eyes, the same long, powerful arms, the same look of cunning! In a flash there came to her a suspicion which was near certainty: this man was blood of Mad Ruth's blood, bone of her bone; her son, and, like her, tainted with madness.

He shot out a long arm, his hand barely brushing her shoulder. She shrank back. He stood, content to pause a moment, to gloat further over her.

"You little beauty," he said panting. "You little white and pink and brown beauty!"

JUDITH had shuddered when he touched her. But a strange thing had happened to her. His touch had angered her so that she almost forgot to be afraid, angered her so that the loathing was gone in white hot hatred, giving her back her old strength.

Now, though he had the brutal force of a strong man, Quinnion did not have the swiftness of movement of an alert, desperate girl. Before he could grasp her motive she had leaped toward him and toward the bed of boughs, had found the ragged stone, and lifting it high above her head had flung it full into his face. The man staggered back, crying out in throaty harshness, a cry of blind rage. But he did not fall, did not pause more than a brief instant.

A little dazed, with blood in his eyes, he lunged toward her. She had found the club now and struck with all her might, again beating into his face and again and again. He sought to grapple with her and she beat him back. She saw his hand go to his hip and heard him curse her, and she leaped in on him and, panting with the blow, struck again. He flung up his arm. She struck once more. Taking the blow full across the face Quinnion reeled back, stumbled at an uneven spot in the rock floor, balanced, almost falling.

Only a moment he held thus. But there was a chance to pass him in the narrow way, and she took her chance, her heart beating wildly. And as she shot by she struck again.

She heard him after her, shouting curses, stumbling a little, coming on. The door was open, thank God, the door was open! She shot through. If she could but take time to close it! But there was no time for that; he was almost at her heels. And outside was the ledge, the dizzy climb down.

If she slipped, if she fell, well, it would just be a clean death and nothing more. Quinnion was but a few steps behind her. He had not fired. Had he perhaps dropped his gun back there in the darkness? Or was he so sure of taking her, alive and struggling, into his arms in another moment?

She was on the ledge. It was dark, pitch dark. She was over the ledge, less afraid of what lay below than what came on behind her. She was gripping the ledge now with her hands, already torn and bleeding, her feet swinging, touching sheer rock wall, slipping, seeking a foothold. Quinnion was just there, above her. She must move her hands so that he could not reach her. It seemed an eternity that she hung there, seeking a place somewhere to set her feet.

She found it, another, lesser ledge which she had almost missed, and knew that this way she had clambered upward with Bayne Trevors. If she could only find another step and another before Quinnion came upon her. She still gripped her club, holding it in her teeth; she must not let that go.

Quinnion was over the ledge, he was following. She heard his heavy breathing, heard him cursing her again. She was going so slowly, so slowly, and Quinnion would know the way better than she. Quinnion would make better time in the dark.

She moved along this lower ledge. At each instant she wondered if it were to be her last, if she were going to fall, if a swift drop through the darkness would be the end of life.

Suddenly there was scarce room in the girl's breast for hatred of Chris Quinnion, so filled was it with the love of life. She wanted to see the sun come up again, she wanted the sweet breath of the dawn in her nostrils, the beauty of a sunlit world in her eyes. She thought of Bud Lee.

CLINGING to the rocks, hanging on desperately, taking a score of desperate chances momentarily, she made her way on and down. She found scant hand-hold and, almost falling, dropped her club, heard it strike, strike again. Black as the night was, its gloom was less than that of the cavern to which Judith had grown accustomed; little by little she began to make out the broken surface of the cliffs. The chasm below was a pool of ink; above were the little stars; in the eastern sky, low down, was a promise of the rising moon.

The surge of quickening hope came into her heart. Had she hurt Quinnion more than she had guessed? For, slowly as she made her hazardous way down, it seemed to her that Quinnion came even more slowly. Could she but once get down into the gorge below, could she slip along the course of the racing stream, she might run and the sound of her steps would be lost even to her own ears in the sound of the water; the sight of her flying body would be lost to Quinnion's eyes.

Then she heard him laughing above her. Laughing, with a snarl and a curse in his laugh, and something of malicious triumph. Was he so certain of her then?

"Ruth!" called Quinnion. "Oh, Ruth! The girl's gettin' away. Goin' down the rocks. Head her off at the bottom."

Judith had found, because her fate was good to her, the long slanting crack in the wall of rock up which she had come that day with Bayne Trevors. There was still danger of a fall, but the danger was less now than it had been five seconds ago. She could move more swiftly now and confidence had begun to come to her that she might elude Quinnion. But now, suddenly, she heard Mad Ruth's voice screaming a shrill answer to Quinnion's shout; knew that Ruth had been in her cabin and was running to intercept her at the foot of the cliffs.

Well, still there was a race to be run and the odds not entirely uneven. Ruth must descend the other side of the cañon, get down into the gorge, make the crossing, which, so far as Judith knew, might be farther up or farther down stream, come to the cliffs below Judith before Judith herself made her way down.

Again Judith took what risks the night and the rocks offered her and thanked God in her soul that it was given her to take a chance in the open, to use her own muscles in her own fight, not to lie longer, playing the part of a do-nothing. Now and then, across the void, there floated to her a little moaning cry from the mad woman's lips, like the cry of some hungry beast tracking down its prey. Now and then she heard a curse from Quinnion above; often from above her, from below her own feet, from across the chasm, dropping stones, falling almost sheer, told of haste and death which might come from an unlucky step.

Fast as Judith went now, having a fair sort of cliff trail under her, Mad Ruth went faster. The gorge measured a scant fifty feet between them and the girl's alert senses told her that already Ruth was on a level with her. Ruth was winning in the mad race. She knew her way down so perfectly, her heart was so filled with madness, that danger was nothing to her.

DOWN and down climbed Judith, caution wedded to haste, as she told herself that she had a chance yet, that that chance must not be tossed away in a fall, though it were but a few feet. She must have no sprained ankle if she meant to see the sun rise to-morrow.

The flush in the sky where the moon was so near the ridge had brightened. The moon, too, had joined in the race; with one quick glance toward it, Judith again discarded caution for haste. She must get down into the floor of the cañon before the moon did; she must be running before its light showed her to Quinnion and Ruth. If the darkness had been a foe to her chances when she had slipped over the ledge above, now the moonlight was likely to join issue against her.

Her hands were cut and bleeding, her heart was beating wildly, already her body was sore and bruised. But these things she did not know. She only knew that Quinnion was still coming on above her, and coming more swiftly now, quite as swiftly as she herself moved, since his feet, too, were in the better trail; that Mad Ruth had completed the descent across the chasm, must by now be crossing the stream upon some fallen log or rude bridge; that one minute more, or perhaps two, would decide her fate.

SHE could see the stream, glinting palely in the starlight. It seemed very near; its thunder filled her ears. Down she went and down, down until at last she was not ten feet above its surface, with a strip of gently sloping bank just under her. She stooped, took firm hold upon a knob of boulder, prepared to swing down and drop to the bottom. And, as she stooped, she heard a little whining moan just under her and straightened up, tense and terrified. Mad Ruth was there before her, Mad Ruth was waiting.

And Quinnion was coming on. She was trapped, caught between the two of them. She heard Quinnion laugh again; he, too, had heard Ruth.

"Oh, God help me!" whispered Judith. "God help me now!"

There was no time to hesitate. If she stood here, Quinnion would in a moment wrap his arms about her; if she dropped down, she would be in the frenzied clutch of Mad Ruth.

A second she crouched, peering down into the gloom below her, seeking to make out the form of the mad woman. Then she did not drop, but jumped, landing fair upon the waiting figure, striking with her boots on Mad Ruth's ample shoulders. A scream of rage from Ruth, a little, strangling cry from Judith, and the two fell together. Ruth clutched as she went down and a hand closed over the girl's ankle. Judith rolled, struck again with the free boot, twisted sharply and felt the grip torn loose from her ankle. She was free.

She was running and Ruth was running just behind her, screaming terribly. Judith fell, and her heart grew sick within her. But again she was up just as Ruth's hand clutched at her skirt, clutched and was torn away as Judith ran on. Quinnion cursed from above as she had not yet heard him curse. Ruth reviled her, and also Quinnion for having let her go.

Judith was running swiftly and felt that she could get the better of the heavier, older woman in a race of this sort. She stumbled and fell, and fear again gripped her; it seemed so long before she could rise and clamber over a fallen log and race on. But

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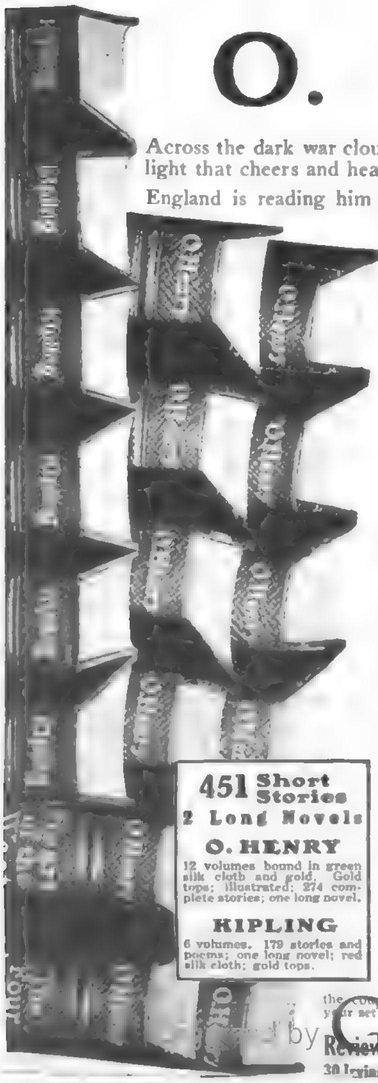

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darkness which tricked her protected her at the same time, playing no favorites now. Ruth, too, had fallen; Ruth, too, was frenzied at the brief delay.

Stumbling, falling, rising, staggering back from a tree into which she had run full tilt, bruised and torn, the girl ran on. At every free step hope shot upward in her heart; at every fall she grew sick with dread.

The cañon was broadening rapidly, the ground underfoot growing less broken and littered with boulders and logs. Through tangles of brush she went blindly, throwing herself forward, falling, rising, falling, rising again. It was a nightmare of a race, with Ruth always just there, almost at her heels. She turned as far away from the stream as she could, keeping under the cliffs. There was less brush here; here the way was more open, since the loose rocks, slipping down from above, had rolled toward the water. The shadows were thickest here.

She was outdistancing Mad Ruth. Ruth's weird voice came from a greater distance; the woman was ten, maybe twenty, feet behind her.

The moon at last rose pale gold above the eastern ridge. And now Judith could thank God for it. For the cañon had widened more and more, the banks of the river were studded with big trees, there were wide open spaces between them through which she shot like a frightened deer, turning this way and that, darting about a clump of little firs, plunging into the shadows under great sky-seeking cedars, running as she had never run before and as she knew Mad Ruth could not run.

Free! She was free. The triumph of it danced in her blood. On she ran and now Quinnion's voice and Ruth's were confused with the roar of the river. On she ran and on and on, and but faintly there came to her the sound of breaking brush somewhere behind her. Never had her blood sung within her as it sang now; never had the dim, moonlit solitudes of the mountains opened their sheltering arms to one more grateful to slip into them, like a wounded child into the soothing embrace of its mother.

Now again she turned so that her flying steps brought her close to the water's edge. Louder and louder grew its shouting voice in her ears, little by little drowning out the sounds of Ruth and Quinnion behind her. Now, in all the glorious night, there was no sound to reach her but the sound of running water and her own beating feet. She was free.

But still she ran, summoning all of the reserve of strength and will-power which was hers to command. The sky was brightening to the climbing moon. She must round many a sweeping curve of the river, pass under many a sheltering, shadowing tree before she dared slow her steps.

When she felt that she was overtaxing herself, she dropped from the wild pace she had set herself into a little jogging trot. When her whole body cried out at the effort demanded of it, she slowed down to a brisk walk. She was shot through with pain, her throat ached, she was growing dizzy. But on she went stubbornly. It was a full hour after the last sound of pursuit had died out after her that she flung herself down at the water's edge to drink and bathe her arms and face in the cold stream. And, even then, she chose a spot where the shadow of a great pine lay like ink over the bank.

THE moon was high in the sky, the world bright with it, when Judith left the valley into which the cañon had widened and made her way slowly upward along a timbered ridge to the west. Of Quinnion and Mad Ruth she now had no fear. Their chance of coming upon her was less than negligible. She could creep into a clump of thick-standing young trees and, even if they should come, could watch them go past. But as they had dropped out of her world, another matter had entered it. The mountains had befriended her; they had opened their arms to her and that was all that she had asked of them. They had mothered her, drawing her into hiding against their bosom. But it was a barren, barren breast. And already she was hungry, daring to eat but sparingly of her handful of bread and meat.

From this ridge, finding an open crest, she stood looking out over the world. Mile after mile of mountain and cañon and cliff fell away on every side. She sought eagerly for a landmark: to see yonder in the distance Old Baldy or Copper Mountain or Three Fools' Peak, any one of the mountains or ridges known to her. And in the end she could only shake her head and sigh wearily and slip down where she was to fall asleep, thanking God that she was free, asking God to lead her aright in the morning.

The stars watched over her, a pale, worn-out girl sleeping alone in the heart of the wilderness; the night breezes sang through the century-old tree-tops; and Judith, having striven to the uttermost, slept in heavy dreamlessness.

With the cool dawn she awoke shivering and hungry. Her hair had tumbled about her face, and sitting up she braided it with numb, sore fingers. She looked at her hands; they were stained with blood from many cuts. Her skirt was torn and soiled; her stockings were in strips; her knees were bruised. But as she rose to her feet and once more searched the riddle of a crag-broken world, her heart was light with thankfulness.

Last night the one friend she had with her was the north star. To-day she would seek to push on toward the west. In that direction she believed the Blue Lake Ranch lay, though at best it was a guess. But going westward she could follow the course of the bigger streams, and soon or late, if her strength held, she would come to some open valley where men ran stock. Now, she would go down into the little meadow lying a mile away yonder and seek to find something to eat. If she could but dig a few wild onions, wild potatoes, they would keep her alive. West she would go, if for no other reason than because thus she would be setting her back squarely upon the cavern where Quinnion and Ruth were.

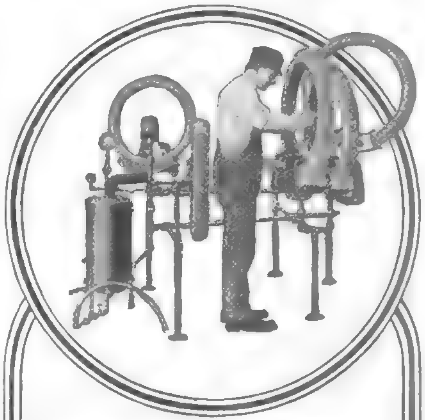
The sun rolled into a clear blue sky and warmed her. She made her way down the long flank of the mountain and into the tiny meadow. For upward of two hours she remained there, nibbling at roots which she dug up with a broken stick, seeking edible growths which she knew, finding little, but enough to keep the life in her, the heart warm in her breast. Then she went on, over a ridge again, down into a cañon and along the stream which rose here and flowed westward.

By noon she was faint and sick and had to stop often to rest, her legs shaking under her. Again she made a scant meal. She had stumbled on a tiny field of wild potatoes and ate what she could of them, thinking longingly of a match for a fire. The match which Ruth had dropped she still had, but she carefully reserved it now, thinking how perhaps a trout, caught in a pool, might save her life.

In her already half-starved condition and with the demands constantly put on her strength, she would grow weaker and weaker if help did not soon come. But she was still filled with the glory.

IT WAS a heart-weary, trembling Judith who late that afternoon made her way upward along another ridge, seeking anxiously to find from this lookout some landmark which she had sought in vain last night. In her blouse were the few roots she had brought with her from the field discovered at noon. Lying in a little patch of dry grass, resting, she watched the day go down and the night drift into the mountains, filling the cañons, creeping up the slopes, rising slowly to the peak to which she had climbed, seeping into her soul. Never had the passing of the day seemed to her so majestic a thing, truly filled with awe. Never until now had the solitudes seemed so vast, so utterly, stupendously big. Never until now, as she lay staring up into the limitless sky, having given up the world about her as unknown, had she drunk to the lees of the cup of loneliness.

The next instalment of "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch" will appear in the May number.



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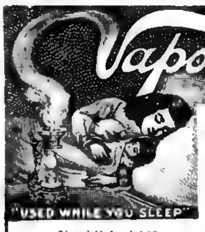

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OVER HERE

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

A FEW months ago we told how one little town in Maine—Norway—under the leadership of a few of its citizens mobilized its resources of men, land, money, time, and labor to take an active part in the war. Government officials saw in this story so great an inspiration and possibility of service that we are devoting this page to a record, from time to time, of similar instances of community response to the patriotic call of the hour—over here.

There are many other places like Norway. Their work should be equally inspiring to the towns of America. If you live in one—village, town, city, district, or county—that is proud of itself for its war work of any kind—tell us about it.

IF YOU said "America" not so long ago to a European, you were pretty likely to conjure up in his mind a picture of a rather unpleasant person loudly boasting that his country could "whip all creation." Even patriotism can not quite banish the feeling that the European did, in some cases, have some faint sort of justification. But since we got into this war there hasn't been a great deal of boasting. There has been a quiet, serene confidence. A bit too serene, perhaps. Because—while America isn't going to win this war single-handed, America has a definite, a vital, an indispensable part to play if the war is to be won.

Pershing's army, even if it grows to the strength of five million men, can't win the war by itself. It isn't only "over there" that we have work to do. Here at home, over here, we have got to put in some mighty licks.

There was Norway, Maine, mobilizing all its resources last summer, jumping into the war with everything it had. And all over the country little places—and big places, too—are doing as Norway did, and providing examples for communities that haven't yet applied all their power to the huge job we have in hand.

People have said: "Oh, you tell us about Norway! It's easy for a little, self-contained place like that to do what it did. We live in a suburb of a big city. It's entirely different for us!"

Is that so? Take **Nutley, New Jersey**—a suburb of New York, populated almost entirely by commuters. Nutley has systematized its part in the war. The place was canvassed. The Nutley Patriotic Fund Committee was organized. If you live in Nutley, you don't subscribe to a score of different funds or organizations; you give a certain amount, based upon your income and your ability in a financial way, to the single fund, which distributes the community contributions. The men of the Home Guard come to you for your subscription each week. Nutley has decided that when the country at large gives a million dollars, its share is a hundred. So—suppose the Red Cross wants to raise one hundred million dollars. Nutley's share is ten thousand dollars. The Patriotic Fund sends its check for that amount out of the common fund. Everything has been reduced to a system. There have been objections to the Nutley plan. It has been said that funds will never be oversubscribed, as Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. funds have been, in big drives. Nutley replies that funds will never be undersubscribed, either!

In **Kenosha, Wisconsin,** there is a common patriotic fund, like the one in Nutley. But there the system is different. On Wednesday mornings, at half-past eleven, all the factory whistles are sounded. Then, for half an hour, every man and woman and child in Kenosha who is at work is working for his or her country. The earnings of that half hour go to the patriotic fund, out of which Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other war funds receive Kenosha's share. Lawyers, doctors, professional men of all sorts, can't give a particular half hour's earnings, so they turn in one per cent. of their weekly earnings.

Again, with regard to the plea of the suburbanite, consider the case of the Main Line suburbs of **Philadelphia.** Here a committee was formed to take care of surplus produce in gardens and small farms—war gardens, many of them. Women did practically all the work. They saved a great deal of fruit and vegetables by providing pickers—forty-one small boys did a lot of that work, being paid by a trip to the Zoo in Philadelphia that cost nine dollars. Canneries were supplied; so were hospitals and various charitable institutions. Here, as in Norway, the idea was to increase the supply of food by making use of labor that would not, ordinarily, have been usefully employed at all. And the remark of one eleven-year-old boy when a comrade complained of the heat shows the spirit that went into the task: "Sure it's hot," he agreed; "but the boys in the trenches has got to get the eats!"

Women are coming to the fore right along. **Mount Holyoke College** systematized its war work. That is the secret of success, as Norway proved—system, organization, complete mobilization of effort and resources. Definite cuts were made in Mount Holyoke menus even before Mr. Hoover went to work in Washington. Out of nine hundred and sixty students, eight hundred volunteered for farm work; forty of these girls stayed on through the summer to carry on the farm work that had been begun before Commencement. Having some spare time, they helped out the local milkmen, who couldn't get male help. Mount Holyoke girls sold Liberty Bonds to the value of $49,500 in the college in a one-week drive. Class rings, spreads, festivities of all sorts were given up and the money saved put into bonds.

Other colleges have done well, too. At **Simmons College** in Boston, loyalty to country and to Alma Mater was combined by getting up a subscription, with gifts as small as twenty-five cents, to buy Liberty Bonds, which were given to the college endowment fund.

Oh, there are other Norways! North and east and west and south you can find them—each with its own new idea of how to make its weight felt in the war.

Pell City, Alabama, isn't even as big as Norway—its population is fifteen hundred. But it raised $76,750 for the second Liberty Loan—and it did it because somebody saw every man and woman and child in the town and made them feel the importance of what was afoot. The town sent a Christmas box—costing rather more than eight dollars—to every Pell City man in the Army or Navy, wherever he was. And it gave more than its fixed quota to every fund that has appealed to it.

ORGANIZATION needn't—it shouldn't—stop at town or city or village limits. The example of **Connecticut** is inspiring. The area of Connecticut isn't large, but the state is vastly important in the war work of the nation because of its vital manufactures. Connecticut is a munitions center. It was the first state to take a military census. The State Council of Defense, organized almost upon the outbreak of war, soon began to coordinate local efforts all over the state, and has done splendid service. This year labor problems on Connecticut farms will be handled by local committees backed by the state organization, and a record that was superb in 1917 bids fair to be put in the shade by the achievements of 1918.

TAM O' THE SCOOTS—*Continued from page 27*

every turn of the road, and the bombs followed or preceded them, or else flung up the earth to left or right.

"That's the tenth and the last, thank God!" said the sweating aide-de-camp. "Heaven and thunder! what an almost catastrophe!"

In the amazing spaces of the air, a lean face, pinched and blue with the cold, peered over the fusillage and watched the ant-like procession of pinpoint dots moving slowly along the snowy road.

"That's ma last!" he said, and picking up an aerial torpedo from between his feet, he dropped it over the side.

It struck the last car, which dissolved noisily into dust and splinters, while the force of the explosion overturned the car ahead.

"A bonnie shot," said Tam o' the Scoots complacently, and banked over as he turned for home. He shot a glance at the climbing circus and judged that there was no permanent advantage to be secured from an engagement. Nevertheless he loosed a drum of ammunition at the highest machine and grinned when he saw two rips appear in the wing of his machine.

By the time he passed over the German line all the Archies in the world were blazing at him, but Tam was at an almost record height—the height where men go dizzy and sick and suffer from internal bleeding. Over the German front-line trenches he dipped steeply down, but such had been his altitude that he was still ten thousand feet high when he came above his aerodrome.

He descended in wide circles, his machine canted all the time at an angle of forty-five degrees and lighted gently on the even surface of the field a quarter of an hour after he had crossed the line.

He descended to the ground stiff and numb, and Bertram walked across from his own machine to make inquiries.

"Parky, Tam?"

"It's no' so parky, Mr. Bertram, sir," replied Tam cautiously

"Rot, Tam!" said that youthful officer. "Why, your nose is blue."

"Aweel," admitted Tam. "But that's no' cold, that's—will ye look at ma altitude record?"

The young man climbed into the fusillage, looked and gasped.

"Dear lad!" he said, "have you been to heaven?"

"Verra near, sir," said Tam gravely; "another ten gallons o' essence an' A'd 'a' made it. A've been that high that A could see the sun risin' to-morrow!"

He started to walk off to his quarters but stopped and turned back. "Don't go near McBissing's caircus," he warned; "he's feelin' sore."

Tam made a verbal report to Blackie, and Blackie got on to Headquarters by 'phone.

"Tam seems to have had an adventure, sir," he said when he had induced H. Q. exchange to connect him with his general and gave the lurid details.

"It might be Hindenburg," said the general thoughtfully. "He's on the western front somewhere—that may explain the appearance of the circuses—or it may have been a corps general showing off the circus to a few trippers from Berlin—they are always running Reichstag members and pressmen round this front. Get Tam to make a report—his own report, not one you have edited." Blackie heard him chuckle. "I showed the last one to the army commander and he was tickled to death—hurry it along, I'm dying to see it."

If there is one task which an airman dislikes more than any other, it is report-writing. Tam was no exception, and his written accounts of the day's work were models of briefness.

In the days of his extreme youth he had been engaged in labor which did not call for the clerical qualities, and roughly his written "reports" were modeled on the "time sheets" he was wont to render in that far-off period, when he dwelt in lodgings at Govan, and worked at McArdle's Shipbuilding Yard. Thus:

Left aerodrome 6 A.M.

Enemy patrols encountered	5
Ditto ditto chased	4
Ditto ditto forced down	2
Bombs dropped on Verleur Station	5

&c. &c.

Fortunately Tam possessed a romantic and a poetical soul, and there were rare occasions when he would offer a lyrical account of his adventures containing more color and detail. As, for example, his account of his fight with Lieutenant Prince Zwartz-Hamelyn:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
Tae see oursel's as ithers see us."
Thus spake a high an' princely Hun
As he fired at Tam wi' his Maxim gun.
Thinkin', na doot, that bonnie lad
Was lookin', if no' feelin', bad.
But Tam he stalled his wee machine
An' straffit young Zwartz-Hamelyn.

It was Blackie who harnessed Tam's genius for description to the pencil of a stenographer, and thereafter, when a long report was needed by Headquarters, there would appear at Tam's quarters one Corporal Alexander Brown, Blackie's secretary, and an amiable cockney who wrote mystic characters in a notebook with great rapidity.

"Is it ye, Alec?" said Tam, suspending his ablutions to open the door of his "bunk." "Come away in, man. Is it a report ye want? Sit down on the bed an' help yeersel' to the seegairs. Ye'll find the whisky in the decanter."

Corporal Brown sat on the bed because he knew it was there. He dived into his pocket and produced a notebook, a pencil and a cigaret, because he knew they had existence, too. He did not attempt to search for the cigars and the whisky because he had been fooled before, and had on two separate occasions searched the bunk for these delicacies under the unsmiling eyes of Tam and aided by Tam's advice, only to find in the end that Tam was as anxious to discover such treasures as the baffled corporal himself.

"We will noo proceed with the thrillin' serial," said Tam, spreading his towel on the window-ledge and rolling down his shirt-sleeves. "Are ye ready, Alec?"

" 'Arf a mo', Sergeant—have you got a match?"

"Man, ye're a cadger of the most appallin' descreeption," said Tam severely. "A'm lookin' for'ard to the day when it'll be a coort-martial offense to ask yeer superior officer for matches—here's one. Don't strike it till ye give me one of yeer common cigarets."

The corporal produced a packet.

"A'll ask ye as a favor not to let the men know A've descended to this low an' vulgar habit," said Tam. "A'll take two or three as curiosities—A'd like to show the officers the kind o' poison the lower classes smoke——"

"Here! Leave me a couple!" said the alarmed non-commissioned officer as Tam's skilful fingers half emptied the box.

"Be silent!" said Tam, "ye're interruptin' ma train o' thochts—what did A say last?"

"You said nothing yet," replied the corporal, rescuing his depleted store.

"Here it begins," said Tam, and started:

> "At ten o'clock in the forenoon o' a clear but wintry day, a solitary airman micht hae been seen wingin' his lane way ameedst the solitude o' the achin' skies."

" 'Achin' skies'?" queried the stenographer dubiously.

"It's poetry," said Tam. "A got it oot o' a bit by Roodyard Kiplin', the Burns o' England, an' don't interrupt.

> "He seemed ower young for sich an adventure——"

"How old are you, Sergeant, if I may ask the question?" demanded the amanuensis.

"Ye may not ask, but A'll tell you—A'm seventy-four come Michaelmas, an' A've never looked into the bricht ees o' a lassie since A lost me wee Jean, who flit wi' a colonel o' dragoons, in the year the battle of Balaklava was fought—will ye shut yeer face whilst A'm dictatin'?"

"Sorry," murmured the corporal and poised his pencil.

> "Suddenly, as the wee hero was wingin' his lane through the maze

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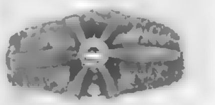

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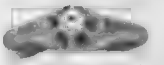

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o' cloods, a strange sicht met his ees. It was the caircus of McBissing! They were evolutin' by numbers, performin' their Great Feat of Balancin' an' Barebacked Ridin', Aerial Trapeze an' Tightrope Walkin', Loopin' the Loop by the death-defyin' Brothers Fritz, together with many laughable an' amusin' interludes by Whimsical Walker, the Laird o' Laughter, the whole concludin' with a Graund Patriotic Procession entitled Deutschland ower All—or Nearly All."

"I ain't seen a circus for years," said the corporal with a sigh. "Lord! I used to love them girls in short skirts——"

"Restrain yeer amorous thochts, Alec," warned Tam, "an' fix yeer mind on leeterature. Ye'll no' see a caircus like this. To proceed:

> "'Can it be,' says our hero, 'can it be that Mr. McBissing is doin' his stunts at ten-thairty o' the clock in the cauld morn, for sheer love o' his seenister profession? No,' says A—says our young hero—'no,' says he, 'he has a distinguished audience as like as not.'
>
> "Speerin' ower the side an' fixin' his expensive glasses on the groon, he espied sax motor-cars——"

The door was flung open and Blackie came in hurriedly. "Tam—get up," he said briefly. "All the damn circuses are out on a strafe—and we're It—von Bissing, von Rheinhoff, and von Wentzl. They're coming straight here and I think they're out for blood."

The history of that great aerial combat has been graphically told by the special correspondents. Von Bissing's formation—dead out of luck that day—was broken up by Archie fire and forced back, von Wentzl was engaged by the Fifty-ninth Squadron (providentially up in strength for a strafe of their own) and turned back, but the von Rheinhoff group reached its objective before the machines were more than five thousand feet from the ground and there was some wild bombing.

Von Rheinhoff might have unloaded his bombs and got away, but he showed deplorable judgment. To absolutely insure a successful outcome to the attack he ordered his machines to descend. Before he could recover altitude the swift little scouts were up and into the formation. The air crackled with the sound of Lewis-gun fire, machines reeled and staggered like drunken men, Tam's fighting Morane dipped and dived, climbed and swerved in a wild bacchanalian dance. Airplanes, British and German alike, fell flaming to the earth before the second in command of the enemy squadron signaled "Retire."

A mile away a battery of A. A. guns waited, its commander's eyes glued to a telescope.

"They're breaking off—stand by! Range 4,300 yards—deflection—There they go! Commence firing."

A dozen batteries were waiting to signal. The air was filled with the shriek of speeding shells, the skies were mottled with patches of smoke, white and brown, where the charges burst.

Von Rheinhoff's battered squadron rode raggedly to safety.

"Got him—whoop!" yelled a thousand voices as from one machine there came a scatter of pieces as a high-explosive shell burst under the wing, and the soaring bird collapsed and came trembling, slowly, head-over-heels to the ground.

Von Rheinhoff, that redoubtable man, was half conscious when they pulled him out of the burnt and bloody wreck.

He looked round sleepily at the group about him and asked in the voice of a very tired man:

"Which—of—you—fellows—bombed—our Kaiser?"

Tam leant forward, his face blazing with excitement. "Say that again, sir," he said.

Von Rheinhoff looked at him through half-opened eyes. "Tam—eh?" he whispered. "You—nearly put an empire—in mourning."

Tam drew a long breath, then turned away. "Nearly!" he said bitterly. "Did A no' tell ye, Captain Blackie, sir, that ma luck was oot?"

PLEASE, READERS.

Owing to the generally unsettled mail and transportation conditions, the delivery of all magazines is, and will be for a considerable period, subject to inevitable delays.

The Publishers of Everybody's ask your consideration in this situation, and especially request that a little extra time be allowed before notifying us of your failure to receive your copy. That will help us greatly in adjusting cases where the magazine has actually gone astray.

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August Van Gieson of New Jersey was employed by a big gas company. He was getting old—they wanted a younger man in his place, so out he went.

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CALF LOVE AND KELLY

BY KARL SCHMIDT

GREGORY KELLY

WE HAVE had plays for the young, we have had plays designed for that peculiar mixture of old-young and young-old persons, but the drama of youth has never found its way into our theatre save for an occasional performance of some adapted foreign play—Wedekind's "The Awakening of Spring" or Halbe's drama, known here as "The Elder Son."

Barrie's "Peter Pan" and Eleanor Gates's "The Poor Little Rich Girl" deal with childhood, but they have nothing to do with youth. The foreign dramatist has treated the problem of adolescence in a way that could not be acceptable to our mature theatre-goers. Here the drama of youth must be carefully calculated, that only the most idyllic episodes and incidents of awakening youth be presented.

"Seventeen"

THE writers of short stories have not neglected youth, and one at least, Mr. Booth Tarkington, has made youth almost a trade-mark. That a dramatization of one of his stories, or series of stories, should have been the first to get on the stage is not strange. There is a story that when Mr. Stuart Walker approached Mr. Tarkington to gain his consent for a production of "Seventeen" the author held that there was no play in the material. Accordingly, though Mr. Tarkington has written for the theatre himself, the dramatization was not made by him.

In play form "Seventeen" was tried out first in a stock company that Stuart Walker was running in Indianapolis—Mr. Tarkington's home city. The success was almost instantaneous. Then followed a tour through the Middle West which, in a war year, is a record almost without precedent, and early January found a New York premier of what was virtually a stock production in Indianapolis, and with only one change in cast! It all goes to show that in the theatre, as Claude Elmer Humphrey would phrase it, "You never can tell."

The public was ready for this story of calf love and small town life. Mr. Tarkington chose the most interesting time in a boy's life, that time when he draws away from his mother and then, through his first disappointment in love, comes back to her with a tenderness that had not earlier displayed itself.

Enter Gregory Kelly

NOTWITHSTANDING the artistic sympathy of the production and the careful attention to detail, "Seventeen" is made possible only by the acting of Gregory Kelly. The impish *Jane*, most popular in the stage version, as in the stories, has the advantage of being what stage people call a character. *William Sylvanus Baxter* must be played straightforwardly and with the dead seriousness of seventeen. This, Gregory Kelly somehow succeeds in achieving.

" 'I am not young, I only look so. I am seventeen.' When I was playing in Mrs. Fiske's production of 'The Green Cockatoo,' I spoke those words. Since I've been playing this part in 'Seventeen,' that line of the Schnitzler play has recurred to me again and again. Most persons think that that was when my stage career began, but really I began with Jefferson—not his son, but Joseph Jefferson himself. I played *Heinrick* in 'Rip Van Winkle.' It was at the Harlem Opera House and I was in school at the time. In spite of this early and pleasant taste of the stage I continued in school. I have supported Virginia Harned, Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams and Otis Skinner."

With all this, busy young Mr. Kelly has found time to play in Shakespeare and was for one summer a "dew-wader" in Ben Greet's Open Air Company. For the past two years he has played in the Portmanteau Company in the imaginative dramas of Lord Dunsany and as the hunchback in Oscar Wilde's "The Birthday of the Infanta."

SMALL wonder, then, that Gregory Kelly brings experience to the difficult part of *William Sylvanus Baxter* in Booth Tarkington's story of calf love. The incident of the first dress suit, his concern that he may not appear dignified before the "baby talk lady" at the party, the irritating annoyance of Jane, his younger sister, his resigned Sidney Carton pose when he waits behind at the motor picnic, yielding his seat to the hated rival, and his constant exclamation, "Ye gods," are as irresistible on the stage as in the stories—and a thoroughly workmanlike picture of certain phases of American small-town life.

FRONT-PAGE FRANKIE—*Continued from page 40*

"What other excuse would a reporter have for calling on Miss Frances Everett Wayne?"

"That's not kind of you. You know I haven't treated you as a reporter."

"How could I tell? You're always good to reporters."

"Richard Dulany, I wouldn't have as—as infallibly *mean* a memory as yours for anything in the world!"

"Oh, it's got its redeeming defects," he defended.

"I haven't found them. Don't you think you could make it forget a little, so that you could bring yourself to regard me as some sort of human being?" Her eyes were kind, even wistful, as they appealed to him.

"It wouldn't be safe," he said unguardedly. "And most unprofessional," he hastened to amend, in a brisker tone. "I'd as soon think of the Grand Cañon or the Prohibition party that way. To a reporter, you see, you're an institution."

He knew he had hurt her now, for he saw her lip quiver; and he tried to assure himself that he was glad of it. But she was unconquerably game.

"I'm afraid I'm late for an engagement," she said, rising with great dignity and slowly moving to the door. "Do you mind leaving those clippings? I—I want to look at them—for a purpose."

"Haven't you your scrap-book with you?" he asked slyly.

Miss Wayne's dignity, I regret to state, fell from her with a bang.

Though perhaps it was her foot descending angrily upon the floor that caused the concussion.

"Of course I'll leave them," he said.

"Thank you. I'll send them back to-morrow."

"*Send* them?"

"Send them." There was no mistaking the implication.

"Then I'm not to come here to see you any more?"

"The institution is closed to the public."

"But my article——"

The protest was made to a closed door. Much crestfallen, Mr. Richard Dulany sought solace and advice from La Princesse Peau de Cygne. The unsympathetic opinion of that social arbiter was that this time he *had* put his foot in it.

IV

FORTHWITH, the *Star* ceased to exist for Miss Frances Everett Wayne. It was sternly banned from her cottage. If she chanced upon a copy at the club, she turned away resolutely. All this was wasted trouble, for the paper's treatment of her activities had become strictly technical, correct and inoffensive, so long as she confined herself to the beaten paths which lead to minor but legitimate mention on the society page, as she strictly did for a fortnight. But there came a day when the old Eve, avid of the print of the press, undertook to command, in a special exhibition drill, a squad of the local, smart cavalry troop. Despite sweating sergeants and cursing file corporals, the result was a horrid mélange of horses prancing upon each other's tails, culminating in an involuted series of contortions more suggestive of the Laocoon than of any formation described in the book of tactics. All of this was set forth in an intolerably flippant spirit, not where its chief subject would have failed to see it, in the pages of the *Star*, but where she couldn't help but see it, viz., upon a neatly cut-out-and-pasted-up slip of *Star* print mailed to her address.

It was a matter of comment by a caller, later in the morning, that Miss Wayne's eyes were a trifle smaller, her attention variable, and her temper uncertain. Also the Golden Gate class in Special War Gardening was informed by telephone that Miss Wayne would be unable to make her promised address on the following day, because of indisposition. A doctor would have been puzzled to diagnose her ailment. She herself would have identified it, if put to the question, as a slight nausea superinduced by the sight of printed matter.

She never wanted to see a newspaper again! At least, not the newspaper which Mr. Richard Dulany represented. Nor—she added this aloud, in a hard, firm, self-respecting tone—Mr. Richard Dulany himself.

Therefore, when he called, she was out, and when he phoned, she was busy, and when he wrote, acknowledging the return of the clippings, and humbling himself to the extent of offering to write any sort of article about her that she might approve, she vouchsafed no recognition of his existence, for she read between the lines a covert derision which wasn't there at all. Dulany began to be uneasily convinced that Dot Massingale was right.

Three weeks of hard work on the *Star's* special campaign against lurking treason, kept Dulany busy but not happy. Above everything else he wanted to see Frances Wayne. If necessary, he was prepared to explain everything and throw himself on her mercy. He noticed that her name had almost dropped out of the columns of the other papers. Was she, perhaps, ill? Or, worse, going back home? At that supposition the world grew dark about the Machiavellian Richard and he projected desperate and impracticable measures. In the midst of which it all came about quite simply. Dulany, in the course of one of his special investigations was astonished, one day, to see Miss Wayne's unmistakable
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"Is it anything in which

She shook her head.
business."

Dulany hesitated. "I don
be officious," he ventured, "but Lobens isn't the type of lawyer can safely trust."

"It's my laundress out at the Buckingham place," she decided to explain. "The poor old thing got into his clutches over a damage suit. And he kept all the money awarded to her, for his fee."

"Naturally. Did you get anything out of him?"

"Nothing but suave assurances that it was all quite regular. I'm going now to consult a good lawyer. Can you give me the address of one?"

"Perhaps it won't be necessary. Give me the outlines of the case."

She told him the story; an ugly little tale of chicanery and imposition by a shrewd rascal upon an ignorant old woman.

"And you're interesting yourself to the extent of taking all this trouble. Why?"

"Why?" she repeated. "Why not? Somebody's got to help her. She can't do it herself."

"I see," said Dulany musingly.

Suddenly, she flamed scarlet. "Oh, I know what you are thinking!" she said in a low voice. "It isn't so! It isn't! I wouldn't have this in the papers for anything. Are you laughing at me?"

"No, I'm not laughing at you. I'm being sorry."

"For me?"

"For myself. I've been a—well, that can wait. Mr. Lobens can't. Will you go back with me to his office? I think the fact of a reporter being on this case will put the fear of the Lord into our friend inside."

They entered together. "This is Mr. Dulany of the *Star*," said the girl to the spider.

The effect upon that legal insect was surprising. He shriveled. "Mr. Richard Dulany? The owner of the *Star?*" he quavered.

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This was more than young Mr. Dulany had foreseen. "Where have I ever known you?" he demanded, deeply chagrined at the betrayal, and trying, in a side glance, to see how the girl was affected. She was staring at him incredulously.

"You haven't, sir. It doesn't matter. If I had known this young lady was a friend of yours, there would have been no difficulty over this little matter. I am sure that it can be arranged satisfactorily at once, provided that—er—I can be assured that there will be no publicity. This young lady, I am sure, with her sensitive temperament, can appreciate that one shrinks from newspaper notoriety," he concluded, making his appeal in perfect good faith.

For his life, Dulany could not have withstood it. He made a gallant struggle to pretend it was a strangling fit, but the laughter broke through and had its will of him, while the shyster wondered and the atmosphere about the girl became chillier and chillier and more and more rarefied. Nor was the frigidity mitigated by a noble roll of bills which the terrorized lawyer placed in her hands.

"My first experience of blackmail," said Dulany lightly, as they emerged into the still, dim vestibule. Miss Wayne declined to be interested in the matter.

"So you own the *Star?*" she said.

"I do."

"And you're not a reporter at all."

"I am, until I have learned the business."

"A very honorable business, which you use to make friends with people and then ridicule them in your paper!"

Dulany's tone, which had been conciliatory, not to say humble, changed. "Wherein have I ever been dishonorable about it? Have I pretended to any other basis than that of a reporter?"

"Not in words, perhaps. But—but in other ways, you have let me think you a friend. And now to be repeatedly insulted——"

"Go slow, Frances. When have I insulted you?"

"Well, your paper has said all those things."

Dulany gathered his reserves of resolution, fortified by indignation at the charge of his dishonorable conduct.

"I'll make you the judge," he said, with an appearance of great candor. "If they weren't all substantially true I'll admit that you're right and that I'm a low and dishonorable sneak. Now—were they or weren't they?"

For the first time in her life Miss Frances Everett Wayne, expert in publicity, made to a representative of that press which she so skilfully manipulated for her own ends, a wholly tactless, unguarded and personal statement.

"I hate you!" she said.

"I love you!" said Richard Dulany.

"Me!" she cried incredulously. "An institution? I'm sure you could as soon love the Grand Cañon or the Prohibition party."

"Who's got the 'infallibly mean memory' now?" he queried, ruefully.

"Unfortunately I *have* a memory. And unfortunately I have too much to forget. I thank you for helping me to get Mrs. Flannery's money. And would it be too much," she added with sweetly calculated malice, "to ask you not to write it up in your paper?"

For that indignity there was but one appropriate reprisal. Promptly and emphatically, Mr. Dulany kissed Miss Wayne square upon the offending lips. There was a little outraged cry. The door opened and slammed, shutting him in and her out; the motor outside purred, and the reporter-proprietor of the *Star* got the door open again and himself out upon the porch barely in time to see the car whisking Miss Wayne around the corner. He was shocked and grieved to see that she was apparently in tears.

For an unprecedented period thereafter, the *Star* achieved the impossible in journalism. It proved that it was practicable to publish a newspaper without so much as mentioning the name of Miss Frances Everett Wayne. Indeed, there was neither occasion nor excuse for reference to that past-mistress of publicity. She had apparently retired from the field.

"This is a bad precedent," observed La Princesse Peau de Cygne. "If it should become good form to keep out of the papers, how could I pay my club dues?"

"What do you make of her new tack?" inquired Dulany, to whom the complaint was addressed.

"Ah! That's not so easy. Perhaps she thinks she's been overdoing it. She's very clever. Or, it may be that she's planning some grand coup. Or, possibly, the lesson has gone home. When are you going to own up and tell her about the trick?"

Like many men of languid exterior, Richard Dulany possessed a stratum of good, reliable obstinacy in his make-up. "Not until I'm sure she's cured."

"Well, I suppose you're enjoying it?"

"Enjoying it! Dot," he said soberly, "it's just hell."

Further admission between those two, who thoroughly understood each other, would have been superfluous. "Poor boy!" said Dot. "You're actually getting thin over it. I thought it was the treason propaganda thing that was worrying you."

"Oh, that!" he returned contemptuously. "What I'm afraid of, Dot, is that she'll go away."

"Then you can go after her."

"She won't see me."

"Good sign," said the astute Miss Marsingale. "I don't see how she could, after what you've done to her in the paper—or she thinks you've done."

"I've just got to wait my chance, I suppose."

That chance was being matured by a philosophical person of foreign extraction, a member of a private circle whose conviction of the sinfulness of all war and bloodshed was so profound that it could express itself adequately only in more or less subtle and secret designs, with dynamite and noiseless firearms for their chief manifestation. This gentle soul hired a room across the street from Richard Dulany's office, and at an appropriate time, opened his window, took aim, and pulled a trigger.

The echo of that muffled shot, if not precisely heard around the world, penetrated at least as far as Buckingham, where it reached Miss Dot Massingale through the medium of the *Star's* slightly hysterical telephone girl. It was so timed as to enable Miss Massingale to miss the five-twelve train to town by just forty seconds. White-faced and anxious-eyed, she hurried back to the street and was all but run down by Frances Wayne's big Triplex. Now, whether or not Miss Wayne still maintained her policy, in the face of grievous disillusions, of being always kind to reporters, I can not state. Dot's face was enough to have stirred to purely human sympathy a harder heart than Frances Wayne's. She brought the car to such a halt as that tenderly reared mechanism had seldom known in its pampered career.

"Are you in trouble, Miss Massingale?"

"Richard Dulany has been shot."

"Killed?" The girl's voice fluttered like a dried leaf.

"No. I don't think so. The office didn't seem to know how bad it is. And I missed the train."

"Get in."

No further word was spoken between the women. But Dot Massingale, stealing an occasional glance at the lovely set face beside her, prayed for two, that Dulany's life might be saved. They beat the train in. At the small alley entrance to the *Star*, whither Dot directed the car, there was no crowd.

"You go in," said Frances Wayne. "And—and you'll come back and tell me—soon—won't you?"

Dot answered the appeal of the golden-rayed eyes by kissing her; then disappeared. But she did not return with the tremulously awaited message.

Richard Dulany did. He walked with a slight limp.

"Miss Massingale sends her excuses and thanks for bringing her in," he said. "She's going to stay."

The girl's regard brooded on him, enfolded him. But she spoke no word.

"Reports of my death greatly exaggerated," he said lightly. "I happened to stand up at the psychological moment, and the bullet only barked my knee."

"I don't think I can drive," she said very low.

Then he saw how she was trembling. Half-lifting her to the other seat, he took the wheel.

"Are we going back to Buckingham?"

"Wherever you will," she answered, and her tone thrilled him.

The great car swooped like a bird, up and down the cliffside streets of Golden Gate City, until it broke through a picket line of smoky factories to open country and the contour of an abrupt hill overlooking the Golden Bay. Silence was maintained like a covenant between the man and the girl.

At the summit, cut off from earth, and alone in this solitude of his choosing, he turned to her. She met his eyes, direct.

"Let me speak first. It's all true."

"What's all true?"

"All that the *Star* said, and all that it meant. The—the cheapness and," she spoke with an effort, "the vulgarity of what I have been doing. Only, I wish it hadn't been you that published it."

"It was never published," he said quietly.

"How can you say that when I saw it myself?"

"That was a trick. Those clippings that I sent you never appeared in the paper. They were nothing but special proof, set up and struck off for that purpose."

"Was it a joke?" she asked doubtfully.

"No, it wasn't a joke, Frances. It was an experiment. At least it began so. And then, it became something infinitely more important, to me, at least. So, there's my confession; half of it, rather. Am I forgiven for my impertinence?"

"I'm glad you told me," she said simply. "I couldn't quite understand a man like you using your newspaper to shame a woman—even justly."

"And the other half of my confession I made to you that day on the lawyer's steps. Have you forgotten it?"

"No."

"Shall I repeat it?"

"Yes," she murmured.

And she answered his confession with a wordless confession of her own, followed by this astounding enunciation of principles:

"But I'm sure I never should have loved you if you hadn't made me hate you first."

"What will your friends say—dearest," he said with tender malice, "to your marrying into the newspaper game after having played it so long?"

"I haven't said I'd marry you yet, have I?" she challenged.

"But you will!"

"If I do, Dick, will you promise to keep it out of the papers?" said Front-Page Frankie.

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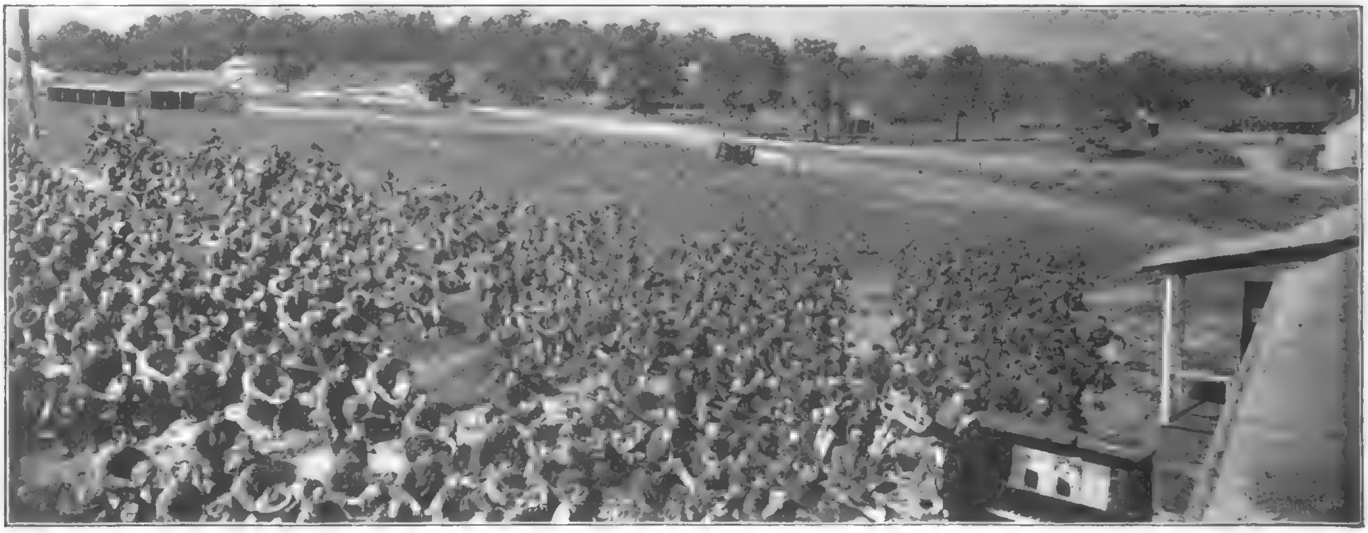

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UNCLE SAM'S SINGING ARMY

BY GRACE HUMPHREY

"IF I'M going into this thing," said Uncle Sam, "I want to do it right. I must have a FIGHTING army. I must have a FLYING army. I must have a TRENCH army." And he set to work forthwith to achieve each of these.

Next comes the Red Cross and says, "We must have a WELL army."

And up speak many organizations with, "It must be a LOOKED-AFTER-IN-RECREATION-TIME army."

But here is the newest adjective: "It must be a SINGING army," General Bell, who was in command at Camp Upton, on Long Island, said emphatically—and many other army officers echoed him.

Upton is a camp of forty-four thousand men—as large as many a city—and its people are as varied as you could possibly think. In addition to the hundreds of buildings provided by Uncle Sam, one is being put up by subscriptions from private citizens and soldiers alike—a great auditorium seating ten thousand people. And, of this building officers and men are as proud as they are of anything in their camp, for here they will come together for their "sings."

Last summer, General Bell got word of something new that was going on in Syracuse, and paid a visit there to see for himself, or rather to hear.

He saw thirty thousand men, recruits of the Regular Army, encamped in the fair grounds. In the peristyle of the Exposition Building he saw three thousand or more civilians, met for their weekly community singing, and in the open court opposite, three-fourths of the soldiers in the camp. And *civilians* and *soldiers* were singing *together*—a new, common interest between citizens and army.

He saw a camp of raw recruits, from many states, from many countries—hundreds and hundreds of the men were of foreign birth—Italians, Greeks, Poles—who could speak little English. And he heard them singing English words and getting along with it. Later the general was taken to see the classes in English, started in the Syracuse camp as a result of the singing. For you can sing a language before you can speak it, and singing English inspires foreigners to learn it.

He saw every man at the "sing" joining in, and singing with a will, not as though they were ordered to. When they sang alternate verses with the community chorus, he was surprised that the women's voices were not missed. For the soldiers were putting in two and three parts, and doing it well, too. He watched their eagerness, how they couldn't wait till the cornettist finished, but began on the second line and sang the song through twice; how they were quick to catch the signal to *ritard* or hurry up; how they hunted through the long handbills giving the words of the songs, and called out, "Number four!" or "Give us sixteen!"

What were they singing? Songs that soldiers like. But it does not follow that this means the songs you think they will like, or think they ought to like. Of the patriotic songs, they used only "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The so-called patriotic song which is prevalent to-day they would have none of, though plenty of them have been offered. They smack of commercialism. The author evidently thinks there'll be a fine sale for a patriotic song just now, and he falls to the job of writing for the army. Or they come from the well-meaning but ignorant desire of some man or woman to do his bit by giving the proceeds of the song to the Red Cross or some other organization, never considering that it takes thousands of dollars to float and popularize a song. For the most part, if they came to the hands of the soldier, they would turn him against singing entirely.

For real patriotism isn't whooping it up and hurrahing for the flag, nor boastingly eulogizing our country, nor patting khaki-clad men on the back with a "dear boys," or "Soldier true, die or do!" As for the new words to the fine old tunes, which are intended to embody the thought and need of the times, they are an insult to the tune and to the public and to patriotism itself. If you have pull and influence, you can sick this kind of stuff on to the public school, and the poor kiddies have to put up with it. But it won't go down with the soldiers!

What songs do they really like? Songs that give the feeling of brotherhood and comradeship, that express endearing sentiments of their country, and of their home life in that country. The Stephen Foster songs are perhaps the best example, and most popular they are—"Old Black Joe," "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home." They like "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "The Long, Long Trail." "Annie Laurie" and "Auld Lang Syne" alternate with "Over There" and "Pack Up Your Troubles."

And how those men sang! For that leader—it was Harry Barnhart at that time—the general saw at once, had the quality of leadership, and to a marked degree. He was so genial and good-natured, he laughed with and at the men, he never scolded, never got impatient, but proudly told them when they did well. He had, besides, a fine baritone voice, so magnetic that hearing him sing a phrase made you long to sing it too, and somehow, you thought you could, he made singing seem so easy! And men who said they couldn't and wouldn't, found themselves joining in his chorus, willy-nilly.

"Who wants to sing a verse of this?" General Bell heard him call out, "and let us come in on the chorus?" And up stepped a volunteer. This request never failed to produce a soloist, and fine singers were discovered. One was an Italian who had had splendid training in Europe; another was a vaudeville singer. "You can get anything you want in the army," the leader added jokingly, as the man went to the platform. "I just reach out and take what I want, from a horse-jockey to an opera star. Now then, are you ready? And watch me for the chorus!"

And how they sang it, with a peculiar minor quality in their voices!

> "Keep the home fires burning,
> While your hearts are yearning;
> Though your lads are far away,
> They dream of home."

And at the end of the "sing," General Bell stood by and listened to the comments of the men who crowded around. Some in broken English, some in the unmistakable East Side accent, called out, "Well, captain, that was great!" While the next, in the naive speech of the country boy, said shyly, "I say, mister, that was fine!" And many a one added, "You're going to be with us over there, ain't you?"

THE officers at the camp last summer confessed quite frankly that at first they looked askance at any effort of a civilian to accomplish something in the army. But after one "sing," no one was keener to help along, when they saw the men headed that way. After that first try-out, General Morton, commanding at Syracuse, said to Barnhart, "Go ahead! I'll give you all the time you want. This is what I've been looking for all my life!"

Soon after the camp at Yaphank was ready, General Bell invited, almost "conscripted," Harry Barnhart to make the newly drafted men at Upton into a singing army. For he had watched his troops in the Philippines, and had learned that the singing was the one thing they could all share alike. In talking to a group of future officers at the first Plattsburg camp, he had said, "I advise you to pay particular attention to the singing. That will weld your company and your regiment together quicker than any other thing. And," he added the sentence that has since become famous, "singing men are fighting men!"

And, best of all, the singing has by no means been limited to Upton. It has spread rapidly over the length and breadth of encamped America. There are fifteen other National Army camps, each as large as this; and sixteen for the National Guard and twenty for the Regular Army and nine for officers' training and thirty naval training stations, in addition to the aviation corps and ambulance service, and all of them are singing. Each company in camp, each contingent on a ship, will have a song-leader.

The Federal Commission on Training Camp Activities, prompt to see the value of community singing, appointed a special committee for camp music and started "sings." The song-leaders were carefully chosen—men who had a thorough musical background, who had good voices and knew how to use them; men with whom the spirit of fellowship was instinctive, who had adaptability and tact, who could fraternize, who could inspire tired men to sing for the sheer love of it, who had snap and enthusiasm to put things over.

And well-equipped men they are, doing their bit for Uncle Sam in the service for which they are specially trained; such men as Kenneth Clark, composer of a large number of Princeton songs, who began work with the Allentown ambulance training-corps and then was transferred to Camp Meade; and the two Kimseys, who have given up their Chautauqua music to lead the "sings" at Camp Pike and Camp Gordon; and John Archer, who organized the community choruses in Providence and Pittsfield and North Adams, Massachusetts, and is now at Camp Custer; and Vernon Stiles of the Chicago Opera Company; and the young composer, Geoffrey O'Hara, who has both Regular Army men and the Officers' Reserve Corps at Fort Oglethorpe; and Daniel Griffin and Percy Hemus, concert artists; and Robert Lloyd, coming from the Pacific Coast to take charge in the officers' training camp at Fort Niagara, and later at Plattsburg and Camp Merritt; and Stanley Hawkins at Madison Barracks —to name only a few of the critics, vocal teachers, composers, concert artists, heads of music departments in universities and schools, who are helping to make a singing army. And each of them has proven for himself all the points General Bell learned in the Philippines and saw again at Syracuse. The story holds good for any general and any camp and any song-leader.

To get the music standardized, that the men from all these different camps, meeting somewhere in France, may have the same songs and identical words, the Federal Commission issued an army and navy song book, which embodies the accumulated experience of various song-leaders. In compiling the standardized song book, John Alden Carpenter, the composer, Miss Frances Brundage, supervisor of the Chicago Civic Music Association, and Le Roy Allen of the music faculty of the University of California, worked with the committee on camp music. For it is of the greatest importance that all our men in France should know the same music and the same words.

A thin little volume in olive-drab linen, it is small enough to slip into the pocket of the olive-drab blouse, yet it gives the words of sixty-nine songs. The first edition, of a half million copies, was sold at cost at all the army and navy camps. Another edition with music was compiled for the bands to use, and a third will be issued for community choruses and glee clubs. In Europe our men will be proud of it, for it expresses not Kaiser Bill braggadocio Americanism, but an international dignity and a big spirit.

EVERY one knows how the German soldiers sing, how at the outbreak of the war mighty choruses gathered in Berlin, chanting "*Deutschland über Alles*," to the ringing rhythm of marching feet. From childhood the German is trained to sing. The gymnasium boys, out for a hike with a professor, have to sing at the word of command, and a lad who doesn't join in gets a hit over the head. In the army every man sings; it's part of his job, part of his physical equipment.

But in securing this physical efficiency, their leaders abuse the spiritual power in community singing. Their songs tell but one thing—the sense of Germany's great destiny, boasting of her prowess, threatening the destruction of her enemies, exulting in her victories. That is the German army, that is the German mind.

Our soldiers are beating the Germans at their own game, for they sing of all hearts and all kindredship. Our army is the biggest brotherhood in the world. Philosophy, religion, science, government—these are changing and altering constantly. The army is steadfast, a common denominator into which fit all sorts and conditions of men. And the medium of their big brotherhood is the spirit of song, directing their tremendous energy into a new force that has never yet existed in the world. Before this war is over, the conquering spirit will be that of brotherhood, not that of iron and blood, for SINGING men are FIGHTING men.

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

OVER THERE

OVER there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

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I MAY BE GONE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME

I MAY be gone for a long, long time,
Long, long time; long, long time;
But when I go
You will know
That I'll always pine
For the day when you'll be mine.
Be true to me for a long, long time,
Rain or shine, sweetheart mine,
And I'll be just as true to you
As to the Red, White, and Blue.
Though I'm gone for a long, long time.

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THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

NIGHTS are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

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WHEN THE GREAT RED DAWN IS SHINING

THO' I am far across the ocean blue,
Each lonely hour my heart remembers you;
Each tender look, each word I used to know,
Comes back to, back to me,
From out the long ago.

When the great red dawn is shining,
When the waiting hours are past,
When the tears of night are ended
And I see the day at last,
I shall come down the road of sunshine,
To a heart that is fond and true,
When the great red dawn is shining,
Back to home, back to love, and you.

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PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG

PACK up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile;
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys—that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

THEY were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song:

Keep the Home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning.
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining;
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

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OFF FOR FRANCE

WE'RE needed now in Europe, and we plan a little trip.
We do not dare to give the date or mention name of ship.
We'll take a loaf of bread with us for rations while we're gone,
And Hoover will be pleased with us, because it's made of corn.
So we must go away,
We're off for France to-day.
We're off for France to take a chance for the U. S. A.

We're going to take a little chance;
We're going to France!
We're going to try a little run,
To get our duty done,
To have a little fun.
We mean to clear it up, an' cheer it up, and then come home.

On our way across the ocean, if we chance on submarines,
We'll take the opportunity to fill 'em up with beans.
Or if we see a flier, we will catch it on the fly
By putting salt upon its tail as it goes flying by.
So we must go away.
We're off for France to-day.
We're off for France to take a chance for the U. S. A.

We're going to take a little chance,
We're going to France!
We're going to try a little run,
To get our duty done,
To have a little fun.
We mean to clear it up, an' cheer it up, and then come home.

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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

WHAT CHICAGO HAS DONE

SINCE last summer, when Captain Steever was called away to take up his war duties—he is now a major in the Aviation Branch of the Signal Corps—the record of the Chicago High-School Volunteers has been a model of thorough organization and training, and of prompt and efficient mobilization for war service. It testifies most strongly not only to the ability and enthusiasm of Captain F. L. Beals, Major Steever's successor as head of the Chicago work, but also to the strength and permanence of the High-School Volunteer Idea, and its power to sustain the vital enthusiasm for military training among high-school boys at all times, and to serve as a definite, immediate opportunity for them to help, and get ready to help, in the war.

These are some of the things the Chicago boys have done:

1. Prepared a thorough, practical course, on the competitive plan, in bomb and grenade throwing, using Mills' bombs, and grenades, like these that fly from trench to trench in France—but dummies—made by the boys themselves in the school foundries and manual training rooms. The cold weather interrupted the competition at the end of the first term, but it is to be carried out to a finish as soon as spring permits. Suitable prizes will be offered to the winning team.

2. Organized a course in semaphore signaling carried out on the competitive basis between schools and school districts. The best teams—boys who can take and send sixty letters per minute!—will compete for gold medals given by Mr. John J. Sloane. The five best men in this work in each company are designated as signal men and wear special insignia of crossed flags on gray cloth, on the sleeve.

3. Five hundred boys are studying telegraphy in the high schools, and a special course of H. S. V. U. S. training has been organized for these.

4. Wall-scaling competitions were held in February and competitions in the war game will be held soon, so that the winning team may be given a trip to Washington in April to compete with the crack team of the Washington schools.

5. Preparations are being made for the National H. S. V. U. S. week in Chicago on a truly war scale, including the competitive drill for the *Tribune* Flag, the competitive review for the EVERYBODY'S National Banner, the Beatty Flag and the Walter Greenbaum Cup, now held by the Englewood High School in Chicago. Plans are also under way for the H. S. V. U. S. training-camp to be held this summer. Details will be announced in the next number of EVERYBODY'S.

6. The volunteers were mobilized to help the Chicago Post-office when it was swamped by the Christmas avalanche. Two hundred or more were sworn in as temporary mail-carriers, tramped the rounds in postmen's caps, and helped save the day in true Volunteer spirit.

THE Chicago boys are helping to win the war—by speeding up their training, by giving it a direct war-slant, and by offering their labor, in any capacity in which the community requires it. Any community can have its corps of Volunteers. Any corps of Volunteers can do what the Chicago Volunteers have done. Many have.

If you haven't, but want to, write us. We'll help with the training part. Write the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve, Department of Labor, Washington. They'll help with the labor part. This organization is enrolling all boys between sixteen and twenty-one, physically fit and willing, to mobilize the young men of the country for food production and for work of all kinds helpful in winning the war. It needs the High-School Volunteers of the United States and we need it.

If your high school is one that has done its bit in the Chicago way or in its own way, and knows ways that other schools ought to know, the more reason for writing us. We want such stories, suggestions, advice to pass on—to "carry on." Send them—NOW.

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Two serials, and shorter features of up-to-the-month interest.

On the News-stands April 23d

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH SWEDEN?

—Continued from page 46

known that they had come to a perfect understanding with the British Foreign Office, and the mass of the people at once began to take hope. When nothing further happened, the Prime Minister, who had all along opposed the negotiations, was held responsible, and the principal cry heard during the popular demonstrations leading up to the downfall of Hammarskjöld was for an immediate settlement with Great Britain.

Fooling the Swedish People

THE Swartz-Lindman cabinet took power and was assured a certain amount of Radical acquiescence on the explicit understanding that its first action would be to bring the negotiations with Great Britain to a successful finish. I have good reason to believe that, at that time, the members of the Secret Committee of the Riksdag felt confident that the new Cabinet had acted in accordance with its promises. When, nevertheless, everything went on as before, rumors began to spread that the British Government had changed its mind and did not want a settlement. I have reason to assert that this was not true until long after the United States had entered the war, and I have equally good reason to believe that, from the return of the Swedish delegates to Stockholm and until I left that city in July, the Swedish Government had never so much as mentioned the proposed commercial settlement to the representative of the British Government at Stockholm.

Yet prominent members of the Riksdag imagined that repeated conferences on that subject had occurred between the Foreign Minister and the British Minister. In other words, I feel convinced that the two Conservative governments who handled the affairs of the Swedish nation until a few months ago, and who shaped the policy responsible for the present American attitude of mind toward Sweden—I feel convinced beyond all doubt that both these governments deceived and misled the nation in all sorts of ways on all sorts of questions, just as outwardly they misrepresented the Swedish people in every sense that can be read into that word.

"Then why did the Swedes permit a government not representing the will of the people to remain so long in power?" I can hear the average American exclaim. The answer brings us face to face with the third trouble from which Sweden has been and still is suffering: fear of a militaristic Germany not yet deprived of its power to strike hard at any offending small country. I found traces of this fear everywhere while I was in Sweden. It appeared in those who love Germany no less than among those who hate it. For three long years that fear laid its paralyzing hand on every public action in Sweden. For three long years the men really representing the nation felt compelled to leave the power in the hands of those who would be sure to misrepresent it, and they felt as they did simply because that very misrepresentation was expected to stave off German brutality a little longer. During all that time the Radical groups had a large majority in the Lower House, and a small one in both houses when meeting for joint balloting. The reason why they waited until last October, when the regular fall elections had taken place, to assume the responsibility and the power that had so long been theirs by right, was given by one of the leading Radicals, who said to me last spring:

"A Radical government at the present time would undoubtedly mean war with Germany, and—we have no adequate means of defense."

And Scaring Them

THE tragedy of it was that even the men on that side continued until quite recently to believe that Germany must win in the long run—or at least that Germany could never be beaten sufficiently to render her innocuous to her small northern neighbors. If the elections had been held a year ago, I fear that the Conservatives would have lost very little ground, because thousands of voters would have been afraid of the foreign consequences of a large Radical victory.

Fortunately, the elections did not take place until last September—until Russia had shaken off the yoke of Czardom, until the battles in Flanders had proved Germany's vulnerability, and until our own country had had the chance to prove herself a belligerent in all earnest. As a result of those elections a Liberal-Socialist coalition Cabinet has taken over the government, and one of its members for a time was Hjalmar Branting, leader of the Socialist party and one of Sweden's greatest living statesmen—if not *the* greatest. Thanks to this change, the true voice of the Swedish people will be heard more and more clearly from now on, but quite clearly and unreservedly it will not be heard until Germany has met that final defeat in the open field for which every believer in democracy all the world over should now be praying and working. When it comes, Americans will no longer have cause to ask: "What is the matter with Sweden?"

Another "Tam o' the Scoots" story next month.

THE WHITE ARC

—Continued from page 60

English certainly stood committed to Free Trade, amused Bjornstadt very much.

"They're the cleverest people in the world," he said, "at giving their own material advantages the labels of high moral principles, and then imposing those labels on the world. The United Kingdom has what it calls Free Trade, yes. But the great dominions, Canada, Australasia, the South African Union, and the colonies dotted all over the map, have they? And how can trade be free while Britannia rules the wave, controls all the great trade-routes, has the power any morning to say, this door shall shut, or that be opened?

"Take your own case, you Americans. You had dug your Panama Canal. But when your Congress attempted to exempt your coastwise ships from the payment of tolls, your President informed them that he dared not do it. England had given orders to the contrary.

"They're two well-matched antagonists," he said, referring once more to England and Germany. "The English, subtle but careless. The Germans, infinitely patient and thorough, but unimaginative. It is interesting to speculate about the outcome, but difficult to prophesy."

HELENA, who had agreed with him in explaining the whole struggle on an economic or capitalistic basis, was impatient of his attempt to draw nationalistic distinctions. They were all alike, all over the world: the capitalist class, in trying to enforce its advantages; the proletariat in submitting in a dull, blind resentment that would not remain acquiescent forever to its tyrannies. She was glad of the war, since it brought the great revolution nearer.

When the cigarets came round, Jean hesitated, then declined one, and catching Hugh's glance, she explained: "I did over there, of course. We all did. When we came off duty at the hospital—the nurses themselves, and we aids, too, who'd only been washing up and holding basins and things—cigarets were more what we needed than anything else. Even the nuns in a convent we used to take supplies to in Belgium, had to take to them. But back home here, it's rather pleasant not to."

The remark produced a rather electrical little silence, with the realization it enforced, even on Helena, the least sensitive of the three, that to the young girl who had sat through all their talk so quietly, the war meant something utterly different from anything their comfortable philosophy took account of. It meant blood sopped up in sponges; limbs with the splintered ends of bone protruding through the sodden flesh; screams of unconquerable agony, and death coming as a white sister of mercy. The girl who had sat so quietly listening, knew what this was but the bare beginning and routine of.

It was Helena who broke the silence. "It will take you a little while, I suppose, to get used to all this again. We ought to try to make you forget."

Jean shook her head—not in dissent, but unconsciously, in the effort she had to make to follow the line her hostess had taken.

"That's grandmother's idea," she said. "I'm to have a very gay season, beginning with a regular coming-out party, and doing all the things a débutante does, afterward. And Frank is finding me a horse, so that I can ride again."

"That's what Hugh is always talking about, but never does," said Helena. "I wish you could persuade him to do it. If he had you to ride with, perhaps he'd stop urging me."

"You ought to ride," Bjornstadt said to Helena. "If not for your selfish pleasure, for the delight others would take in the spectacle."

Helena said it would be a spectacle, no doubt of that, and vividly expressed her ineradicable aversion to horses. And from then on, until she and the count left the table, the talk ran in this lighter vein.

"I don't know how long it is," Hugh said, when he and Jean were left alone—the question of her going along with the other pair had not been raised—"since you and I have seen each other, but it doesn't seem as long as it must be."

"It's three years and three months," she informed him, without any pause for reckoning; and he laughed. She smiled contentedly back at him without asking why, and added: "I thought Count Bjornstadt was you, from his hat being in the hall, and when I saw him, I thought how could you have changed as much as that, before I was sure he was some one else. I'd been warning myself, you see, that you couldn't possibly not have changed a good deal. That's how long it seems to me. And when you came in and weren't changed at all, you were almost as surprising as the count had been."

He didn't laugh at that, as her tone had invited him to; went grave for an instant instead. "Connie said once," he told her, "that you'd always be the same; would never turn into a young lady. It's very nice to find that she was right. Of course, it's because you are the same that it's hard to believe such a lot of time has gone by. Time—and other things. What you said a little while ago about not smoking now you were back home again—I wish you'd tell me more. About what you've been doing over there. It's hard to understand how you can have come through that—and be like this."

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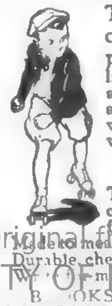

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He could see that it was with an effort that she collected herself for the recital. But before he could withdraw the request, she had begun, a little dryly at first, with a bare chronicle of important facts.

It was not until she began describing Paris to him, as it had been during those days just before the battle of the Marne, when the Government had moved to Boulogne, and all who meant to flee had fled, that she gave herself up without reservation to the narrative.

"THERE was the most wonderful spirit there during those days," she said. "Every one you saw, on the street—anywhere—was your friend; was like one of your family; had a sort of bond with you that nobody who wasn't there could have. I don't know whether we really believed, any of us, that the Germans were going to be stopped, but we knew we meant to see it through."

It was during those days that she made friends and went to work with a sturdy young vicomtesse, who was organizing a relief for the Belgians, civil and military, in the still defended strip of that stricken country.

"You mean you've been under fire!" cried Hugh when she described to him how they went in with three motor-ambulances full of supplies to a village that had been under bombardment, and how, just as they had gathered the wounded together in the little convent garden, the fire had opened again; and the struggle they had had getting these helpless ones into what insecure shelter there was; the long wait in the dark, and then the flight back after the bombardment had thinned to the normal sprinkling of occasional shells.

"There was always that," she said, "in all the places where the people were that we were trying to help. Nothing ever hit very close to me. Yvonne had her ambulance hit once, when she had four wounded soldiers in it. But she found it would still run and drove straight along, not knowing whether they had all been killed or not. None of them had been, it happened.

"The hardest thing I ever did," she said presently, "was giving that up, that work. But what Mother was doing was simply killing her. She was in one of those French hospitals, and Father said, when he was ordered home, that we must either come with him or go back to England. And Aunt Christine wanted us, so we went there. We went right on working, of course, but it wasn't so—ghastly. You could get away from it. The English are like that, you know, with their 'Business as usual' and *Punch*, and Bairnsfather."

When he asked, bluntly, "Why did you come home?" she hesitated over her answer.

"It was partly for Mother," she said at last. "She couldn't stand it. I don't mean the work. She could have gone on with that just the way Aunt Christine did—if Father had been an English officer. Or if we'd gone into the war—after the *Lusitania*. Oh, it wasn't the way they treated us, personally. Nor even that they said such very bitter things about America. The people who talked the worst were the other Americans over there. We used to boil at that. But our friends—English friends—were just puzzled. They wanted us to tell them why we took it like that. And, of course, we couldn't. Because we were as puzzled as they. It was a feeling you might call—homesickness, that really was too much for Mother. I think she'd have collapsed altogether, if I hadn't brought her home.

"It isn't fair, though"—this, after a little pause—"to put it off on her. Because it got me in just the same way. I felt as if I couldn't endure it, not to come back here—to Chicago—where the people I knew and loved were—and learn to see—what it was they saw. I thought if I could just talk with *you*—have you explain it all to me, then it would all come straight."

Her emphasis on the pronoun made it impossible to believe that she had used it in any but the singular, personal sense. His "With me!" was not a question, but a mere cry of surprise—almost of consternation, one might have said.

SHE nodded. "You've always understood things better than any one else I know. And you're not a selfish, mercenary monster"—her inflection was humorous, but the affectionate, contented warmth of her voice made of every ugly epithet almost a caress—"and you're not a hypocrite, pretending to be very noble because he's really afraid. Nor any of the things they say we are. You're—Hugh. Mother laughed at me the other night for saying that when you'd told me, I'd know; but it's true. When I can see what you see, then I'll be content to wait—for what you're waiting for. That's really—why I've come home."

It was so long before he made her any answer at all—just sat there with his gaze focussed upon his empty coffee-cup—that at last, in a troubled voice, she prompted him:

"If it's something you're—afraid that I wouldn't like to hear, something that you think will hurt me——"

"No, it's not that," he told her. "It's that you have come to the wrong person. I don't know what to say to you—haven't thought it through."

"You haven't thought!" There was simple incredulity in that almost voiceless echo.

"At least I've tried not to think. I've tried, as well as I could, to let it alone. Most men, I suppose—outside the really great ones—come to the point sometime where they acquiesce in their limitations. It's just age, or indolence, that brings some to that, and they come to it so gradually, they don't know they've done it. But a man may be brought to it—the way I was—by an experience, or a set of experiences, so that it's a more dramatic recognizable thing; so that he goes inside some sort of fence once for all. Says to himself—'I'm all right so long as I stay in here. Here's where I belong!' There's a certain sort of thing that I seem to be able to understand—get at the truth about. Not living things. Inorganic things—metals. It makes more of a world than you'd think, even the small sector of it I have marked off for myself—a world I won't live long enough to explore anywhere near to the end of, if I go on till I'm a hundred.

"When the war broke, I said: 'That's another of the things that's outside my fence;' just as the big strike we had out at Riverdale was, only immensely more so. I could keep out of it, even if I couldn't altogether keep it out of me. I had to get some sort of working basis toward it, of course. I've tried to say that my own personal feelings didn't count. I was an American of Scotch and English blood—nothing else, so far as I know—and we've been here since the Revolution; but that that didn't make me any more truly American than my polisher, Shultz, out at the laboratory—or than my friend, Bausch, at the university. Bausch had his argument. I, if I wanted to argue, had mine. And, in both cases—I could see it plainly enough in his, and he, I suppose, could see it plainly enough in mine—the line of that argument wouldn't be determined by any pure reasoning faculty we had, but by what Rodney Aldrich speaks of as our visceral sensations. We're both Americans. Perley, his assistant, is a Sassenach-hating Irishman, and he's an American. My wife's half Hungarian Jew, half Pole, and she's an American.

"So, I've said, the America of the school-books doesn't, just now, exist. It has in the past, and it will, I suppose, again. All the nations—even the greatest—have had phases like that. All we are now is an agglomerate of individuals and groups. We'll get into something, sometime, perhaps, like the arc of one of my electric furnaces, that will burn everything out of us that won't fuse into one national consciousness. I waited for a while—'watchfully'—to see whether it wasn't coming; but it seems it's not. Not for a while. Anyhow—I've said—it's no concern of mine."

That, evidently, was the end. And still she did not speak.

"Not much to have come home for, was it?" he said with a rueful sort of smile.

"Well, it's something," she said. "Something I hadn't thought of."

"Jean," he asked suddenly, "when was three years and three months ago?"

"It was the day your grandfather died," she told him, her color brightening a little as she spoke. "We spent the morning down on the beach at Lake Forest, building a sand castle. You wouldn't remember it, but I do. I told you a lot of my troubles, and you helped—a lot. The message about old Mr. Corbett came in right after lunch."

"Not remember!" he echoed, with a curious smile that filled her, for an instant, with the panicky fear that she might cry. "Yes, I remember very well. Three years and three months! And that was the man you came back to talk to! You will wonder, when you get home, whether Bjornstadt wasn't really that man, after all. He's fully as like him as I am."

"You've not changed," said Jean confidently. "It's only—things that have. I must go. I've stayed hours. But—sometime, will you take me to see your laboratory?"

Hugh nodded. "I'd like to do that," he said.

Taking leave of her at the door, he asked: "If I get a horse, will you really ride with me—mornings, before breakfast?"

"Yes," she said.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Sunday with the Corbett Clan

"MOTHER!" Constance exclaimed. "Here! At eleven o'clock Sunday morning!"

She had come down to her sitting-room from a visit to the nursery, to find Mrs. Corbett planted, with every effect of permanency, in a big armchair. This was along in November, three or four weeks after Helena's lunch.

"I thought I recognized the cigaret out in the hall," Constance continued, "but I couldn't believe it could be you."

"I parted from your father at the church door," Mrs. Corbett said. "I started out, right enough, but I had a change of heart. He wasn't left solitary. Greg and his wife were along. They'd called for us. And they all looked so much more religious than I felt, that I came on and took a chance on finding you. I'm glad I did. I haven't seen you for a dog's age."

"Well," Constance demurred with a smile, "yesterday, for a minute. And at dinner Thursday night."

With a brusk exhalation of a cloud of smoke, Mrs. Corbett dismissed these instances of her daughter's as trivial. "Oh, I knew you were still here—or hereabouts," she said. "But, what I wanted was a chance to stretch my legs, and go over things a bit with you. You're not just running off anywhere, are you? Nor expecting anybody to come running in? Where's Frank?"

"Gone to church," said Constance. "He took Philip" (this was their nine-year-old) "and went round for his mother and Ethel."

"It's the men, with us, who do most of the religion, isn't it?" commented Mrs. Corbett—"your father and Greg and Frank. It's odd about Gregory," she added. "I wouldn't have expected it to take him that way; especially since Eileen, up to the time he married her, was what your grandfather would have called a freethinker. Of course, that meant nothing with her. Any man she married she'd swallow whole. The puzzle is, why did marrying her make Greg religious?"

"Well, you never can tell," said Constance. The domestic nature of the occupation she had found for herself on settling down for her mother's visit, may be charged with the sterility of this reply.

Evidently Mrs. Corbett thought so, for she observed: "That's about the sort of thing you'd expect a woman darning socks to say. You can tell sometimes."

Constance nodded and allowed the sock with the darning-egg in it to drop in her lap. "Poor old Hugh," she sighed.

"The last time he dropped in on us," her mother said, after a ruminative silence—"it must have been a month ago—I didn't know whether to cry or swear; did both, as a matter of fact, after he'd gone. He was like a ghost. I don't mean pale. He's well enough, as far as that goes. Like somebody, I mean, come back for an hour from a long way off. Looking on. Fond of us as ever, of course—more so, for that matter. He never used to be especially affectionate, and he is now. And interested, in a way, in the things we were doing and talking about. But just as a ghost would be who'd have to go back in an hour or so to another world—or hell—of his own, that he couldn't tell us anything about. I was bilious that day, and I suppose I exaggerated. But I didn't make it up out of whole cloth."

"No," Constance agreed. "He's like that when he comes here. Not tragic. The children simply adore him."

"Of course not! He's not a fool. It would be better for him if he were—a bit of one. If he hadn't brains enough to see through her —— He did that, I'm sure, years ago. Or, if he had Greg's temper to frighten her with now and then; or Bob's selfishness to keep her worried. The devil of it is, she couldn't have got either of them in a thousand years. It had to be just Hugh."

"Oh, I know; it isn't fair," Constance agreed.

"I suppose we weren't any too wise," the older woman reflected; "but I don't know just what we could have done. You separate two people like that, and you find that absence makes the heart

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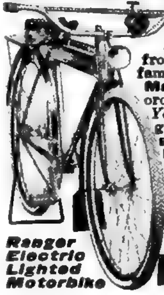

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grow fonder. Or, you throw 'em together, and they don't sicken of it as you mean them to. What we tried was a little of both. Oh, I suppose it was hopeless from the start. Poor Hugh! That's about all there is to say."

None of this was new ground, and both women had been talking and listening a little absently. But what Constance said now had a sharper edge, and Mrs. Corbett's manner became less reflective and more alert as she heard it.

"I wouldn't dare let Jean hear us talking like this."

"Do you happen to know where Jean is this morning?" The older woman's question did not sound as casual as the substance of it indicated.

"Why, I think she's gone off somewhere with Carter," Constance said. "I called her up last night to see if she was coming in to lunch to-day, and she didn't think she'd better promise, because he was taking her for a drive out into the country, and she didn't know whether they'd be back."

"That's it, then," Mrs. Corbett said. "He'd had his breakfast and gone off in a great fume long before we were down. But I didn't know whether it was because she was going somewhere with him—or because she wasn't."

"Well, she was, this time."

Mrs. Corbett lighted a fresh cigaret, and settled back into her chair a little more comfortably. "It's being a wonderful experience for Carter—finding a girl who won't come at his whistle. They won't even give him time to whistle—most of them. If I'd wanted to marry him off, I'd have given a tip to some one of the half dozen to hold off a little. How is it that Jean keeps her head?" Mrs. Corbett followed that question with a look.

"WHY, that's natural enough, Mother. When you think where she's been this last year—what she's been through. All you have to do is look at Ethel and talk to her—see what it's done to her—and then remember that Jean's been having the same experiences. You can't wonder that she isn't so very excited about dance teas and silly suppers at the Casino and amateur movies; nor very thrilled over Carter, either. I think it's natural that she likes—older people better, just now. If Carter had good sense, he'd stop being so solemn and intense and proprietary about her; go in for being comfortable and brotherly and affectionate. That sort of thing would bring her round before very long—I'm sure. I wish he'd see it."

"What does she say about Hugh?" Mrs. Corbett asked, after a nod of agreement and a thoughtful inhalation of smoke. "She knows more about that ménage than any of the rest of us, certainly. Doesn't she think he's to be pitied? Or, does she want to do it all herself? I take that back!" she added hastily. "Shouldn't have said it. That's just the eternal feline, Connie. The child is all right, of course. What does she say?"

"Oh, just as you guessed first; that he isn't to be pitied. She never said anything to me but once, and that was when she was indignant over something Carter had said—she didn't quote it—about Hugh. She said the people who treated him as if he had made a failure of his life were mistaken. She said she was sure he didn't feel that way about it himself, and that he'd be certain to, if he had. Might even, well enough, if he hadn't. I didn't ask her what she thought of his marriage; because, after all, that speaks for itself. She wouldn't go to their house if she didn't like Helena. And she'd hate her if she thought she was treating Hugh badly.

"I've wondered since," Constance went on, "if she could be right. I suppose the whole thing we see might just be self-consciousness, coming from the rows—over the business as well as over Helena—and making us all see things that aren't there."

"Self-consciousness!" fumed the older woman. "Is it self-consciousness that he hasn't any children? Or that he lives like a hermit all of his days, and half his nights, in that laboratory of his? Or his wife's goings-on with one man after another—poets or foreigners or such? What does she mean, do you suppose, throwing that child at Hugh's head the way she's been doing? It isn't like anything we've ever known of her. Constance, why doesn't the child's grandmother put her foot down on that? I don't understand it. Do you?"

"I think so," said Constance. "Admitting, that is, that there is anything for her to put her foot on; and I don't think there is, really. What worries Mother Crawford is the fear that Jean will rush off and marry somebody before this winter's half over—Carter—or anybody. She doesn't want her to. She wants Jean to play with for a while. You can't blame her, really. And any interest the child takes in—ineligibles, so long as there's nothing for people to talk about—and there isn't, of course—is so much to the good."

"Oh, I suppose it's just that I'm getting suspicious with age, like an old mule," her mother said, getting ready to get up to go. "Only I wish that that pair of children would come home from their ride and tell us they were engaged."

It had, upon them both, something of the startling effect of a stage-trick when, pat upon her words, almost, the "pair of children" came in.

But the part of Mrs. Corbett's wish that really was the whole of it, was evidently not to be fulfilled. Whatever else might have happened during the drive, Jean and Carter had not engaged themselves to marry. Indeed, their manners were so good that Constance was for a while in doubt whether anything had happened at all. Without any undue insistence upon their explanation, they accounted for their unexpectedly early return, by the Sunday crowds in the highways. It was as bad as summer: no possibility of anything but plodding along in a smoke-smothered procession. Jean inquired if her invitation to lunch, here at Constance's, still held good, and Carter, having observed that his mother was on the point of going, urged her to let him drive her home. Then every one would think they'd both been to church, he said. You had to know the color and shape of Carter's roadster to appreciate the joke. His mother grinned at it and, to his surprise, said she'd go with him; adding that she only hoped her husband would be where he could see her coming up to the door.

IT WAS the way Jean's eyes kept seeking out the boy's face, that directed Constance's observation to the fact that he had gone pale, now that the flush of the wind had left his face. And the suspicion this phenomenon awakened was confirmed by the way the girl took leave of him.

She said, evenly enough, to be sure, but in a voice colored beyond disguise by a strong emotion. "It was a lovely drive, anyway. Thank you—for asking me." She held out her hand to him and after a perceptible hesitation, he took it.

That made it all as plain as print. Carter had asked and been refused. That note of affectionate deprecation would never have got into her voice if there had been any chance for him.

"Better luck next time," he told her, and went away with his mother.

There was a little silence after they had gone, then Jean asked: "How long is it to lunch? Have we five minutes before the others will be coming in? I want to ask you something."

"Come up to my room and take off your hat," Constance suggested. "I'll go along. Then it won't matter if they do come in."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that," said Jean. "Still, I suppose I am blown away, rather."

She had stood before Constance's mirror two or three minutes, busy with minor improvements, when Constance prompted her by saying: "Ask away."

"I ought to have done it downstairs," Jean said. "It's got too important already. Why, it's just this: oughtn't I to ride with Hugh, mornings, the way we've been doing?"

Constance was a little startled, the question came so pat on what she and her mother had been talking about.

"What put that idea into your head?" she asked.

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"It was put there," said Jean; "that's the point. I mean, it didn't come there by itself."

"By your mother?" Constance asked.

And Jean's "No!" had so much surprise in it that she went on to explain. "Of course if Mother felt anything like that, why—that would be the end of it. I mean of the riding. I wouldn't ask anybody else.

"All Mother ever did," she went on, "was to warn me, the night we came home, against falling in love with him again—the way I did when I was a little girl. And I haven't done that."

There was such perfect candid conviction in the girl's face and voice that Constance laughed.

"Why, it isn't the sort of thing people would talk about," she said. "I mean, socially it's correct enough. So what it comes down to, is what Helena thinks about it. If she objects to it, or even if there was anything to give you the idea she didn't like it much, why, I'd stop."

"Well, that's what I thought," said Jean. "It was her own idea, you see. She doesn't like to ride, and Hugh had been urging her to—for company. And she said—why not me? Oh, and she meant it—you could tell!"

A flash of her mother's uneasiness came over Constance. "Do you like her, Jean?" she asked bluntly.

The girl nodded. "I suppose it's because he does, that I do, really," she said. "There were a few minutes, the day I went to their house, before I knew he did, when I hated her. But I have felt awfully silly about that since. I think she's awfully fond of him, and I'm sure he is of her. They do it their own way, of course; but then, aren't people entitled to?"

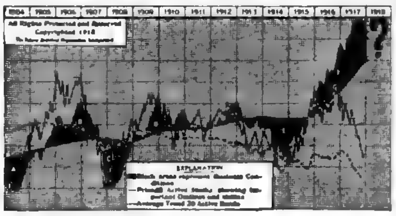
There was one more question Constance wanted to ask. But it was a flagrant impertinence, and she did not. Was it Carter who had put that notion into Jean's head? She felt pretty sure of the answer.

Coming down-stairs together, they met Frank and his boy bringing Hugh in for lunch.

"We found this man in church, of all places!" Crawford explained. "And Phil captured him single-handed and brought him along. Why, hello, Jean! I thought you *weren't* coming."

It was obvious—demonstrable—that there was no prearrangement in this meeting between Jean and Hugh. Constance was hotly indignant with herself for having let the fleeting shadow of that thought cross her mind. It only showed what a mean, suspicious, ornery sort of mind she had.

It was in the reaction from this feeling that she watched her brother all through lunch. He sat between the two little boys, Philip and Francis, and they pretty well monopolized him. How he would have loved to have some like that for his own! He was



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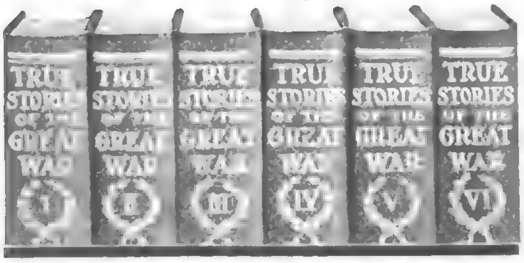

defrauded there, anyhow—whatever Jean might say. Only, perhaps it wasn't Helena's fault. None of them were enough in her confidence to know. He had had a lonely time.

The undisguised pleasure that had lighted his face at sight of Jean, had troubled Constance for a moment even while it had warmed her heart to him. If the girl could give him an hour, now and then, of unalloyed happiness, why not? That consideration governed her attitude toward a project that came up while they were still at lunch.

Frank had said, down the table to Hugh, "I didn't know you knocked off work at the laboratory on Sundays," and Hugh's answer had been that he didn't—because they were Sundays. "Taylor and Bingham and Schultz are all out there now, busy as bees. They do all the hard work. I'm lazy. I only turn up when things are getting exciting."

This drew a running fire of the sort of jokes that always are provoked by such a remark; about how they were beginning to learn the truth at last, and what a convenient thing a fortified mystery like a laboratory must be.

Jean asked: "Has any one ever seen it? I asked to, ever so long ago, but I've never been taken."

"There's no time like the present," Hugh said promptly. "We'll go this afternoon. As many as like," he went on in answer to Frank's "All of us?" But Frank had not asked this seriously. He was already committed, as his two sons vociferously reminded him, to another expedition that afternoon.

Constance, though, happened to be free till tea time, and had to make up her mind whether to go or not. She wanted to see the place, quite apart from the consideration of Mrs. Grundy, but that old maternal feeling of hers, which she had never lost for Hugh, and which was stronger than ever in her to-day, let her plead letters to write.

They set off afoot, since it was not more than a mile to the laboratory, and a walk was just what they agreed they wanted. A walk—out West Chicago Avenue!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Hugh's Laboratory

HE HAD mentioned at lunch where Helena was that day—down at her laboratory, the Drama Shop, where they were putting through the dress rehearsals for a bill of one-act plays that were to be presented the next night. So, there was no question of her going with them this afternoon.

But Jean said, just after they had left the Crawfords' house: "Do you suppose Helena had rather we waited until she could go, too? Because we can do anything else; just walk."

"No," he said. "It's no treat for Helena. She's been there dozens of

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times. She goes there," he went on, reflectively, "about the way I sometimes go to church. Not understanding a bit what it's all about, but getting a sort of wonder out of it; especially when she's a bit low in her mind. For instance, a big bare copper bar, as thick as my arm, that you can put your hand on—it feels perfectly cool and dead, and yet it's got enough electricity going through it to burn you to a cinder if you got in the way of it. You can see it making a pot of steel boil like water. That sort of thing."

"Is that why you went to church to-day?" she asked. "Because you were low in your mind?"

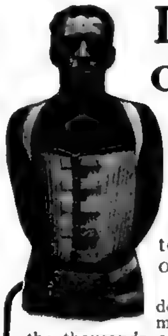
"Not a bit," he said. "To-day I was following the line of least resistance. When Helena found me this morning with a day off that didn't coincide with hers, she packed me off to find you. By the way, she wants me to bring you to supper to-night if you can come. I went over to your apartment and was told that you were off driving with Carter, and that your mother and Mrs. Crawford had gone to church. It was obvious that I couldn't follow you, so I followed them."

At that she gave up as something there was no use trying any longer—for the present, at least—to account for, the notion that he dreaded a little taking her out to the laboratory. She had become aware of it the moment she asked, there at the lunch-table. It hadn't anything to do with Helena, so much was clear. And it didn't relate to any special state of mind he was in to-day. Well, she wouldn't fuss about it; would go along as if she hadn't noticed any more than he had meant her to. It's a poor sort of friend that insists on being too penetrating, and on showing how penetrating he is.

Silences were, of course, a part of their conversation. His omission to comment upon or to inquire about her truncated excursion with Carter told her, plainly enough, that he suspected an emotional crisis somewhere in the neighborhood. And she felt pretty sure that by not mentioning it herself she was giving him a strong inkling of what had happened. But that couldn't be called violating a confidence, could it? Anyhow, it was all very comfortable and pleasant.

Almost any sort of laboratory will give a layman, who has been brought to see its wonders, a disappointing surprise for a first impression. He has anticipated something entirely mysterious, just as the sensation seeker in a notorious cabaret has anticipated something entirely disreputable, and is shocked to find most of the patrons sober and decorous enough to pass muster anywhere.

The first room Hugh took Jean into, in the ordinary three-story red brick building whose street door he unlocked, had the same sort of machinery in it



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that she had seen in the shops at Riverdale. (She had seen Riverdale thoroughly. Gregory, who had taken a sudden warm liking for the girl since her return from England, had collaborated with Carter in the personal conduct of her excursion through as much of it as she could see in an arduous day—a sight well worth the labor, it may be mentioned; for the huge, thoroughly modernized plant was taxed to its utmost capacity by floods of war orders, running nights and Sundays, and paying a scale of wages that Gregory would have regarded, two years before, as fantastic.) Only, at Riverdale, each of these prosaic machines had gained a dignity through being repeated through a vanishing perspective down endless aisles. In this little room they were all cluttered up—meanly. It might have been the repair shop to a garage.

HUGH saw her trying to look interested, and laughed at her. "Not much, compared to Gregory's lay-out, is it?" he commented, but without any ironic implications; nothing but pure amusement in his voice. So she laughed too, contentedly, at herself, and followed him through into another room that took up the rest of the ground floor.

"These are all testing-machines of one kind and another," he said; and walked over to the only one of them that was running. "That's doing pretty well," he observed, after a glance at an instrument which looked like an automobile speedometer. "It's a fatigue test," he explained. "We're trying to tire out that little shaft of metal turning round in there with the weight hung on the end of it. When it breaks, the machine will stop, and a look at the revolution counter will tell us how long it lasted."

"I didn't know that metals got tired," Jean said. "Do they all?"

He nodded and turned from the machine, which was an ordinary-looking lathe, with only a few trimmings, to another more mysterious—with more the laboratory look.

"Here's the classic test," he said. "It's for tensile strength: how much pull a thing will stand before it pulls apart. The interesting thing about that machine is the way we measure the amount of pull we put on the piece we're testing. We fasten the piece to one end of that big steel bar there and apply the pull to the other end of it. And the force of the pull is measured by the amount that bar stretches. When the pull is taken off, it goes back to exactly the length it was before."

Jean was inclined to be incredulous. Did he mean that a great, solid piece of cold steel like that would actually pull out longer and then fly back like a rubber band?

"You could stretch it yourself," he

said, “enough so that one of our instruments could measure it.”

“They stretch and they get tired,” she mused. “It makes them seem more alive, somehow, than I ever thought they were.”

“You’re getting the idea,” he told her.

It was this idea that grew steadily more fascinating and more marvelous during the whole of the next two hours. She saw beautiful photomicrographs that betrayed the strange crystalline structure of this metal and that. She learned, from watching Schultz at his polishing, how incredibly sensitive they were. “He’s been hours at that,” Hugh said, “and he could have put a good commercial burnish on it in two minutes. But under the microscope it would be nothing but a smear. And squeezing it in a vise, or getting it hot by running his wheel too fast, would change the structure of it completely. He’s as tender with it as if it were a baby, you see; and when he’s through with it and we’ve given it a little rest, and etched the crystal outlines with a little weak acid, then it will be possible to see what it really looks like.”

He had explained to her the great horizontal microscope through which he studied his specimens and took their photographs; the very light he used for the purpose had to be cooled by passing through water. And she saw the electric furnaces—strangely harmless and insignificant-looking considering the fiery energies they contained—and the mysterious thermo-couples that registered the exact degree of heat.

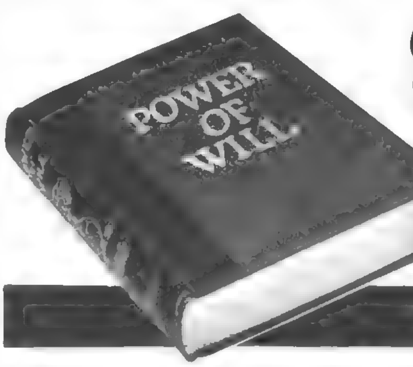
“You can’t exaggerate the importance to us,” Hugh said, “of being able to produce and regulate and measure temperatures. From the moment a metal begins to freeze——”

She exclaimed over the word.

“Solid metals are only frozen liquids,” he told her. “They freeze at higher temperatures than we’re accustomed to, that’s all. And it makes an enormous difference in the characteristics they’ll show, whether they’ve been frozen slowly or suddenly; how much leisure they’ve been given for adapting themselves to a new state of things. And they go on changing—reorganizing themselves—way below the freezing-point, long after they’re solid all the way through, after they’ve stopped being incandescent, after they’re cool enough to hold in your hands.

“That’s why they’re such tyrants,” he added with a smile. “I hook up a thermo-couple to an electric bell in my bedroom over there, to call me when a specimen I’m studying has got down to a certain temperature. It won’t wait for me. It will be in a phase just then that it won’t repeat. So if I want to see, I have to be there to look. It will never be just like that again.”

“Why, they’re human in that!” she exclaimed; but he would not accept the word.



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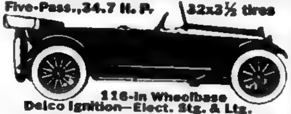
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THE NEW
MUNSEY
MAGAZINE

THE magazine carrying this advertisement goes to press before THE MUNSEY MAGAZINE for March has reached the public. We do not, therefore, know how it will strike magazine readers. We do know, however, that the advance copy before us is a good deal more of a magazine—a good deal better magazine—than we had expected to see.

As a matter of fact it comes pretty close to being two or three magazines in one. It is distinctly new in idea—gripping to the eye, refreshing to the senses, and informative in its virile discussions of themes of vital interest.

This new type of magazine—THE MUNSEY for either March or April—is well worth your looking over. It would be a mistake not to do so.

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"They've as many moods and varieties and mysteries as a poet's conception of a woman. But if one's imaginative and patient enough, he'll get down to the truth at last. There's always a law there. And when you've found it, it will always work."

Then, suddenly, "Come in here," he said. "There's something I want to show you." He led her back into his library, where he had shown her the photographs.

He unlocked a safe that was built in under his book-cases, took a small steel strong-box out of it, and under her eyes, at the desk, unlocked this. It contained ten or a dozen pieces of lead-colored metal of various sizes and shapes. He picked out one of them, a roughly rounded disk, and handed it to her.

"It feels like lead," she said, looking at it curiously. "What is it?"

Before he answered he took it from her and tossed it on the desk. It rebounded with the clear ring of silver.

"It's like nothing we've ever called lead before," he said. "Not in its physical characteristics, that is. But chemically, I'm practically certain there's nothing but pure metallic lead in it, only I've managed to catch a different phase of it from any that's been found before. I've persuaded the molecules to arrange themselves in a new way. And the crystals, to a marked degree, have a similar polarity. It's immensely harder than lead, but it's quite as plastic."

He made a thoughtful pause there. Then, with a smile reflecting some emotion she could only guess at, he added, "If I can ever really get it, and publish a description of it, I suppose I'll be entitled to call it Corbettite."

"If you can really get it?" she questioned. "Haven't you got it there?"

"I can't do it every time," he said, his absent gaze turned to the window. "A year ago I felt nearer it than I do now. Then every experiment brought me nearer to it—made the possibility, that had only seemed barely worth playing with at first, come out clearer. But then, when I carried it further along, it began to take—freaks. That's not the right way to put it, of course. It was acting, all along, according to its own laws. Only, I'd got into the domain of some law that I hadn't discovered. I'd think I was doing the same thing every time, but some factor I hadn't taken into account would be different. I haven't found it yet. Perhaps half the times I try, I can produce a material like that. The other half I can't."

"That must be perfectly maddening," she said.

"You can't be mad in this work," he told her. "Resentments and impatiences may effect something when you're dealing with your kind, but it doesn't do to indulge them with metals

When you come into their world, you've got to subscribe to their laws and their ways. It wants a degree of patience to make a metallurgist that would seem contemptible in a man. But a metallurgist who was nothing else wouldn't care. In so far as I am one, those bits of metal in that box are the biggest fact in my life. I may spend the rest of it hunting for the secret they're still holding back from me. Another man may find it while I am still looking, or the day after I am dead. Or, I may find it myself, to-morrow. And, I suppose, a pure scientist—if there were such a monster in the world—wouldn't care about that, either."

She turned away from him suddenly, and went over to the window; heard him locking up the box again and putting it back into the safe, without turning round. Then,

"What will Corbettite do," she asked, "when you have really found it?"

"That's what I try to pretend I am not interested in," he said. "More honestly, what I try not to be interested in."

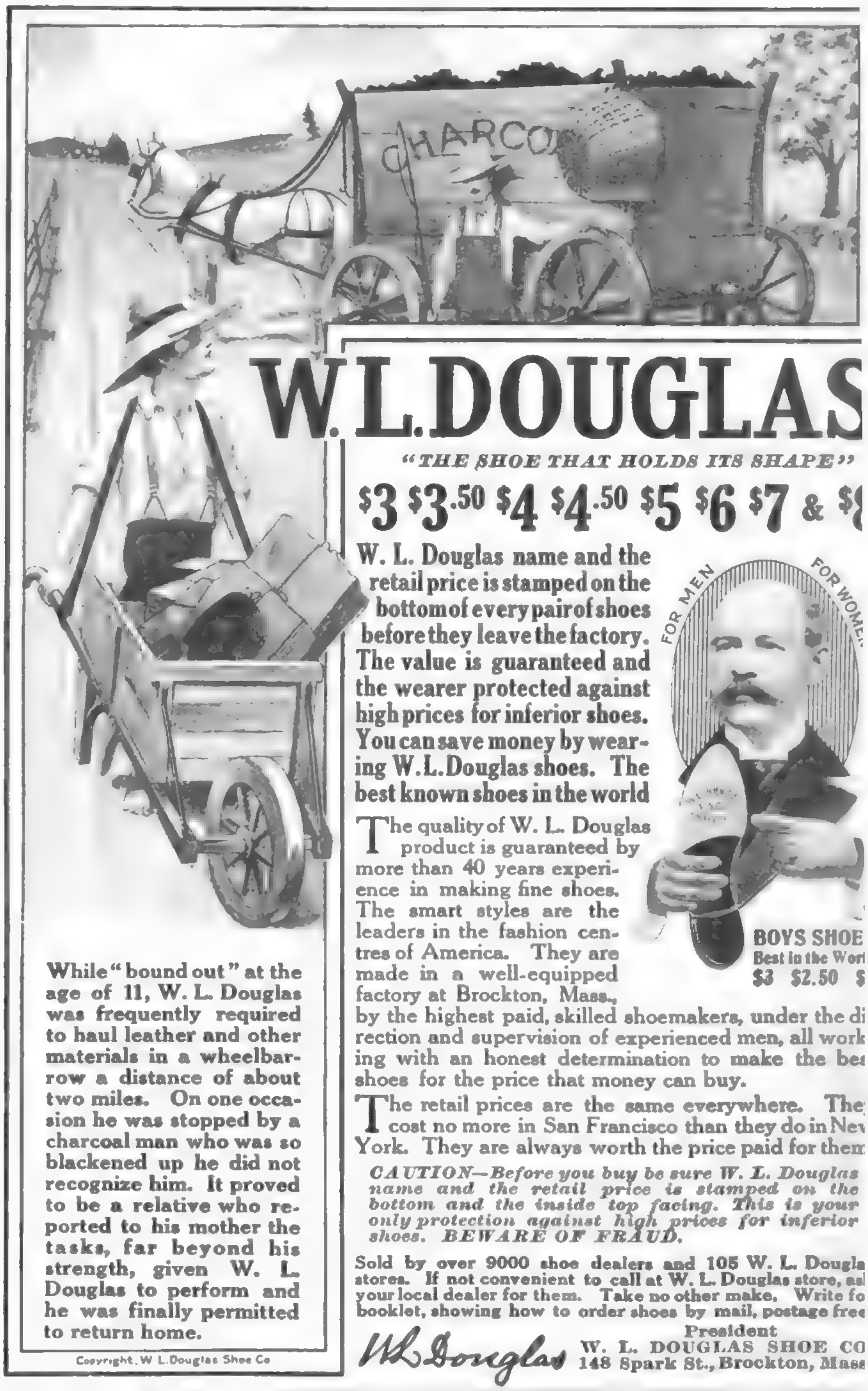
At that she pressed her hands to her eyes, turned and stared at him. "Why?"

"Well, if you're looking for something you want very much," he explained, "you're likely to think you see it when you don't. Here's a parable for you:

"Do you remember that room out there, that you said was like a refrigerator? The room I told you had a separate foundation, independent of all the rest of the building, so that the vibrations wouldn't be communicated to it? We can control the temperature in that room to a fraction of a degree. I have worked in there for hours at a stretch, in a sort of modified deep-sea-diver's suit, helmet and all, getting my air through a hose from the outside, and having my warmth and moisture carried away through another. A man's body, you see, is only a sort of glorified donkey-engine, radiating heat, breathing out carbonic acid, and there are close experiments that these factors have to be eliminated from. Well, a perfect scientist ought to wear a sort of spiritual diving-suit like that. He hasn't any business with hopes. Don't you see?"

But he did not wait for her reply. "Why, that stuff," he said, with a sudden change of manner, "is incomparably the best anti-friction metal in the world. I've babetted an ordinary standard bearing with it and run it dry—without oil, I mean—for six hours at three thousand revolutions, without getting it hot. That's as fast as an airplane motor runs. It had a glaze on it when I took it out, that must be, I think, the most nearly frictionless surface that ever has been made on anything."

"You mean," she asked, in a manner



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of strong excitement, "that if an airplane pilot ran out of oil——"

"He'd hardly need start with any," said Hugh. "It ought to add ten hours, I should think, to the flying-life of a plane."

There was a silence. The girl dropped into a chair and clasped her hands in her lap. She hoped he wouldn't see that they were trembling. But she was safe enough. He had drifted off into an abstraction; stood there by the window, his hands in his trousers pockets, gazing out at the thickening twilight.

Finally he said, "Greg was out here a while ago. I didn't show him 'Corbettite,' but I gave him a look at everything else. He was interested all right. But just before he went away he said, 'You ought to have a lot of fun out of this. It must cost you as much as a steam-yacht.' And I don't blame him for taking it like that. The thing is so near like the most wonderful toy in the world, that I sometimes almost wonder, myself, if it isn't."

"WAS that why you didn't want to bring me?" she demanded in sudden enlightenment. "Because you thought I'd take it like that?"

"I didn't think you would," he said, "but I wanted you so much not to, that I had to—stiffen up a little to put it to the test."

She made no attempt to tell him how she did feel about it. There was, plainly enough, no need of that. They set out homeward presently, and walked all the way with no more talk than a casual absent comment on the people they passed and the dust blowing up the street, and the gulls over the river. And at last, on her part, even that died away.

"I've simply paralyzed you this afternoon," he said at last, when they stood in the doorway of the apartment building that she called, just now, home. "I don't wonder. You've had metallurgy enough to make anybody's head swim." And then, with a closer look at her, "Why, Jean! What is it?"

"It's nothing. It's just what you said; that I'm—paralyzed. Only not by the metallurgy. Not by the new world you've been showing me. By the new things you've given me to think about—and understand—begin to understand, anyway—about my old one. It's the—parables you've been showing me. Oh, not the one about the diving-suit, because you *don't* wear one. I'm very glad of that. Good night."

Hugh walked slowly home, pondering upon those parables which she said he had shown her. She had given him new things to think about his old world; no doubt of that.

The next instalment of "The White Arc" will appear in the May issue.

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FIVE MAY 1918 VOLUME XXXVIII

BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The REIGN of TERROR

THIS is the fourth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who remained in that stricken country from December, 1913, to our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness: the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

The American Minister labors, heart-heavy, with panic-stricken tourists; takes over the interests of the belligerent embassies and legations; strives to exercise an influence for calmness in the excited city; and finally, as the municipal guard throw up their pitiful trenches in the parks and prepare to defend the capital to the last, he and his colleagues persuade the authorities to allow the Germans to enter peaceably, that the beautiful city may be spared. Then the grim flood pours in.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities, of that Reign of Terror.

What was left of Visé.

Photo by Brown Bros.

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Photograph by International Film Service Co., Inc.

Belgian peasants watching the burning of Termonde.

XXIX

LOUVAIN will remain perhaps the classic instance of *Schrecklichkeit;* it resumes and sums up in the general mind the sinister history of those terrible times. But it was not the worst. Visé was worse, and so was Dinant, and so was Aerschot, and worst of all perhaps was Tamines. Visé was the first. It was near there that, on the second of August, the Germans, wilfully violating their treaty, invaded the little land they had sworn to protect.

Going from St. Remy along the Road of the Three Chimneys, the route the Germans took from Aachen to Visé, one comes to a turn in the highway, where, in place of the fine old sixteenth-century house belonging to the de Borchgrave family, there stands now only a mass of blackened walls. And there, along the Meuse below one, lies a silent city; its empty chambers open to the sky. It might be Pompeii. Those ruins might have lain there for centuries. There is not a living being there. The devastation, the destruction are absolute, the silence complete; it is the very abomination of desolation, a mass of brick and stone and charred beams, crumbling white façades, whose windows, with their casements blackened by fire, stare like the hollow sockets of skulls. Of the four thousand inhabitants, not one is there, not a house is standing, not a roof remains. The taverns where the people used to go in joyous bands to eat of the famous roast goose, are heaps of cinders; the very trees in their gardens, under whose boughs the youth of Liège used to dance the *cramignon*, have been burned. The scaling walls of the church tremble in the wind, the roof has fallen in; the towers with their bells, the organs, the statues, have tumbled into bits. The work that would have required ages, was accomplished by German organization in a night. . . .

And a lawyer friend, who was born there, when he saw it from the turn in the Road of the Three Chimneys, and looked on the ruins lying before him along the highway to the Meuse, said:

"Since there is nothing left with which to begin life anew, let the city be preserved as it is: a holy necropolis and a shrine; a monument to the implacable ferocity of German 'kultur.' "

The German troops entered St. Remy-sous-Argentean on the fourth of August at ten o'clock in the morning. They came in an endless stream, that rolled on like a tide to the Meuse. Those first-comers did no harm to the civilians. It was not until they had been checked by the Belgian army that the civil population had to suffer. They fell back, and because Visé lay on the main road running from Germany to the Meuse, they put it to fire and sword, and whole families, threatened with shooting if they should leave their houses, were burned alive in their homes—men, women, and children.

The old curé of the parish of St. Remy, having buried a neighboring priest, shot because the Belgian engineers had used the tower of his church for observations, remarked to a German officer that it was unjust; that it was the military, and not the priest, that had set up the observation post, and that the priest had no means of preventing them from doing so. And the officer replied:

"Yes, all that is true; but war is war, and they did right to shoot the priest."

All the old curé could do was to go out of his parsonage and over the fields alone in the dark night. He could not see two paces ahead of him, but to right and left he heard cries of pain and the groans of dying men, and there alone on that field, turning about, he made the sign of the cross many times, giving a general absolution to all those nameless ones who were dying there.

We had just begun to hear of the horror of Dinant, when the horror of Louvain came upon us, and because that was nearer, more immediate, it dulled the impression of the other deed; we could not realize that the charming little town set like a jewel on the Meuse, with the picturesque rock of its citadel and the curiously Oriental spire of the old church of Notre Dame, was no more. "Dinant has been destroyed," said some one almost casually; it was but one more detail in the great cataclysm.

It was the first of September, when we were beginning to get the events of Louvain in order in our minds, that the two men came in from Dinant. I have since read the story many times and in many reports, but their account in all essentials was sufficient; the others could but piece out the recital with shocking details, until a long while afterward we had the sinister necrology—the names and ages of the six hundred and six victims of the massacre—old men of seventy and eighty, and women, and little children, and babies in their mothers' arms.

The Germans had entered Dinant on the sixth of August. The townfolk had heard of the destruction of Visé, but they did not believe it. There were skirmishes in the country round between uhlans, making reconnaissances, and Belgian and French troopers, but that was all. Then, on the fifteenth, the Germans tried to force their way across the Meuse, but they were repulsed, and fell back in retreat. The Dinantais thought that the French had definitely won the engagement and that they were among friends, but just at nightfall on the twenty-first a band of German soldiers, about one hundred and fifty in all, dashed down the road from Ciney and along the Rue St. Jacques, shouting like savages, smashing street lamps, firing into windows, throwing incendiary bombs into houses, terrorizing the population of the quarter of St. Roch, "shooting up" the town, as they used to say in the Far West.

Then suddenly, early on the morning of the twenty-third, German troops began pouring into the town from all four quarters. They came by the Lisogne road, by the Ciney road, by the Froidevaux road, but principally by La Montagne de St. Nicholas, and while the shells exchanged by the German artillery on the citadel with the French across the river, were screaming overhead, the soldiers turned the inhabitants out-of-doors, set the dwellings on fire, herded the people in a mass, and marched them across the city, their hands above their heads, to the Place d'Armes. The men were separated from the women and children, ranged in line, and from time to time during the day a few were selected, led out and shot. In the Leffe quarter alone the Germans shot thus one hundred and forty; and at evening they shot the Argentine consul, and forty workmen in a factory. The terror lasted all that day and night. The Germans locked whole crowds of the people in barracks, in stables, in factories, surrounded them by soldiers ready to fire at any moment, and in the St. Roch quarter they imprisoned a group in a building, placed bundles of straw all around the house and set it on fire; but, by a fortunate chance, the Germans overlooked a cellar window, and the people crawled one by one out of this and escaped.

Women and children were forced to stand by and witness the murder of husbands or fathers. One woman, Madame Alnin, who had given birth to a child three days before, was borne forth on a mattress by German soldiers, who said they would compel her to look on while they shot her husband, but her cries and supplications finally moved the soldiers to spare the husband's life.

The soldiers "stood by, laughing," while the executions were going on. During all that night of the twenty-third they marched about the city, setting fire to such buildings as had escaped shelling, and when the fires slackened somewhat they systematically pillaged everywhere: in the famous wine-cellars, of course, in banks, the safes of which they blew open, and in jewelry shops, whence they bore off silver and plate, and wherever there was property to be taken they placed guards to protect it from all but their own robbery.

And when their rage was spent, out of fourteen hundred houses but four hundred remained, the old church of Notre Dame, that had survived the wars of seven hundred years, was destroyed, the picturesque tower no longer reared itself under the rock of the citadel, the college and the Hôtel de Ville, all were ruined.

Four hundred and sixteen Dinantais,

Photograph by Western Newspaper Union.

A Belgian mother and her children in the st[illegible] Termonde.

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arrested, no one knew why, on the night of the twenty-third, were taken to the plateau of Herbuchenne on the heights overlooking Dinant, where they were camped in the open air without food or drink. Some of the soldiers who guarded them told them that they would be shot at daybreak; others that they would be transferred to Coblentz.

Their escort was commanded by a captain of the 100th Infantry, who, while they were waiting, saw a superb stallion in a field and wantonly shot it dead. A while later he shot a mare and her colt. Finally, according to testimony of Mr. Tschoffer—Procureur du Roi de Dinant (Crown Prosecutor for Dinant), the prisoners were marched toward Ciney, continually threatened with death; soldiers spat in their faces, threw ordures at them, and officers struck them with their riding-crops. From time to time the captain in command, who was mounted, would turn in his saddle to shout at them: "*Vous êtes des bêtes!*" (You are beasts.) Thus they were taken to the prison camp at Cassel in Germany.

One scene remains to be described, a scene that in its unsurpassed and shameful cruelty has no counterpart, even in the dark annals of savage tribes.

It was on that Sunday morning of the twenty-third; the Germans that swarmed down the Freidrau road entered the quarter of Penant, arrested the inhabitants and took them to the Rocher Bayard, the famous and picturesque rock that, split off from the cliff and overlooking the lovely Meuse, is associated in romantic legend with the Aymon boys and their famous horse Bayard. The people were held there, evidently as a screen, while the Germans began to construct a temporary bridge over the river. The French were on the other side and now and then they shot at the soldiers working there. The Germans, annoyed by the spitting irregular fire, sent a citizen of Dinant, one of the prisoners, in a boat across the river to inform the French that unless they ceased firing the civilians would be shot. M—— made his dangerous voyage, accomplished his mission, and returned to take his place among his fellows. But a few stray bullets still sped across the river.

Then was committed the atrocious crime. The prisoners were massed together, nearly ninety of them, old men and young, women, girls and boys, little children and babies in their mothers' arms. A platoon was called up; the colonel in command gave the word to fire, and the gray soldiers in cold blood shot down those ninety persons as they stood huddled there together. Among them were twelve children under the age of six years, six of whom were little babies whose mothers, as they stood up to face their pitiless murderers, held them in their arms.

The six babies were:

The child Flévet, three weeks old.
Maurice Bétemps, eleven months old.
Nelly Pollet, eleven months old.
Gilda Genen, eighteen months old.
Gilda Marchot, two years old.
Clara Struvay, two years old.

Evening came; the soldiers were fumbling among the mass of dead. Some were still living, some, by a miracle, were uninjured. And these were dragged from the pile of bodies and made to dig a pit and to tumble into it the bodies of the victims of the tragedy, their relatives, their neighbors and their friends.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Germans passing through Namur.

XXX

After Dinant, we began to have news of Namur. Even in those lovely September days the town was still living under a reign of terror. The Germans, after a bombardment lasting two hours, had entered on the twenty-second of August, the same Sunday that witnessed the horror at Dinant. At six-thirty that evening, soldiers with fixed bayonets and drawn revolvers entered every house in the neighborhood of the railway station, ordered the people into the street; they gathered about five hundred of them in the great waiting-room of the station. They were to be held as hostages. But after an hour the women and children were released, while the men and youths were detained.

An hour later a German officer entered the hall. A man described the strange scene, the strange method. The officer stood there before them, with heels together, then suddenly shouted:

"Declaration!"

He paused; then:

"We make war on armies, not on the population!"

Perhaps he was reading it. Then he went on to announce that if they fired on the German soldiers they would all be shot, and he told them of the fate of Andenne.

At ten o'clock the same officer returned, again with his strange formula:

"Silence!

"Declaration!"

And after that: "You may go now," he continued. "If you have arms you must surrender them at once, even your penknives; you will be searched and then you may go."

The people remained calm, and in a pathetic effort to placate the soldiers, even served meals to them. And on the night of the twenty-seventh, suddenly, no one knew why, in the best quarter of the town, the Germans began to set fire to the houses. The Hôtel de Ville and nearly all the houses on the Place d'Armes, many buildings in the Place Léopold, and many residences as far as the Rue des Brasseures, were consumed by the flames. And it was a final touch, one is almost tempted to say artistic, to the terror of that night, that all through its horrid, tragic hours the Germans kept the church-bells tolling.

And one night, just as I was going to bed, a man told me how the Germans set fire to the Eye and Ear Hospital, without giving them time to evacuate the sick who were lying there, so that the patients perished in the flames.

They will tell you in Belgium that Namur escaped the fate of Dinant and Louvain because there was a disagreement among the Germans, some wishing to destroy it, while the milder party wished merely to exact a tribute from it. I know nothing of the facts, except that Namur paid a contribution of 32,000,000 francs.

Andenne, to whose fate the German officer had alluded in his "declaration," is a town on the Meuse, not far from Namur. It has, or had, a population of seventy-eight hundred.

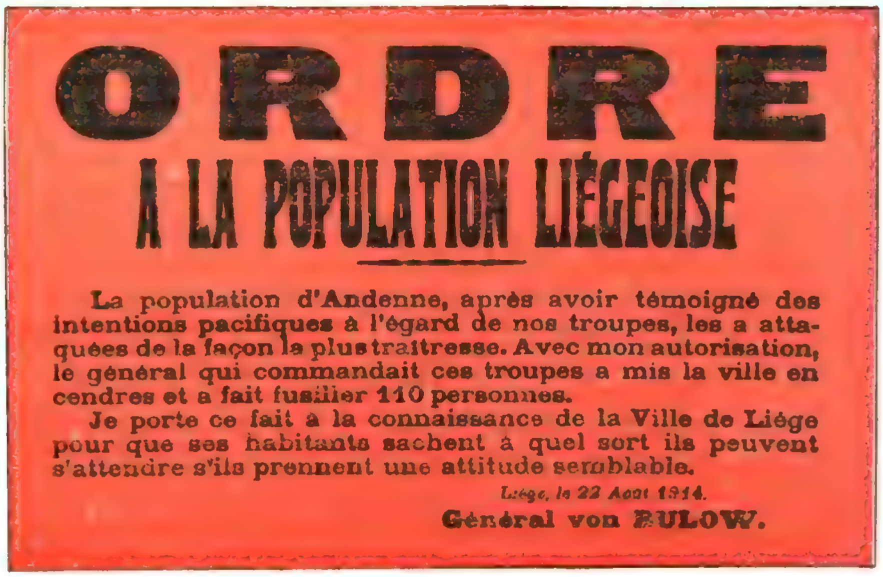
On the morning of August nineteenth, in the course of sharp fighting, the Belgians blew up the bridge across the river, and then evacuated the town. The Uhlans entered immediately, seized the city treasury and took the Burgomaster as a hostage. In the afternoon the infantry entered and, except for the brutalities of drunken soldiers, quiet prevailed during that night. The next afternoon the Germans threw a temporary bridge over the Meuse and began crossing. The inhabitants were watching them from the windows. Suddenly, at 6 P.M. there was a shot; then a fusillade. The soldiers on the bridge wavered, fell back and, panic-stricken, began shooting wildly, and all night the killing and the pillaging went on. It went on the next day, and at four o'clock on the morning of August twenty-first, soldiers began breaking into houses and turning the inmates into the streets. The crowd was ordered to walk toward the Place des Tilleuls. Those who did not walk fast enough were shot down. A Flemish clock-maker came out of his dwelling supporting his aged father-in-law; he was ordered to hold up his hands, but he could not do so without letting the old man fall; so a soldier struck him in the neck with an ax. Arrived at the Place des Tilleuls, the women and children were separated from the men, and, haphazard, the soldiers picked out forty or fifty men and shot them down in cold blood.

And all the while, day and night, in the flaming streets, the pillage and the murder went on. The man who described it all to me had a vivid memory of a "tall red-headed soldier" who was particularly conspicuous by the ferocity with which he wielded the ax and mutilated his victims, a baby among them, in the arms of its mother. Nearly three hundred persons were killed at Andenne.

At Falisolle, French soldiers had placed machine guns in abandoned houses and fired on the Germans as they approached. The Burgomaster and the druggist went out to meet the oncoming Germans, explained that the inhabitants had taken no part in the fusillade and asked that the village be spared. The German officers accepted the explanation and ordered them to dig a trench in which to bury the soldiers that had been killed. The Burgomaster and the druggist called on seven other burghers to help them and when the work was done, the Germans shot the nine men and threw them into the ditch they had just digged.

At Herve several notables and women and children were torn from their homes and, prodded by German bayonets, driven off to the hamlet of La Bouche, near the Fort of Evegnée. As in most of these tragic processions they were forced to hold their hands above their heads—and as they went they were shot in the back.

One of the best-known personalities in Belgium told me about Rossignol. The village is on the river Semois and found itself in the center of a battle between French and German troops. The Germans entered and sacked the village on August twenty-second; they burned every house in it; not one was left. The entire male population, one hundred and seventeen men, and, for some reason the gentleman did not know, one woman, were arrested. The woman was Madame Huriaux, and she was French; perhaps that is why she was arrested.



ORDRE

A LA POPULATION LIÉGEOISE

La population d'Andenne, après avoir témoigné des intentions pacifiques à l'égard de nos troupes, les a attaquées de la façon la plus traitresse. Avec mon autorisation, le général qui commandait ces troupes a mis la ville en cendres et a fait fusilier 110 personnes.

Je porte ce fait à la connaissance de la Ville de Liége pour que ses habitants sachent à quel sort ils peuvent s'attendre s'ils prennent une attitude semblable.

Liége, le 22 Aout 1914.

Général von BULOW.

[*Translation*]

ORDER

TO THE PEOPLE OF LIÈGE

The population of Andenne, after making a display of peaceful intentions toward our troops, attacked them in the most treacherous manner. With my authorization, the general commanding these troops has reduced the town to ashes and has had one hundred and ten persons shot.

I bring this fact to the knowledge of the people of Liège in order that they may know what fate to expect should they adopt a similar attitude.

Liège, 22d August, 1914.
GENERAL VON BULOW.

The next morning they were all taken to Arlon, forced to walk the entire distance under heavy escort, and reminded constantly that they would be shot upon their arrival. No one of them could speak German, so in one of the villages through which they passed, knowing of a man who could speak that language, they asked him to accompany them and to interpret for them at the trial which they expected to have the next morning. He consented and joined them. Upon their arrival at Arlon, without any semblance of trial, they were all lined up before the railroad station and shot down—including the interpreter, whom the Germans refused to hear. Madame Huriaux, as she died, shouted: "*Vive la France!*"

When the Germans arrived at Monceau-sur-Sambre, a suburb of Charleroi, they had a list showing the names and addresses of a hundred prominent persons of the place, which it is believed was furnished by a German who had worked in the Zimmerman factory at Monceau. They seized this hundred as hostages. Among them were five well-known citizens who afterward related their experiences for me.

The Germans, with the band of hostages, set out on the high road toward Montigny, forcing their prisoners to run, with their arms raised, in front of uhlans who prodded them with their lances and struck them with the butts of their guns, and, when they would not run fast enough, charged their horses upon them. One of the men was struck so violently that his shoulder was dislocated. Another, who as the result of kicks, was ill for a long time, tried to intervene on behalf of his companions, but himself had only redoubled blows in consequence. A third, who was lame, could not run fast enough to suit the soldiers; they became enraged and rained more blows upon him, and when at last, unable to go farther, he fell on the road, they pitched him over a hedge into a field and left him there. Two or three times the officers gave the order to halt, and at random took one man, or a group of four or five men, and without listening to appeals or explanations, shot them down.

The survivors arrived at Montigny and were placed together in a barn, the door of which was left open in order that those within might look on while the soldiers piled bales of straw around the barn and saturated it with oil. While these sinister preparations were going on—it lasted all night—soldiers came from time to time, took some of the hostages and shot them on the spot. An officer approached one of the five and, playing with a cartridge, said:

"This is for you; you will not be burned there."

And then suddenly, the hostages knew not why, the soldiers seized their arms and under a sharp order marched away, and, thus strangely delivered, the prisoners fled, pausing only for a last glance at the bodies of their companions huddled there against the wall where they had been shot during the night.

The story of Aerschot has been best told by the one who knew it best, Madame Tielemans, wife of the Burgomaster of Aerschot, whose boy was torn from her and shot, as was her husband.

"HERE are the facts as I saw them, when the Germans seized Aerschot. About eight o'clock in the morning of August nineteenth, I was unable to go to church with my children because bullets were falling in the streets. We installed ourselves in a drawing-room facing the Grand' Place (city hall square). Toward nine o'clock, Belgian soldiers appeared from one of the side streets, their faces covered with blood, supporting one another. I opened the window and inquired what was happening: 'We are retreating, the Germans are pursuing us,' they cried. A few minutes later, the Grand' Place was covered with German troops, seeing which my son lowered the shade; they immediately fired into the window; a bullet ricocheted and wounded him in the leg.

"About ten o'clock, the German commander ordered my husband to the City Hall; when he arrived, they called him a '*Schweinhund*' and, with the greatest brutality, exacted the lowering of the national flag; he was then obliged to translate into German the posters that had been placarded in town, requiring the surrender of firearms and advising the population to keep quiet.

"Meanwhile, officers visited me, asking for hospitality; there were three of them: a general (Stenger, commanding 8th Infantry Brigade) and two aids. They were conducted to apartments. Their rooms faced the Grand' Place; they could watch the troops resting there. Shortly after they went out, the chambermaid called me to see the condition in which they had left their rooms; the worst burglar would not have upset the furniture as the Germans had done; not a single drawer had escaped inspection, not a paper had remained intact. The explanation of this conduct was given to me later on. The general asked me the name of the Belgian colonel that I had received the evening before, insisted on learning to which branch of the service he belonged, etc. I replied, 'I don't know his name any more than I do yours; I don't know whence he came or where he was going, any more than I know your destination.'

"The German army continued to pass by. They were arresting all men. About four o'clock my husband came in. 'So far, so good, but I am uneasy,' he said to me. He took some cigars to give to the sentinels guarding the house. The position of the doorway to the street through the garden enabled us to catch sight of the general on the balcony. I remarked to my husband that what he was doing might displease the authorities. As I reentered the house, I glanced into the Grand' Place and I saw distinctly two columns of smoke followed by a number of rifle-shots. My courtyard was immediately invaded by horses and soldiers who were firing in the air like lunatics. My husband, my children, the servants and myself, had only time to rush into a cellar, hustled by soldiers who took refuge in our house, firing the while. After a few moments of indescribable anguish, one of the aides-de-camp came downstairs shouting: 'The general is dead, I want the mayor.' The general had been struck by a German bullet as he stood on the balcony. My husband said to me: 'This will be serious for me.' I grasped his hand and said: 'Courage!' The captain turned my husband over to the soldiers, who shoved him about and dragged him away. I threw myself before the captain saying:

"'Sir, you can see that neither my husband nor my son has fired, since they are here unarmed.'

"'That makes no difference, Madame; he is responsible.'

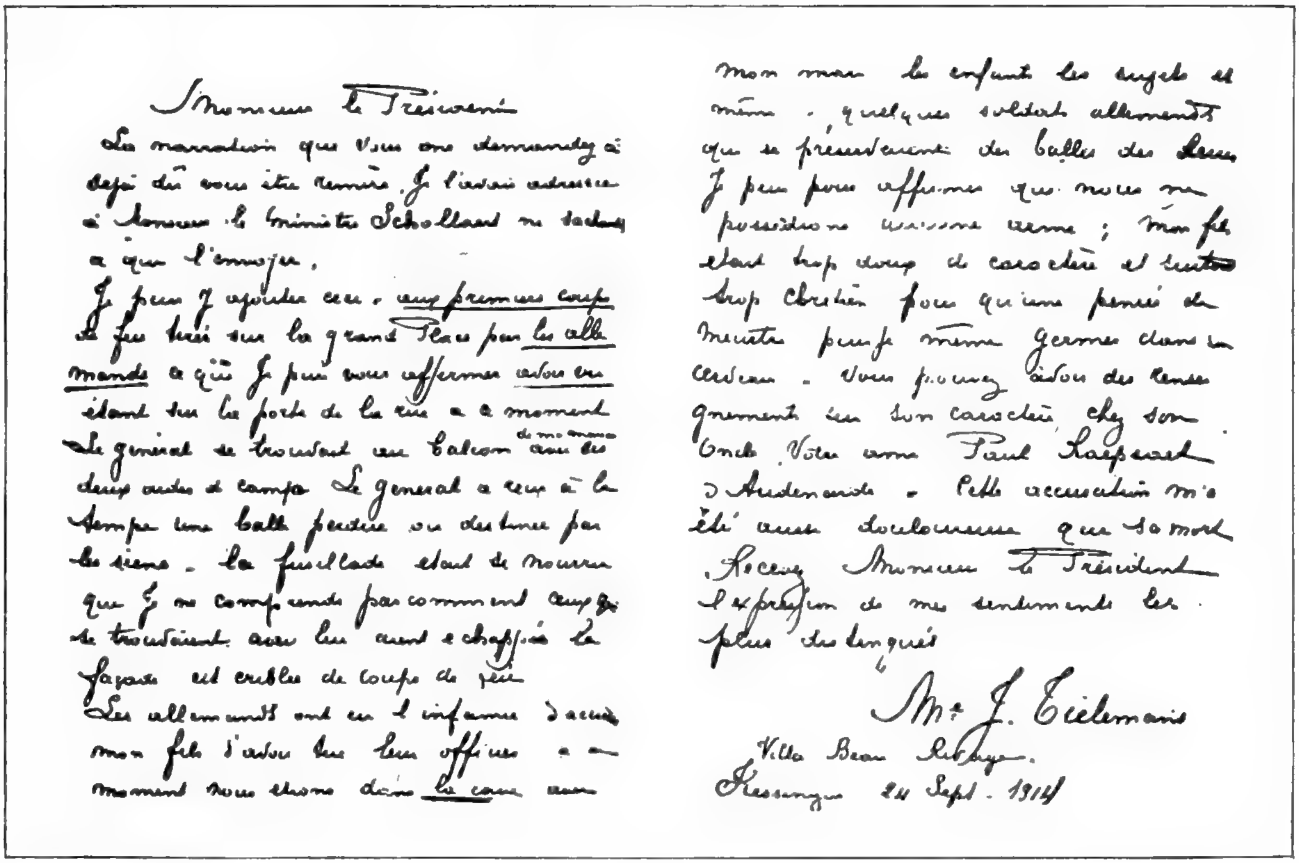
"My son induced us to move to another cellar; a half-hour later he said to me: 'Mother, I hear them looking for us. Well then, let us go up; let us bravely meet our fate.'

"The same captain was there. . . . 'Madame, I must take your son.' He took my son, fifteen years old! And as my son walked with difficulty, owing to his wound, he kicked him along; I closed my eyes in order not to see. I felt myself dying with pain. . . . It was atrocious. . . . I believe he has had my son taken to his father in the City Hall.

"The captain's rage was not yet appeased; he returned for me and forced me to accompany him from the cellars to the attics, claiming that the soldiers had been fired on. He was able to see that the rooms were empty and the windows shut. During this inspection, he continued to threaten me with his Browning. My daughter placed herself between us. But this was not sufficient to make him realize his cowardice.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

The roads were choked with refugees, fleeing before the terror



Monsieur le President
La narration que vous me demandez a
déjà dû vous être remise. Je l'avais adressée
à Monsieur le Ministre Schollaert ne sachant
a qui l'envoyer.
Je peux y ajouter ceci. aux premiers coup
de feu tirés sur la grand Place par les alle
mands ce que je puis vous affirmer avoir eu
étant sur la porte de la rue a ce moment
Le général se trouvait au balcon de ma maison avec ses
deux aides de camp. Le général a reçu à la
tempe une balle perdue ou destinée par
les siens. La fusillade était si nourrie
que je ne comprends pas comment ceux qui
se trouvaient avec lui aient échappé. La
façade est criblée de coups de feu
Les allemands ont eu l'infamie d'accuser
mon fils d'avoir tué leur officier a ce
moment nous étions dans la cave avec
mon mari les enfants les sujets et
même, quelques soldats allemands
qui se préservaient des balles des leurs
Je peux vous affirmer que nous ne
possédions aucune arme; mon fils
était trop doux de caractère et surtout
trop Chrétien pour qu'une pensée de
meurtre puisse même germer dans son
cerveau. Vous pouvez avoir des rensei
gnements sur son caractère chez son
Oncle. Votre ami Paul Kaepsaet
d'Audenarde. Cette accusation m'a
été aussi douloureuse que sa mort
Recevez Monsieur le Président
l'expression de mes sentiments les
plus distingués

Mme J. Tielemans

Villa Beau Rivage.
Kessingen 24 Sept. 1914

[*Translation*]

Monsieur Le President:

The narrative for which you ask me must have been already received by you. I addressed it to Monsieur le Ministre Schallaert, not knowing to whom to send it.

I may add the following, which I can assert to have taken place at the time the first shots were fired on the square by the Germans, as I was at the moment at the street door. The general happened to be on the balcony of my house with his two *aides-de-camp*. A stray bullet, or one fired by his own men, hit him in the temple. The firing was so continuous that I do not understand how those who were with him were able to escape. The front of the house was riddled with shots.

The Germans were infamous enough to accuse my son of having killed their officer. We were at that moment in the cellars with my husband, the children, the domestics, and even several German soldiers, who were seeking protection from the bullets of their own men. I can assure you that we had no arms in our possession. My son was of too gentle a character and too good a Christian for any thought of murder to enter his head. You may obtain information as to his character from his uncle, your friend, Paul Kaepsaet of Audenarde. This charge against him has caused me no less grief than his death.

Receive, Monsieur le President, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

MME. J. TIELEMANS.

Villa Beau Rivage, Kessingen, 24th Sept., 1914

"When we reached the vestibule I said to him: 'What is to become of us?' He answered coldly: 'You will be shot, together with your daughter and your servants.' Meanwhile, the soldiers were bending their bayonets and showing the frightened servants how well they could prick one. As the captain was leaving us, a soldier approached me and said: 'Go into the Grand' Place, no harm will befall the women.' I went back to get a coat, a hat; everything had already been stolen. We left our home without anything. On reaching the square, we found all the inhabitants of the neighborhood; they were all weeping. Beside me, a young girl was on the verge of collapse from suffering: her father and her two brothers had been shot, and she had been torn from the bedside of her dying mother; nine hours later, she found her mother dead.

"We had been in the square for an hour, surrounded by soldiers. All the houses on the right side of the square were in flames. What one could observe was the perfect order and method with which those bandits worked; there was an absence of that savagery in pillaging of men left to themselves. I can declare that they acted by and with order. While the houses were burning, one could see soldiers enter the houses; carrying electric pocket lamps. They searched the buildings, opening windows and throwing down mattresses and blankets which were given to the poor. From time to time the soldiers shouted to us: 'You're going to be shot, you're going to be shot.' Meanwhile, soldiers were coming out of our house, their arms laden with bottles of wine; they were opening the windows of our rooms and taking everything they could find there. I turned away from this scene of pillage. By the light of the fires my eyes encountered my husband, my son, and brother-in-law accompanied by other gentlemen who were being led to execution. I shall never forget that scene, nor the gaze of my husband looking for a last time at his house and asking himself where were his wife and daughter; and I, so that he should not lose courage, could not call to him: 'Here I am!'

"About 2 P.M. they said to us: 'The women can go home.' As my house was still filled with soldiers, I accepted a neighbor's hospitality. We had barely reached her home when Germans came to inform us that we must leave the city immediately: it was about to be bombarded. We were forced to flee in the direction of Rillaer. With some fifty women and children, we were obliged to walk along a road strewn with the bodies of poor Belgian soldiers, civilians, horses, in the midst of burned houses; on the way, we passed hundreds of automobiles filled with German officers whose bravery consisted in leveling their revolvers at women who lacked even enough money to buy a loaf of bread! Finally, after an hour's walk, we were able to find a farmhouse still standing. We had scarcely reached it, when we were forbidden to enter by a German patrol that forced us to remain huddled together in a near-by field. It was not until late at night that we were allowed to enter the house, but only to be unable to leave it. We were obliged to stay there until eight o'clock. During this time, the Germans were rounding up the men, witnessing farewells between husbands and wives, then forcing their victims to advance; three hundred meters farther on, they were all released. Before leaving us, the soldiers inquired whether the wife of the

Mayor of Aerschot was in the crowd. They were told no, while friends destroyed my pass. After their departure, I gained the next village, where friends hid me, and later were able to help me into Holland.

"I learned that the Germans had been searching for me for weeks and that they had even offered a reward of two thousand dollars to the person who would disclose my whereabouts. I never knew why the Germans wished to capture me.

"When my husband and his companions left the City Hall it was 11 P.M. They were taken outside the city. A political adversary of my husband, Mr. Claes Van Nuffel, spoke up and begged the officer in command of the firing-squad to spare the life of the Mayor, saying that he did not belong to the same political party as my husband, but that Aerschot needed him and that he offered his life in exchange for my husband's. The German officer was immovable. My husband thanked Mr. Van Nuffel, saying that he would die in peace, that his life had been spent in trying to accomplish as much good as possible, that he did not ask for his own life, but for that of his son, a child of fifteen, who would console his mother. They did not answer him. My brother-in-law beseeched them to spare the lives of his brother and nephew. They would not listen to him. Toward five o'clock, on the twentieth of August, they forced the victims to kneel and an instant later the best that life held for me had ceased to exist."

THE greater part of the inhabitants of Aerschot who had not fled the town were shut up in the church for days with hardly any food. On August twenty-eighth they were marched to Louvain, and turned loose to be fired on by German soldiers. The following day they were marched back to Aerschot, and again shut up, the men in the church, the women in "a building belonging to Mr. Fontaine." Many women and girls were violated by the German soldiers. Seventy-eight men were taken outside the town and literally made to run the gauntlet: German gendarmes struck them with the butts of their revolvers; and of seventy-eight men only three escaped death. Others were ranged in line, the Germans shooting every third man.

The Germans killed over one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants of Aerschot, among them eight women and several children, and on the sixth of September three hundred were carted off in wagons to Germany. The pillage and burning continued for days, and a great quantity of furniture and objects of art were sent to Germany. In the seven small villages surrounding Aerschot, forty-two persons were killed, four hundred and sixty-two were sent to Germany, one hundred and fifteen houses were burned and eight hundred and twenty-three were pillaged.

XXXI

I HAVE said that the worst of all was Tamines, but perhaps it only seems the worst because it made such an impression on the minds of the young men of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. They were always talking of it.

"Yes, but have you seen Tamines?" they would say whenever the conversation, as it did persistently, with a kind of fatal irrelevancy, turned on the atrocities. They knew Tamines only as they passed through it back and forth on their way to and from the Borinage, and all they had seen was the poor little cemetery there in the churchyard, crowded with the new-made graves whose wooden crosses all bore the same date.

Many of the young men of the Commission, whose experience of human kind had been as fortunate as their own natures were kind, came with the skepticism that did so much credit to their characters; but somehow that little graveyard at Tamines was more potent as proof to them than more direct and positive evidence could have been.

Tamines is a little mining town on the Sambre, down in what is known as the Borinage, the coal-fields between Namur and Charleroi. The little church stands on the village green overlooking the river, its façade all splotched where the bullets and grape-shot spattered against it. And in the little graveyard beside the church there are hundreds of new-made graves, long rows of them, each with its small wooden cross and its bit of flowers. The crosses stand in serried rows, so closely that they make a very thicket, with scarcely room to walk between them. They were all new, of painted wood, alike except for the names and the ages—thirteen to eighty-four. But they all bore the same sinister date, August 22, 1914.

The Germans had been in Tamines for several days, but the occupation was what would be called for the times, peaceful; the only deed of violence, it seems, concerned a little girl and her two brothers; they were standing on the village green staring at the German soldiers, who suddenly turned and killed them.

The French were holding the bridge on the Sambre; there was a sharp fight, and after the Germans had carried the bridge, they sent the main body of the troops on after the French, but they left enough troops behind to wreak the usual vengeance on the civilians.

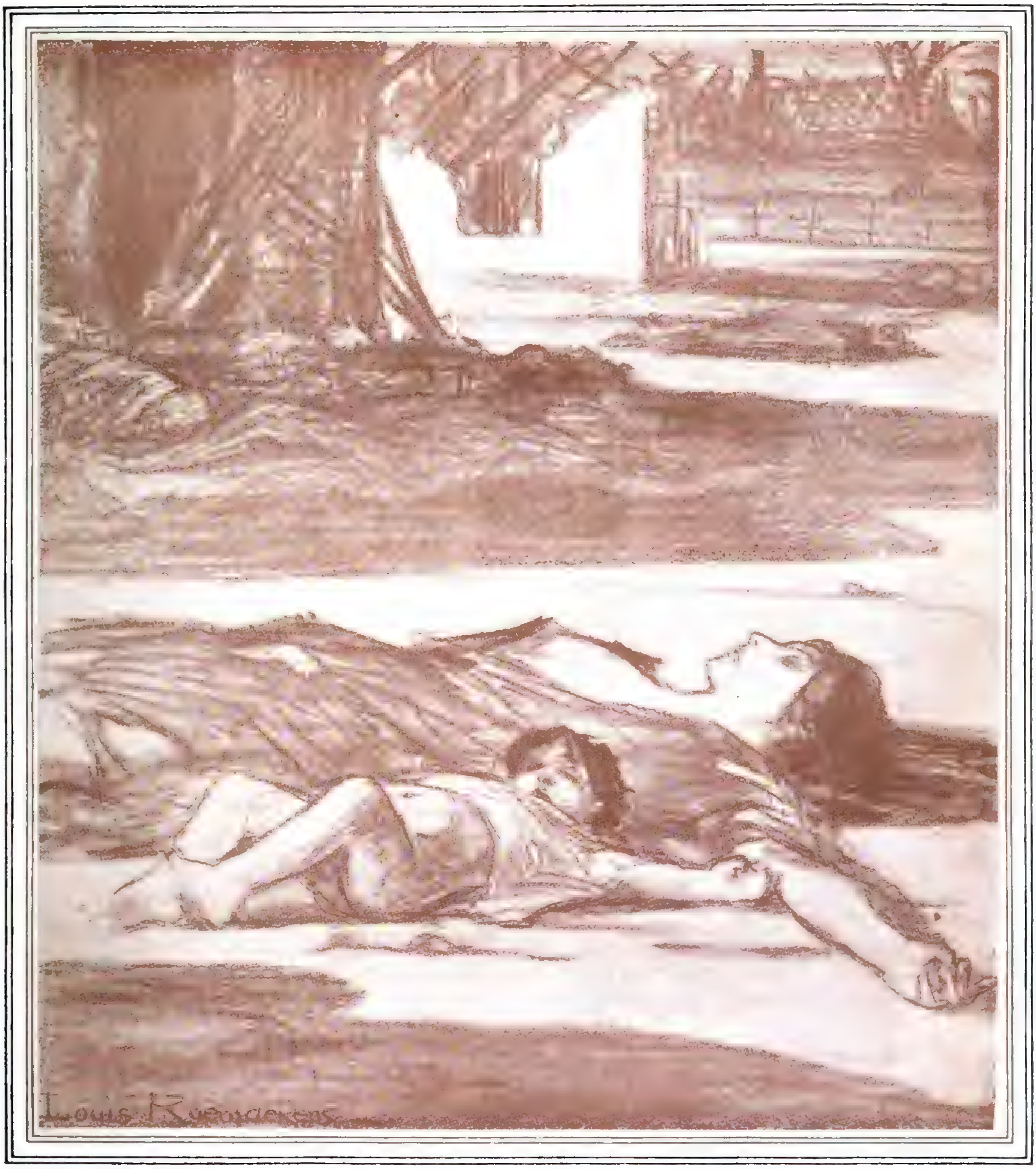
The Germans then began to pillage and burn the houses, six hundred and seventy-six of them; then they turned all the inhabitants into the street, promiscuously, marching about them in bodies, in order, as the man from whom we had the story said, "to terrorize the population and to frighten the women and children." It went on for long hours; they were given no food or drink. "During a halt they forced them to lie beneath the machine guns, then they lined them up against the church wall and performed a mock execution, that is to say, the soldiers fired over the heads of the victims." It was the evening of Saturday, the twenty-second, about seven o'clock. About six hundred men were massed in St. Martin's Square, on the river bank, and the women folk, their wives, mothers, daughters, were assembled by the soldiers to witness the scene.

"They lined up their victims," said the man from Tamines, "in three rows along the Sambre and tumbled one hundred and fifty of them head over heels into the river, shoving back with their bayonets those who attempted to cling to the bank. Only four or five escaped by swimming. During this first execution the machine guns were trained on the remaining lines. The first discharge carried away all but twenty men, among them my brother, who still stood facing the enemy in spite of three wounds in the shoulder and one in the left side of the groin. A soldier then approached him and knocked him over with a blow on the head with his gunstock."

The accounts differ slightly. Some witnesses who escaped out of the country and gave their testimony either before the English or the Belgian commissions, say that the first volley was fired by a squad, and that after this a number of men jumped into the river and escaped by swimming, while others, fired upon by the soldiers from the banks, were killed as they struggled in the water; that after the first volley the Germans ordered the survivors to arise, and that it was at this time that the machine gun was used. Others told dreadful tales of the killing of the wounded. That there should have been confused accounts of what transpired, there in that summer twilight on that village green by the riverside, with its horrid deeds, is not surprising. Darkness fell; soldiers, using electric pocket lamps, prowled through the rows of fallen, striking with the butts of their rifles or with their bayonets those who still breathed.

Some day, no doubt, the evidence will all be marshalled and the whole truth told. There is no available testimony from German sources, for in the White Book, issued to explain and justify all that was done in Belgium, there is no reference to Tamines, no mention of it.

But when the firing had ceased that night there were more than four hundred dead; their bodies lying there, women, too, and children. And the graves are there near by, in the



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"KULTUR" HAS PASSED HERE.

Cartoon by Louis Raemaekers.

cemetery, and the ages given are from thirteen to eighty-four.

The bodies lay there stark on the green all night, sentinels guarding them. The next day they were buried in one trench.

"At the beginning of last week"—our narrator came on the seventh of September—"the inhabitants were able to exhume the bodies and bury decently each one. Several days were spent in this dismal undertaking. One of my brothers and my brother-in-law came on Wednesday, September second, to identify the body of my poor brother and begged in vain for permission to have it removed to the family vault. My brothers were able to satisfy themselves—and this detail is not without importance—that a sum of three thousand francs which my brother had pocketed before leaving his house, so that it would not be stolen when the place came to be pillaged, had disappeared. My sister, who resides in the same house as my brother, was informed of this fact. *Highway robbers demand your money or your life, but the Germans take both, your money and your life!*"

XXXII

THERE was a certain gruesome monotony in the stories, after all; they were all alike, the same thing over and over again everywhere in the land, the same details, the same characteristics, the same typical deeds; one comes almost to recognize it as the work of a

Photograph by International Film Service Co., Inc.

Belgian refugees sleeping on straw at Rosendaal, Holland.

rtain type, as old detectives identify e work of yeggmen, and as trappers, om the signs, tell whether Cheyennes Sioux have passed that way.

The Germans enter a town, take stages—the burgomaster, some counlmen, one or two notables; they deand money, food, wine and forage. ll goes well enough for a few days. he army moves on. There is a reverse, d soldiers swarm back into the town ying "*Man hat geschossen!*" (They're ooting!) Then murder, pillage, fire, pe, massacre. This happened again d again. At Herve, at Bligny, attice, Retinne, Schaffen, Charleroi, ougaerde, at Monceau-sur-Sambre, at ougnies and at Termonde—occupied vice by the Germans who, driven out e first time by the Belgian troops, rerned and almost annihilated the wn.

The atrocities have been made the bject of two serious investigations, at of the Belgian Commission, headed y Mr. Henri Carton de Wiart, the Belian Minister of Justice, and that of e English Commission, presided over y Lord Bryce, formerly British Amassador at Washington.

Something of the sweep of these inestigations may be gathered from the act that the report of the Belgian Commission, the Gray Book (Le Livre Gris), orms an in-quarto volume of five hundred and twenty-five pages. Many brochures have appeared that treat of these atrocities, and recently an excellent study, "The German Army of Louvain and the German White Book" ("*L'armée allemande à Louvain en août 1914, et le Livre Blanc du 10 mai 1915*") has been published, which gives a sober and convincing account of the tragedy at Louvain and contains an able analysis of the White Book. Many of the facts given in this work are borne out by my notes. The report of the British Commission, that is to say, the conclusions drawn from the evidence heard before the Commission, contains thirty-eight in-quarto pages, and the evidence itself forms a two-hundred-page volume of the same dimensions.

The tale is unending; horror piles on horror. We heard them every day all that autumn, all that winter; every refugee who came to Brussels, every one who came in from the country, brought them; and they will be told in Belgium for a century to come.

At first one heard them and could not believe them; and when finally one did believe them, because there was no doubting any more, it was to despair of the future of the human race. And even then we scarcely realized them in all their sheer and utter savagery. We heard too many; scores and hundreds and thousands of such recitals were told by the refugees, told by refugees from all those doomed towns in eastern Belgium, myriad repetitions of individual instances, all essentially the same, until the mass of them overpowered the imagination, and saturated the mind with their horror. Words lost their meaning, were unable longer to depict the sinister and tragic significance of the events they would describe, and became cold and bald, like statistics or terms of generalization. It all seemed too grotesque, too patently impossible, there, before one, in Brussels, in the midst of familiar things, in our own times—in the "so-called twentieth century," as the English parson said, with a humor that I trust was not unconscious.

I might have had thousands of such tales, but I did not seek them; I had those that were brought to me, and I have struck out all that seems like exaggeration. I was representing a neutral power and I made it a point of honor to respect that neutrality and to see that it was respected; only in the case of Louvain did I seek information, and then I felt that I had the right to do so because it was reported that the rights of Americans were involved. Finally I ceased to listen to the stories and turned the relators over to Gibson or de Leval, and at last even they ceased to listen. Of what use? It was all cumulative, corroborative. Any good trial judge would have long since said: "I don't care to hear any more on that point."

And so I have left out of this account much that was told, and have confined my statements to proved and admitted facts. I have not told about the old soldier in Brussels, who used to tell his "group" in the café when he sipped his *faro* of an afternoon, how, walking along the road from Alost to Brussels on the twentieth of August, he saw a Uhlan stab a boy, a little *manneke*, with his lance, and how he, the old soldier, had folded his arms and shouted "*Lâche!*" (Coward!) three times at the Uhlan.

The reason I would not offer this in evidence is the fact, principally, of that detail about the folded arms. That is of the cinema, indubitably, and I have a constitutional dislike for romanticism, and one finds as much of it among soldiers, with their swanking, as among the novelists.

There are many such, and there are many that I can not bring myself to repeat; they belong to the smoking-room, and even there one would be ashamed to repeat them; they are more proper for pathological study than for the mere curiosity of the lay mind. Rape was common, and at certain places even nuns were not spared. Cardinal Mercier's correspondence with the late Governor-General von Bissing on this delicate point is important.

In their response to the French Catholics, the German Catholics, speaking of the violation of nuns, say that when the German Governor-General in Belgium addressed himself on the subject to the Belgian bishops, the Archbishop of Malines (Cardinal Mercier) caused it to be made known that he could furnish no precise information as to any case whatever of the violation of nuns in his diocese. Thereupon Cardinal Mercier published his correspondence with Baron von Bissing on this subject, in which he said that the priests were bound to respect secrets of the confessional, and physicians those of their profession; that he would not submit any nun to any interrogatory, and that no good could come from a discussion of the subject.

But when his words were misinterpreted, he wrote:

"I wrote, indeed, to the Governor-General that I could furnish no precise information, because my conscience forbade me to deliver to any tribunal whatever the information, alas! too precise, which I possess. Assaults on nuns have been committed. I believe them, happily, to be not numerous, but they occurred, to my knowledge, several times."

The Cardinal thereupon published in its entirety his correspondence with the Governor-General.

One of the allegations that seems to have aroused an almost morbid curiosity is that which relates to the cutting off the hands of little children. We used to hear the story often in Belgium, but never in a form that seemed to me wholly convincing. In the report of the English Commission there is given the testimony of three witnesses who claim to have seen this thing at Malines. We had that story too, immediately after the fall of Antwerp, but the testimony is excluded from the report of the Belgian Commission.

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Mother and daughter—A Belgian tragedy.

The father, M. Claessens, a prominent Belgian merchant, and two sons were killed at Liege, and the family home destroyed. Searching for shelter, Madame Claessens and her daughter walked to Holland, thence to Antwerp, and again to Holland. They are here shown resting by the roadside near Antwerp.

XXXIII

FIELD-Marshal Baron von der Goltz, the old pasha, came to Belgium announcing the doctrine, amazing in our western eyes, that "the punishment for hostile acts falls not only on the guilty but on the innocent as well."

The doctrine, of course, is implicit in the German theory of the state. The state is conceived as something with an independent, ideal, unrelated existence, wholly dissociated from the individuals that compose it, an entity suspended somewhere between the heaven and the earth, like the coffin of Mahomet. It does not exist for the benefit of the individual, but, so far as he is of any account in it at all, he exists for it. Hegel, it seems, was the original inventor of the theory, and students of German metaphysics can trace it all back to Kant's categorical imperative of Duty, and to Goethe's principle of Self-Culture, doctrines distorted into something quite otherwise than that which their originators intended.

They will cite Fichte's teaching that the citizen must sink his individuality in the state; Treitschke, with his notion that the state is a half-divine entity based on force, and that therefore the army is the highest manifestation of the state and war its chief business, "a radical medicine for the ills of state" which "the living God will take good care . . . shall not cease;" Clausewitz preaching the duty of every man to be in the army; and Nietzsche, scorning the Christian tenets as soft and effeminate, inculcating the dogma of moral irresponsibility. Goethe's Self-Culture becomes a kind of sublimated selfishness, and into all this muddle Darwin's theory of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest is mixed, until Bernhardi, getting down to business, teaches that might makes right and that nothing succeeds like success. Thus is evolved a nation of supermen—all doing the goose-step.

For forty years these doctrines were dinned into the German ear; pamphleteers, novelists, soldiers, statesmen, scientists, professors, theologians and pastors, all preached them. The army became the avatar of the state. Every man is in the army, and there is but one law, one duty, one principle, one religion—obey. The private obeys the corporal, the corporal obeys the sergeant, the sergeant obeys the lieutenant, the lieutenant the captain, and so on up the scaffolding of the mounting grades, until all power, all authority, all privilege, is vested finally in the generals, the field-marshals, and the General Staff. Pastors exist only to assure them of the approval of the Teutonic God, professors to write learned justifications of their crimes, and scientists to invent new methods of destruction.

Photograph by International Film Service Co., Inc.

Caught by the Germans.

For forty-four years the writers and thinkers of Germany had been at work upon this theory. There is something almost pathetic in the spectacle; one ray of humor visiting those patient, docile, heavy minds would have spared them all their trouble—and made the empire impossible. Forty-four years and whole libraries of ponderous tomes to define a theory that Louis XIV. without hypocrisy, and with no illusions, with French clearness, French logic, French cynicism and French wit, put into a word, "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*"

But the trouble with theories is that when they undertake to realize themselves, to body themselves forth, they have nothing to do it with except men. I am sure that those old men of the *Landsturm*, in the little round caps and buckles with "*Gott Mit Uns*" on their bellies, and the boots, and the rifles with the long shining bayonets, whom we used to see standing in ecstasies before the windows of the *delicatessen* shops in Brussels, where the red sausages glistened and the golden Dutch cheeses gleamed, had never heard of Nietzsche or of Bernhardi or of Treitschke. They were neither philosophers nor mystics, and were all unaware that they were supermen. All they had heard of was the burgundy of Belgium, the champagne of France —and *francs-tireurs*. In their pockets they carried inflammable pastels and the like, phrase-books giving alternate translations in German and French of such sentences as:

"Hands up!"

"Carry out all the furniture!"

"I am thirsty; bring me some beer, gin, rum."

"You have to supply a barrel of wine and a keg of beer!"

"If you lie to me I will have you shot immediately!"

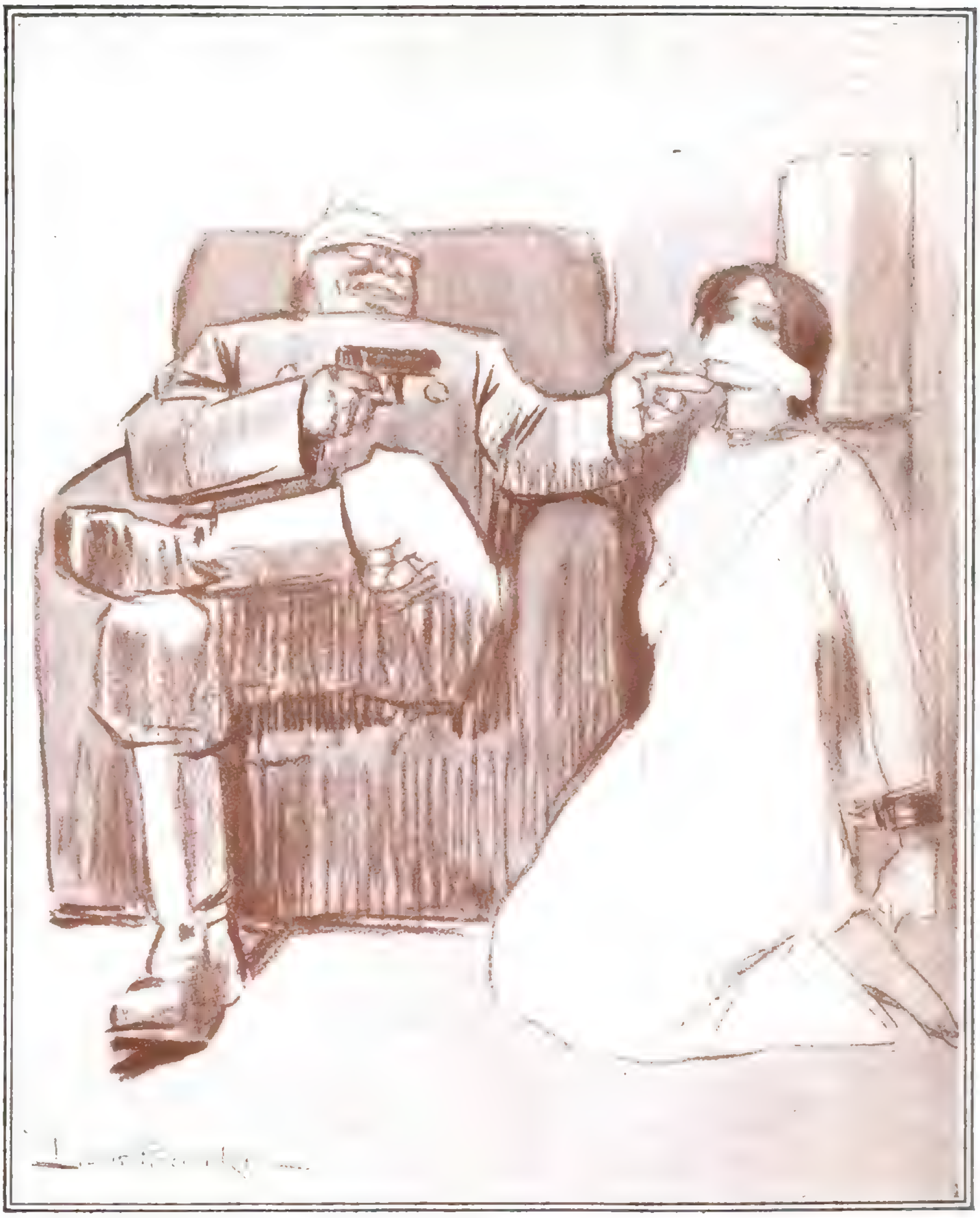
"Lead me to the wealthiest inhabitants of this village. I have orders to requisition several barrels of wine."

"Show us the way to . . . If you lead us astray, you will be shot!"

For forty years German writers had been preaching the duty of waging war not only on armies but on civil populations as well, and the German mind was saturated with the notion that in France the civil population was composed of *francs-tireurs*. Not only the military writers, but the German romanticists had filled their books with the idea. Their popular romances abound in tales of terrible French *francs-tireurs*, with their ferocious names, the eidolons of those Tartarins the Germans had heard of in France in 1870. Those tales were told everywhere in the Prussian Germany that grew up after the war.

In the first days of the war, arrived in a village that was on the frontier, near Malmèdy, partly in Belgium and partly in Germany, it is said—I can not vouch for this story—that the German soldiers at once began burning houses, and that there were cries of "*Nein! Nein! Dies ist noch deutsch!*" (No, no; this is still German.) At any rate, along the Route de la Trois Cheminées the peasants were assembled under guard by the soldiers and pointed out to the oncoming columns as specimens of the Belgian *francs-tireurs* that had fired on their comrades!

The result was that when the German soldiers entered Belgium they were in such a highly excited state, in a condition of such fear, that they saw a *franc-tireur* in every peasant, in every peaceful civilian; the lightest sound, the crackling of a twig, the slamming of a door, brought the cry, "*Man hat geschossen!*" and the stampede and carnage began. Even officers were not free from the obsession. A general, quartered in a palace in Brussels in the autumn of 1914 was awakened by an



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"AIN'T I A LOVABLE FELLOW?"

Cartoon by Louis Raemaekers.

unusual sound, a steady, persistent tick-tick-tick, there in the silent watches of the night; he arose, summoned the guard, told them that there was an infernal machine at work, ordered them to ransack the house from attic to cellar, where at last they found—a defective water-meter.

To the general, of course, and no doubt to all those with loftier seats in the hierarchy, the doctrines meant something; war had become a sacred thing, and a German's duty first of all was to the state. An official at Brussels one day, while he was smoking a cigar with a relish that seemed entirely human, said, with an air of great merit, and no doubt with entire sincerity:

"If that sentinel out there should tell me to throw away this cigar, I should do so unhesitatingly and instantly."

Thus the peculiar conception of "duty" came before conscience, before honor, before every moral consideration. Distinctions become blurred and finally fade from the mind. Men who in their private or personal capacity would not think of countenancing such deeds, would permit, even command, any brutality, any wickedness, any atrocity, the moment they could say to themselves that it was being done for the state. In this mystical conception the deed becomes a high and holy thing. The uniform comes to possess a magic quality; the moment it is on his back the wearer becomes something other than a man. And when anything that a man, provided he wears a uniform, desires to do, can be justified and approved in conscience merely by saying that it is for the benefit of the state, there is no end to the possibility of mischief.

The White Book, issued on the tenth of May, 1915, to justify the deeds of the German army in Belgium, admits all the essential facts and attempts a justification—a plea in confession and avoidance. The claim was not that here and there some maddened and desperate peasant had fired from behind hayricks or trees; that might have been conceivable, perhaps not unnatural, under all the cirumstances. It was not even that there were here and there bands of *francs-tireurs*, but that the whole nation, secretly and officially organized, had arisen and flung itself on the invader. "*Man hat geschossen*" becomes "*Der belgische Volkskrieg*" (The Belgian national guerrilla war).

In Brussels, to convict a Belgian of anything, the word of a German soldier sufficed; he did not have to give evidence of the fact, much less prove it; he merely had to assert it. It may be that some similar notion accounts for the fact that in the White Book there is no convincing evidence that the Germans were actually fired upon, and indeed, as it seems, that no serious effort was made judicially to establish the fact. As, to have a town given over to fire and sword, it sufficed simply for a German soldier to cry "*Man hat geschossen!*", when justification is attempted it seems sufficient to say "The Belgians fired on us." The fact that in a moment of panic some soldier cried "*Man hat geschossen!*" is offered as proof that some one did shoot at them. Three hundred times the White Book contents itself with repeating the unsupported allegation, "They have fired upon us." It was, of course, sufficient for Germany, for "a German soldier said so."

In the White Book there is not a word about Tamines, not a word about Surice, not a word about Spontin, not a word about Namur, not a word about Ethe, not a word about Gommeries, not a word about Latour, not a word, in short, about sixty-five other places where there was pillage and massacre and incendiarism.

The testimony, most of it gathered for the Louvain inquiry, consists almost wholly of such statements as those of Berghausen and his comrades; they were the star witnesses.

"Men of all professions," says the White Book, "workers, manufacturers, doctors, professors, even clergymen, yes, even women and children, were taken with weapons in their hands, in the regions from which the regular troops had retired. They were shooting from houses or from gardens, from roofs and from cellars, from fields and from forests, on the Germans. They used means that would never be employed by regular troops, shotguns and lead shot, old revolvers and old pistols, and numerous were the men found mutilated or scalded with boiling tar or boiling water. In short, it is not to be doubted that the German wounded were struck and killed by the Belgian population, and also greatly mutilated, nor is it to be doubted that women and even girls participated in these shameful exploits; German wounded had their eyes punctured, their noses and ears and fingers mutilated, their bodies ripped open; in other cases German soldiers were poisoned, sprayed with boiling liquid, or roasted, so that they suffered an atrocious death."

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

Belgian fugitives write their addresses in chalk on the station wall before fleeing to Holland.

And by an even more extensive flight of the imagination one German soldier says that he saw a Belgian boy going about in a field with a basket filled with the eyes of German soldiers.

AND hence it was necessary to do what was done at Visé, at Dinant, at Aerschot, at Louvain, and in a hundred other towns, sacked, pillaged and burned, with masses mowed down by machine guns, children murdered and women raped. And yet, if the alleged firing by civilians was done on such a scale, it would seem rather simple to produce some direct evidence of the fact, and to show who fired on the soldiers, and where, and when, and the names of the numerous victims.

Doubtless it is not given to us, with our common law notions of evidence and of proof, to penetrate the mystery of the German idea of justice. "*Man hat geschossen!*" A German soldier said so. That settles it.

It is, of course, inconvenient to argue with an opponent who has such a supreme and impregnable refuge. Attempts to have all the facts submitted to some impartial tribunal, as well as appeals, were all in vain.

Monseigneur Rutten, Bishop of Liège, as early as August 18, 1914, had written to Commandant Bayer, German Military Governor of Liège:

"I appeal to your heart as a man and a Christian and I beseech you to put a stop to the executions and reprisals. I have been informed repeatedly that several villages have been destroyed, that many notables, among them priests, have been shot, that others have been arrested, and all have protested that they were innocent. As I know the priests of my parish, I can not believe that any of them were guilty of acts of cruelty to German soldiers; I have visited several hospitals and have seen that they are as well cared for as the Belgians. They themselves have testified to this. I do not wish to discuss past events. I only ask of you, in the name of Humanity and of God, to prevent acts of reprisal against our harmless population. These reprisals can no longer have any useful object, but will only push the population to the depths of despair.

"I should be pleased to discuss the matter with you, for I am confident that it is your wish as much as it is mine to lessen the hardships of war rather than to increase them. At the last minute I learn that the curate of R. has been arrested and conducted to the Chartreuse (a fort). I do not know what the accusation against him is, but I do know that he is incapable of committing a hostile act toward your soldiers; he is a good priest, gentle and charitable. I can vouch for him and beg you to send him back to his parish."

And Cardinal Mercier and the five bishops of Belgium on November 24, 1915, wrote a collective letter to the cardinals and bishops of Germany and Austria, in which this touching passage occurs:

"You will say, perhaps, 'It is past; let us forget it. Instead of pouring oil on the fire you had better strive to pardon and collaborate with the Power in Occupation, whose sole desire is to heal the wounds of the unfortunate Belgian people.' Oh! Your Eminence and dear colleagues, do not add irony to injustice. Have we not suffered enough? Have we not been, are we not continuing to be, tortured with sufficient cruelty?

"You say: 'All is past; accept it with resignation; forget!'

"The past! But all the wounds are bleeding! There is not an honest heart that is not inflamed with indignation. While we hear our Government say to the world: 'He is twice guilty who, after having violated the rights of others, still attempts, with the most audacious cynicism, to justify himself by attributing to his victim faults that the latter never committed,' our people can only keep back with violence words of malediction. Only yesterday a farmer in the neighborhood of Malines learns that his son has died on the battle-field. A priest tries to console him and the brave man replies: 'Oh! This one; I give him to my country! But my eldest son, they took him from me, the accursed ones! and like cowards shot him and threw him into a ditch!'"

It had been said that after Louvain, orders were given in Berlin that the policy of *Schrecklichkeit* be discontinued. If such orders were given, they were neither enforced nor obeyed. All through the battles of September about Antwerp the same thing went on; the tragedies of Termonde, of Lierre, were enacted there. And after Antwerp, when in October the Germans got down into west Flanders, where the Belgian army made its heroic stand along the Yser, the tragedies of Roulers, of Furnes, of Ypres, of Pervyse, of Bousinghe, were the result.

And right here we have the key to the mystery. If one will take a fairly large map of Belgium and lay one's right hand upon it with the wrist at Aix-la-Chapelle, the base of the palm on Liège, and the fingers outspread toward the Belgian coast, the thumb will touch Dinant, the index finger Nivelles, the middle finger Brussels, the second finger Louvain and Malines, and the little finger Antwerp. The five fingers thus disposed will represent in a crude figure the progress of the German forces that, in August, 1914, invaded the little kingdom they had sworn to protect and defend. The first of these, that went southward at about the line marked by the thumb, was the army of the Crown Prince, the next was the army of the Duke of Wurttemberg, the next the army of von Hausen, the next the army of von Bulow, and the last the army of von Kluck. And it was in the area covered by the hand that the atrocities for the most part—until the Germans got into Flanders—were committed.

As one studies the evidence one is struck at the outset by a fact so general that it must exclude the hypothesis of mere coincidence, and that is that these wholesale massacres followed immediately upon some reverse which the Germans had sustained. Their army is checked by the guns at the forts to the east of Liège, and the horrors of Visé, Verviers, Bligny, Battice, Herve, and twenty villages follow. Checked before Namur, they sack Andenne, Bouvignies and Champignon. Compelled to give battle to the French army in the Belgian Ardennes, they ravage the beautiful valley of the Samois, destroy the village of Rossignol, and exterminate its entire male population. Checked again by the French on the Meuse, the awful carnage of Dinant results; and on the Sambre by the same army, they burn Charleroi, and enact the appalling tragedy of Tamines.

At Mons the English balk them, and all over the Borinage there is systematic destruction, pillage and murder. The Belgian army drives them back from Malines, and Louvain is doomed. The Belgian army, falling back and fighting in retreat, takes refuge in the forts of Antwerp, and the burning and sack of Hougaerde, Wavre, Ottignies, Grimde, Neerlinter, Weert St. George, Shaffen and Aerschot follow.

The Belgian troops inflict serious losses on the Germans in the south of the province of Limbourg, and the towns of Lummen, Bilsen, and Lanaeken are partially destroyed. Antwerp held out for two months, and all about its outer lines of fortifications there was blood and fire, numerous villages were sacked and burned, and the whole town of Termonde was destroyed.

During the battles of September the village of Boortmeerbeek, near Malines, occupied by the Germans, was retaken by the Belgians and when the Germans entered it again they burned forty houses. Three times occupied by the Belgians and retaken by the Germans, Boortmeerbeek was three times punished in the same way. That is to say, everywhere the German army met with a defeat, it turned on the civil population and punished it, wreaking a cowardly vengeance on helpless and unoffending civilians. This happened so many times and so precisely in the same way that its significance can not be avoided.

But there is a striking corollary to all this. In all those regions where the Germans could pass without resistance from the Belgian or French or English troops, there were no massacres and no incendiarism in the grand style. There were many isolated cases of individual outrage and atrocity, of course, but no systematically organized annihilation of cities, no massacre of populations, as at Louvain, Dinant, Termonde, Aerschot, Tamines, Visé. Between Brussels and Mons, in the northern part of the Ardennes, in Hesbaye, in the north of Limbourg, in east Flanders, the German army passed in force, but there was no resistance there on the part of the regular troops, no check to the ambitious plan. And there was no *Schrecklichkeit.*

If, as the claim is, the whole civil population of Belgium was organized for a *Volkskrieg*, they would have been found there as well. From all that one can gather, the *francs-tireurs* existed only in the overwrought imagination of the German soldiers, and one is led irresistibly to the conclusion that, thus stung by little defeats and exasperated by the checks which their plans had sustained, the officers either ordered or permitted these atrocities on the civil population.

Almost as much has been said of German discipline as of German organization. There is, of course, much of both in Germany, but the discipline is mostly of the military kind. There seems to be little self-discipline; there are no sports in Germany, and the sense of fair play is not developed; the idea of "playing the game" does not exist. It is said that German schoolboys see nothing out of the way in "snitching," in informing, and are encouraged to do so.

And even the higher officers so easily fly into a rage—like the General in Brussels flinging his *kêpi* and gloves on the floor when suddenly he became furious with the Burgomaster. . . . The German language, so wonderfully rich, has a word for it—*Wüterich* (a barbarous tyrant).

They used to tell a story in Brussels of a sentinel at the old Ministry for Foreign Affairs, in the Rue de la Loi, who, halting some one, was instantly inundated by a flood of such shocking German oaths that he hastily saluted and allowed the man to pass.

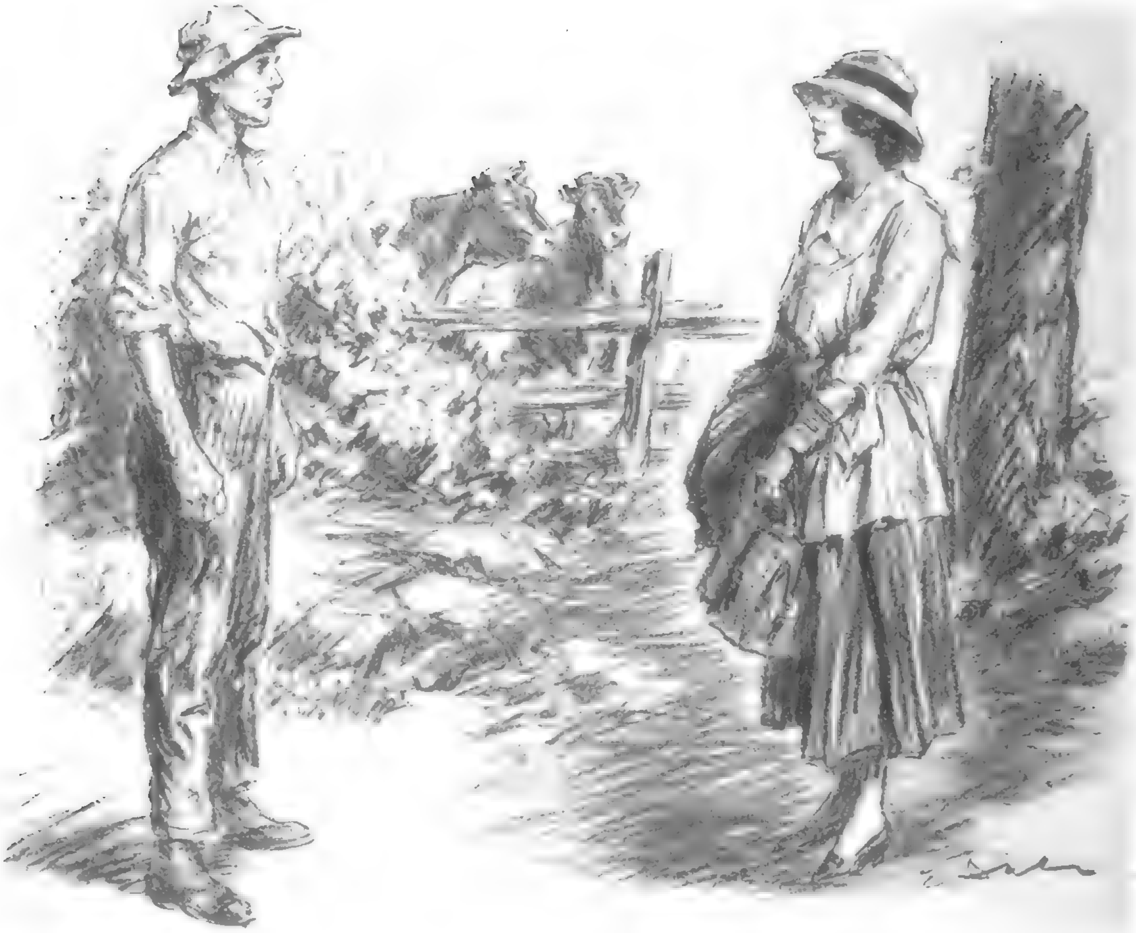
"Why did you let him pass, *Dummkopf?*" demanded a sergeant, rushing up.

"I thought he was an officer," replied the sentinel.

They have a word, too, for the state of wild and beastly rage into which the *Wüterich* so easily flies: *Jähzorn.* . . . It may have been *Schrecklichkeit*, or it may have been *Jähzorn;* perhaps it was both.

There should be some word, however, for the worst deed of all, that which followed this. For all those deliberately organized massacres of civilians, those wanton murders and outrages, the violation of women, the killing of children, the destruction, the burning, the looting and pillage, until whole towns were annihilated, as Carthage and Pompeii and Herculaneum were annihilated, and their people either massacred or sent forth to wander on the face of the earth—these were not the worst. It was not the worst even that, after having repelled the dishonorable advances of Germany, Belgium should be violated by force, and that all these outrages should have been committed to punish her for her virtue. The worst is that after this, the assailant should have tried to justify the deed by trying to sully the reputation of the victim. There is no word for that—in English, at any rate.

The next instalment of Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium—"UNDER THE GERMAN HEEL," a record of the remorseless régime of Prussian oppression, will appear in the June number.



"Are you Mr. Hornblow? Mr. Ezra Hornblow?"

The DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER

By

Harold Titus

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

SADIE DEERE'S rather tired blue eyes took in the first line of the new placard on the Welfare Department's bulletin board as she entered the rest-oom for Hindelbaum's lady employees, nd the query caught her attention with nip.

It was:

"WHAT ABOUT YOUR VACATION?"

Sadie Deere forgot the languor that he first enervating warmth of spring iad set in her slim young body. She :rossed the room briskly and read:

"Young men and women on vacations can find delightful employment during July and early August in the cool, fruit-laden orchards of the Grand Traverse Region. Cherry pickers combine work with play, enjoy the pleasures of summer resorting, and turn their spare time to profit. Address, Grand Traverse Fruit Exchange, Traverse City, Michigan."

When, after reading slowly three times, Sadie stood before the mirror, patting into firmness the discs of black hair at her temples, here yes, not quite so tired, stared at the reflection of a small, white face which was lighted with an extraordinary interest. That expression grew through the moment she stood there, developing from interest to anticipation, then to an enthusiasm which spread to her movements. They lost their sluggishness, became quick, almost vivacious; and yet the corners of her vividly red mouth drooped, suggesting a yearning and ache which was deep in her heart and would not be uprooted by any transient buoyancy.

She had sought the rest-room for respite from the button-counter and because the routine was made drudgery by that sunlight which the Loop smoke could not wholly defeat and by the warmth which the ventilating system could not utterly rob of its suggestion of swelling buds. She had intended to kill a considerable interval there, but she did not. She hurried away, stopping long enough to read the new placard twice again, then slipped down in the elevator to wait on a petulant old lady, with a degree of consideration that sent the customer away in a greatly improved mood.

Throughout that forenoon a phrase stuck in Sadie's mind, repeating itself rhythmically like the laugh of a brook, like the whisper of zephyr-wooed trees, like—like many delightful sounds, until Sadie found her lips shaping the words—"cool, fruit-laden orchards—cool, fruit orchards—" And growing for the moment mundane but thereby adding a trifle to her waxing enthusiasm, she said half aloud, "spare time to profit—to profit——"

The first two hours of the day had dragged; the next pair sped. Just before her lunch another girl, Marjorie Mede, stared at her and said:

"Gosh, Sade, you look like a couple o' million dollars to-day! Why so happy?"

"Spring! Spring and sunshine and vacation time just ahead!"

The other brightened about a fig's worth and yawned. "Vacation!"—tapping her mouth with manicured fingers. "Gosh, I hadn't thought of it. I s'pose it's the same old racket; sand in my shoes, sunburn, mosquito bites until I can't set still, clothes that it broke me to buy ruined, glad to get back to Chicago an' rest up!"

"The regular resorts are tiresome," Sadie agreed. "I've given up trying to get fun out of them. Besides, when fathers and mothers get to a certain time of life they want quiet, and by going off with them to some place among cool, fruit-laden orchards and all that sort of thing you have a lot more fun."

The other girl showed marked envy. "Wish I could think so. Them darned frogs singin'—they make me lonesome." Pause. "Folks—that kind—would make a difference, sure. I'll take mine in the reg'lar way, I expect"—cynically. "Say Sade, didn't you tell me you had double time this year?"

"Yes. Last summer, you know, I stayed when that tall girl was sick. Then it was too late to try for different reservations. I stayed on and they told me I could take a month this summer."

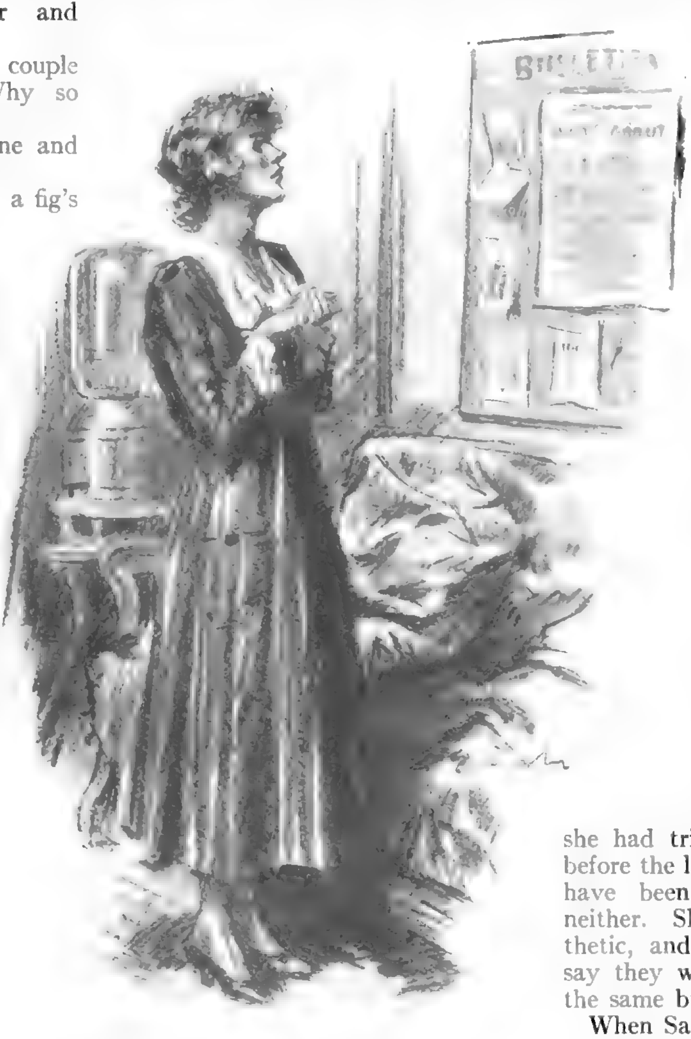
She snapped the band about her salesbook and departed for lunch, thinking of the cherries she had once had on a hat.

Fifteen minutes later, as Sadie stood before a cafeteria counter ordering recklessly of cherry pie—which was ten cents—Marjorie Mede was saying to another girl:

"Gosh, I'm kind of jealous of Sade! She takes things so darned easy; don't get worried or tired. She dresses swell an' 's refined. Bet she's got a dandy home with swell folks and all. She's goin' off some'eres with 'em for vacation, off in th' country where it's cool and quiet; to one of these here new farmhouse resorts, I guess. She don't have to work, but they ain't nothing stuck up or four-flushin' about her. Not much!"

II

STUCK up, no. Four-flushing—well, deny that, too. Aspiring, and dreaming aloud are gentler terms and, in all fairness, more apt; so, in these particulars, Marjorie was not far wrong, but in guessing otherwise about Sadie Deere she missed truth by a margin of—oh, of a mile or so!



The query caught her attention with a nip.

Now, seeming to be without worry or fatigue were conditions to which Sadie aspired, but she was forced to depend on the stipend of a button-counter attendant to assuage concern and to provide against tired soul and body. Difficult, that. Her want of peace was tenacious and so lusty that it could not be confined by fact. The desire grew into a dream, the dream shaped a specific frame of mind; and Sadie, by the favor of her imagination, led, for abstracted periods, the life she coveted, coming back to realities with a jolt frequently, but always rebounding enough to keep her want at a pitch where it clung to the dream which deceived herself a part of the time, others most of the time.

Dressing well and being refined were properties, the one accomplished by marvelous economies, the other by an alert study of people, in flesh and in fiction. The "dandy home" was a myth, for Sadie was housed in a dark little room close against the elevated. The parents: the mother was represented by a low mound, the worthless father was dead, or lost in the city's shuffle. And the impression of not having to work was rendered by a studied reserve, a well-assumed air of stability which quite covered her everlasting sense of impending want—all except the drooping of the red mouth, recorded early in this story.

And creating by suggestion an impression of conditions which yielded happiness where otherwise there would have been only wretchedness, even though such an achievement causes fact to be—yes, to be reshaped—isn't to be condemned, is it? Especially when the suggestion, as effective with herself as with others, was the only real joy a girl like Sadie could have?

If she attempted a show of superiority, if she had tried to flaunt her blessings before the less fortunate, then it would have been different. But she did neither. She was kindly and sympathetic, and girls like Marjorie could say they were jealous of her and, in the same breath, sing her praises.

When Sadie told the other girl that she had abandoned her delayed vacation of the year before because of resort congestion—well, that was close to an out-and-out fib. Shoes and dresses, not to mention food, had advanced so tremendously that her game of simulating a degree of emancipation from material worries took all her stipend and she could not go away; she welcomed the opportunity to work rather than sit idle and let lonely hours impress her with the contrast between her existence and the life which she dreamed of. Worked, though her limbs and back and eyes and brain ached for relaxation.

The game of pretend kept Sadie going. Before her inventions the noisy little room became a well-appointed chamber in a quiet apartment—gray, with triple mirrors on the dressing-table. Her meals, frugal to an alarming degree, grew into satisfying repasts; her clothing, scant in array and purchased after weeks of debate, represented in her mind merely the favored articles of a well-stocked wardrobe. She did not admit that her long evenings over library books were devices to fight loneliness; instead, she made believe that they were relief from an existence cluttered up by many and insistent friends. And now the hour that she devoted each night to Jessup's "Home-Taught Shorthand and Typewriting" quite lifted her from the round of selling buttons, opened new vistas, put her in the way of delightful opportunities; for she saw herself already an expert stenographer with easy hours and thrice her meager income.

That was the most helpful factor in all this improvising: Sadie actually struggled to make her dreams come true; struggled against impossible handicaps often, but in some things she stood at least a fair chance of attaining the goal. Her aunt—the one who had brought her up after her mother died—had been a stenographer, wan and weary, but nevertheless better off than any shop-girl Sadie had ever known. Sadie was fifteen before the aunt grew so weary that she could not hold up her faded blond head; within a month she was gone, her savings were gone, and Sadie was gone, out in the world of counters. Finally, seeing the limitations, she tried night-school to find a way out, but her bodily strength failed and she fell back on the slower but less exacting Jessup.

A tough struggle. The dreams held her to the task. She play-acted through it all, ever living on the level above her. Sometimes the game grew stale, as it now had. Nearly two years had passed since she had had more than a day's rest at a time. Spring tugged at her energy, made the button-counter even more tedious, and those warm evenings caused her progress in the "Home-Taught" to become discouragingly slow.

She yearned for change. A magazine story crystallized the want, and she commenced to think of sweeping meadows, winding roads, birds, streams, quiet. She pictured herself reveling in the luxury of relaxation. And lo, she was there! On the elevated, where she should have been tired and worn, facing the problems of food and shelter themselves, she saw herself stretched in long, fresh-scented grasses, a neglected book in her hand, eyes languidly watching the scud of summer clouds, ears open for the sounds of insects moving along the sweet, warm earth, a splendid peace thrilling her limbs, making her heart pulse slowly—until it leaped to the bawl of her station.

But vacations such as Sadie wanted come high. She planned—in her earth-walking moments—with determined brows, yet in all directions seeing her way blocked by the paucity of her savings. She talked bravely of a month's leave, yet figure as she might she could not calculate even a week at the nearest and most modest resting place.

So the drooping of her mouth became accentuated, the longing in her blue eyes actually noticeable. Had it not been for the comfort she found in pretending, she would have given up entirely.

Circumstances might have forced a surrender anyhow, had it not been for the invitation posted in the rest-room. Wonderful thing! Cool, fruit-laden orchards! And spare time turned to profit! Compared to such promises, manna in the desert was a detail. The yearning retreated in her eyes, the corners of her mouth perked upward. She assaulted Jessup with fresh vigor, promising herself that by winter she would be equipped to try a change in work—and straightway saw herself, not as a laborer among those heavy-limbed cherry trees, but as a magazine-cover girl in a hammock beneath them, middy blouse, languid eyes and all.

III

SHE went north by boat. The steamer was crowded, but Sadie remained on deck until she was alone, thinking of to-morrow. She leaned her elbows on the high rail along the bow and watched the phosphorescent dash of water away from the ship's side, heard the untimed beat of swells as the prow met and clove them. Occasionally, a spoken word came down to her from the wheel-house; now and and then a door slammed aft or laughter reached her ears; but much of the time she was heedless of these, being surrounded by the people of her imagery who fitted with the warm July wind kissing her cheek, with the pulse of the screw, with the white stars. It was one of the rare intervals when Sadie was not aspiring concretely, when she lifted her wings of romance and sailed through a void of delicious improbability—she stared into the east where the star points grew dim as they hung low on the horizon and heard a voice—a man's voice—saying in her ear: "Over there is the coast of Africa."

She sighed; because, for the interval she was Hope Langham, still the statuesque Gibson girl, though advanced two even decades in attire, standing beside Robert Clay in the last pages of "Soldiers of Fortune." She was enveloped in a wonderful glow: relief at stormy days peacefully closed, loved by an incredible man, steaming up a tropic sea toward matrimony and the life her lover pictured as they leaned against the dingy coaster's rail. For moments Sadie was so. Finally she drew back a strand of her hair that, loosed by the wind, had brushed Clay's cheek—until that gesture roused her and, half back in reality, turned and moved down the pitch of the deck toward her stateroom.

IV

IN the country, Sadie knew, the day's activity gathered headway earlier than it does in cities. Yet in that hour when she walked up from the dock she was unprepared for the intensity of purpose which centered about the headquarters of the Fruit Exchange. Motor trucks, refrigerator cars dripping water, cords of cases showing the red and yellow and black fruit through their ventilating spaces; men and boys, lifting and passing and stamping and checking until she felt lost, of little consequence, and was taken with a quick fear that no one might have attention for her.

But when she asked a man at a desk if he could tell her where cherry pickers were wanted he looked up quickly, and another man, perspiring even in that young sunshine, stopped his rush for the door and looked sharply at her.

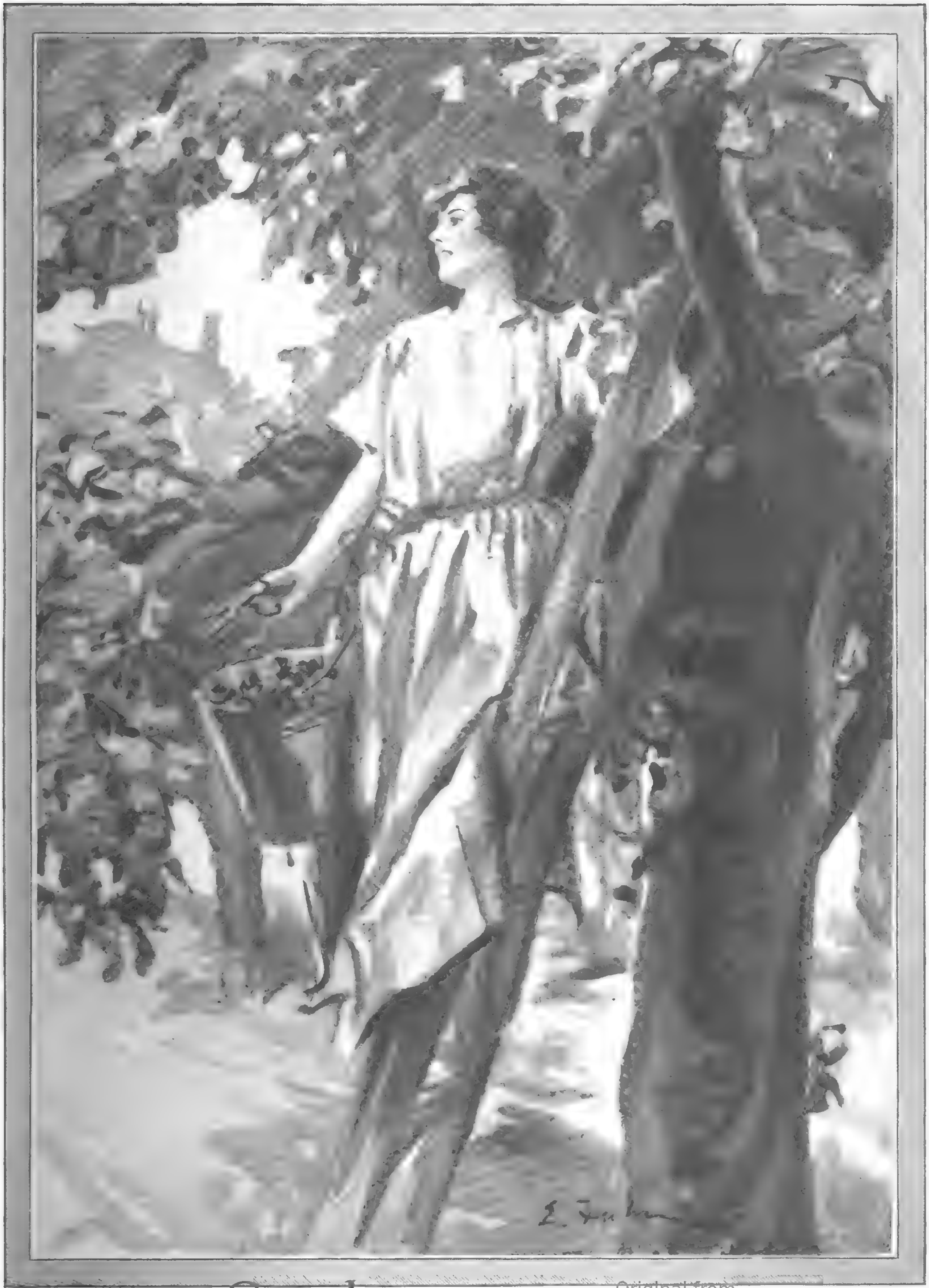
"Bet your life!" he grinned and said. "Are you all of you?"

Sadie smiled timidly and admitted that she was.

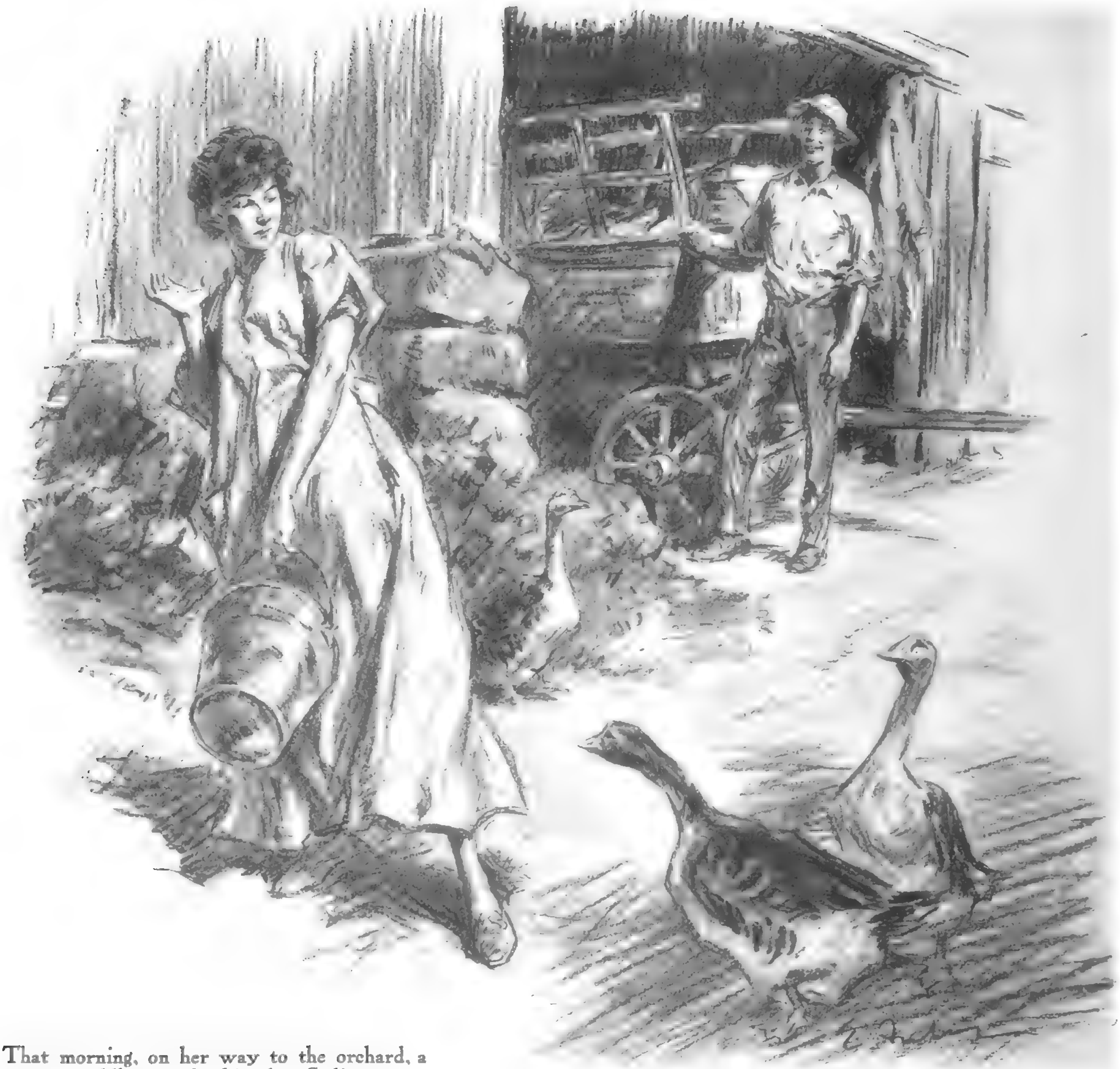
"Ezra Hornblow telephoned for pickers last night," he said to the man at the desk. "Get him on the line. She can catch this truck back if you hurry."

Ezra Hornblow! What a name to conjure and cartoon with! In Sadie's mind, as she perched beside the driver of the rumbling truck, she pictured this Ezra: straw hat on his head, straw in his mouth, overalls tucked into boots, Adam's apple, bucolic and kindly. She smiled at the type she visioned, then forgot it as they stormed through town and swung along the bay shore.

Cool, fruit-laden orchards! A whole panorama of them! Sadie, with half-closed eyes, breathed the air deeply. The road was so white, the dust they raised so glorified by the sun; the verdure as green as the roofs of bungalows in architects' folders, the sky a smooth blue, as vivid as the bay they saw stretched far below them as they topped a long grade. Orchards on all sides, on the hills across the water; old orchards, with spreading branches; youngster trees in precise rows, upstanding, precocious with their first



Sadie forgot all else but that she was in a cool, fruit-laden orchard.



That morning, on her way to the orchard, a **waddling gander hissed at Sadie.**

offerings of fruit clustering among the prim, stiff little twigs. Farmhouses sheltered by groves slipped past, open doors offering invitation to peaceful rooms. A woman in a sunbonnet driving a runabout gave them the road. A little girl, hand-throttling clover blossoms, scampered for safety as they rumbled toward her, and Sadie felt her heart tighten at memory of her own babyhood, in a city street. At a mailbox a lass in a pink-checkered apron watched them, the sun in her golden hair, its tan on her blooming cheeks. She was, by guess, Sadie's age, and Sadie felt a leap of envy for her. To live in a quiet house among trees away from an elevated, to wear an apron, to feel the sun, to—some day—wear a sunbonnet and drive a runabout! Ah, that would be life!

Then the truck was gone and Sadie Deere, queerly excited, was walking briskly down the private road the driver had indicated. Her hat was a wide-brimmed mushroom, white straw, with a black velvet band. The smock was chartreuse dotted with modest black embroidery at the wrists, cut properly in a low V, for her throat was molded to be seen. Her skirt was black, peg topped. Her boot-silk stockings—fifty-four cents—lay close against the trim contour of her ankles, and the new gun-metal pumps—two years old in model and thereby available—made her small feet seem even more shapely. She carried an imitation calfskin bag, purchased at ten off in the bargain basement, which would stand several wettings, even without betraying its true self.

A small figure, peculiarly out of place, sophisticated, citified, set down there in a tree-shaded lane. She realized again her apartness from the setting as she came upon the buildings. She had a confused impression of maple-trees and tents and many people trooping off into orchards, of white horses and strange implements and reluctantly moving cows, beehives, sunflowers, of a guinea hen's cry—which she could not catalogue—turkeys, a bleating calf. And, of a sudden, gazing at her from a pair of very fine brown eyes which laughed ever so subtly as they took her in from hat to pumps, was a young man, capable-looking despite his youth, bronzed, bare-armed, clothes toil-stained yet worn with an air, duck hat back on his large, blond head.

"Good morning," he said, and his wide, kindly mouth seemed to be laughing.

"Good morning," Sadie replied. "Is the proprietor in?"

"I must be the man you're after." He laughed outright, as if immensely amused.

"Are *you* Mr. Hornblow? Mr. Ezra Hornblow?"—incredulity in tone, accent, and widening eyes, for this man was no prototype of the Ezra she had conceived.

"Guilty as charged! What can the proprietor do for you?" He stressed the self-designating word slightly and his eyes twinkled.

"At the Exchange office they told me you wanted cherry-pickers."

"Are you experienced?" he asked, his gaze discomfiting in its steadfastness, yet pleasant, too.

Sadie hesitated. Did one need experience to revel in the luxury of these cool, fruit-laden orchards? Was there a possibility that, for lack of training, she might fail to make this dream come true? If that was so, oh, how she coveted experience! And quite before she realized, she had summoned a smile and was saying:

"Why, I never spend my vacations any other way than picking cherries. It's the best rest I've ever found. Besides, being born a country girl makes it easier, you know"—with a tug in her throat as she unconsciously recalled the scampering child with the clover nosegay.

Not really a lie, was it? No! The country was in her blood; she so envied those sun-blessed children that, for the hour, she was their kind; nothing in that moment could have convinced Sadie that she had not picked flowers along roadsides at three, that she had not worn pink-checkered aprons and gone bareheaded no longer ago than her last vacation period.

Besides, she must have convinced him, she reasoned, for he laughed again and looked her over curiously and became serious: "I don't think there's room for you in the tents, so I'll have to get Mrs. Whitney to take care of you. She has a spare room."

As they passed the tents Sadie was glad they were crowded. Beds were made on the ground, many slept in each shelter. Healthy, perhaps, but strange; too strange.

The man turned her over to Mrs. Whitney, a diminutive woman with white hair, who met them at her kitchen door, and while Sadie was putting her bag into the up-stairs room they gave her—a room calcimined blue, with white curtains and a high, white bed—she heard his voice in the kitchen and his suppressed laugh as he went out. She wondered sharply just why.

Then Mrs. Whitney was climbing the stairs and looking her clothing over and dear-childing her with gentle, welcome rebuke. Twenty minutes later, clad in an apron that covered her from throat to ankle, wearing cotton stockings from the woman's darning basket, and frayed but sufficiently fitting sneakers instead of the high-heeled pumps, Sadie Deere, eyes a trifle doubtful with all their enthusiasm, walked down the rows of trees and sought Ezra Hornblow as he directed the early activities of his picking crew.

"Right here," he said, placing a ladder. "Get your shears and pail at the packing table."

Then he was gone and Sadie was glad. To commence a strange work before him, to ask a question, she feared might be her undoing. She had eyes, though, observant as they were blue.

Cherries aren't *picked* at all in the Grand Traverse Region, she discovered. The stems are clipped with shears. They are dropped into a tin pail which hangs from your waist and at a packing-table are sorted and crated.

It was a relief to know that much. She watched some of the pickers, silent, intent, speeding up, snipping and dropping with mechanical regularity, filling pails with astonishing rapidity. She saw others dawdling; and still others doing nothing.

She would be good, she told herself. She tried hard, undismayed by the first slowness, and soon she had forgotten the seriousness of her errand, the fact that she must be more than self-supporting while on this task, forgot all else but that she was in a cool, fruit-laden orchard—and that Ezra Hornblow would talk to her again, probably.

Cool it was, with a northwest breeze coming over the hill that hid the bay. And fruit-laden for sure. They picked Black Tartarians, big pointed cherries with a flat cheek, thin skins restraining an unbelievably sweet juice and tender pulp. Their thick clusters weighted down the long branches, in rich contrast to the deep green of foliage. Beyond were rows of trees bearing light-colored cherries, pink and yellow cheeked, still holding a greenish cast, evidence of immaturity. Then more red ones, of a hue as yet too light. Other trees, in reaching rows, smaller, of different foliage: sour cherries, acre after acre of them, drooping with masses of fruit that would be reckoned in tons before the season closed.

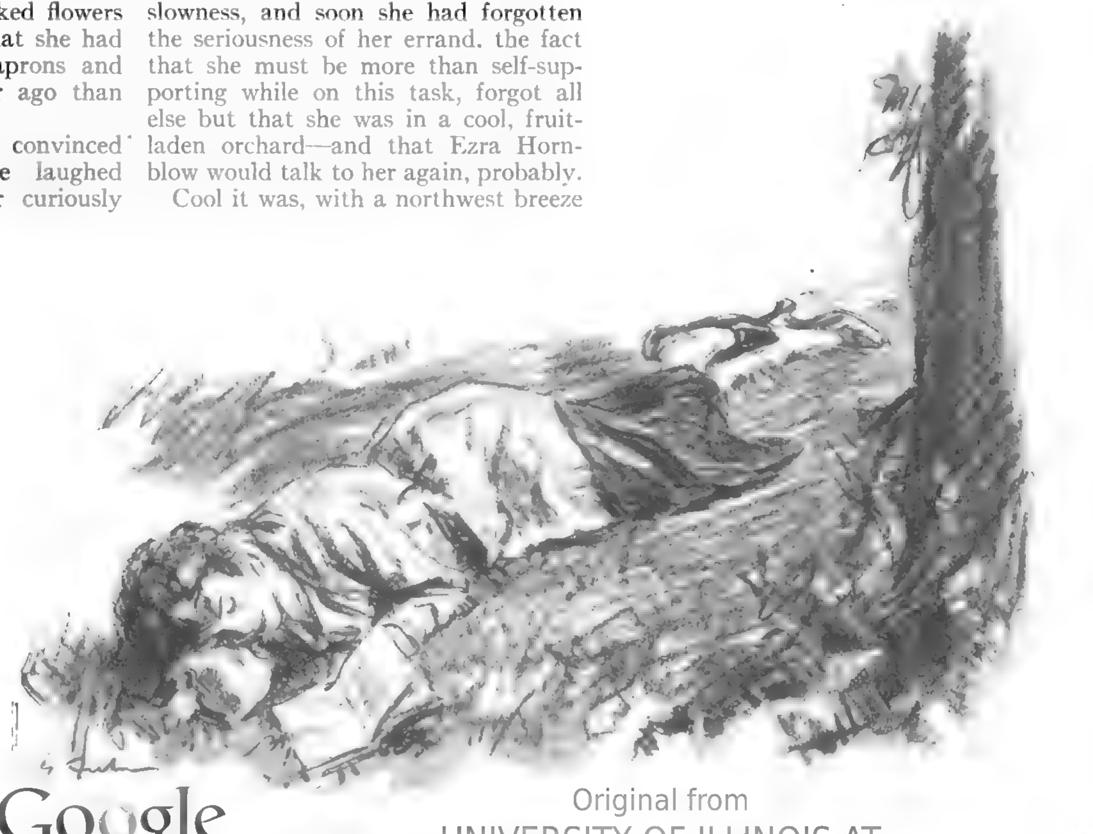
And as she worked, losing her awkwardness, stopping to poke a plump cherry between her even teeth now and then, Sadie Deere thought that after all, the dream of a month in a middy blouse and a hammock was tawdry compared to this; she lifted her chin, to let the wind brush her throat. She was supremely happy, happier than she had ever been in her most ecstatic dreams; so happy that once she covertly, not without a qualm, pinched a finger with her shears to see if she might not awaken.

He spoke suddenly: "Well, how goes it?"

He had come on her silently through the well-tilled soil and stood looking over her shoulder, the suggestion of a laugh still in his eyes.

"Oh fine!" Sadie laughed. "Much better."

(*Continued on page 78*)



Her make-believe lover was so intangible!

IN TIME OF WAR I SING

By Allen Crafton

(Hq. Co. 123d Field Artillery, Camp Logan)

I

I SING of Song! of Spontaneity!
Of all the mirage Hopes we're dreaming of.
I sing of Deity!
The Song-god gave to me
The love of Song, the song of Love.
Crude-carven it may be,
My song of Song;
And its supremacy
Lies not in master-music ravishing.
Nor in gemmed verse by genius' hand set free,
But in the words: I sing!

II

SONG'S parents are the singer's Joy and Pain;
Song's soul is Love;
Song is the mirror of the heart
That pictures to the mind a world apart
From sordid things it's thinking of.
Song is a sacred treasure-trove
That e'en the humblest do not seek in vain.
When touched by Art,
Song is transfigured
And mounts to golden air above,
A living dream to be and to remain
Eternal lovelihead.

III

IN CAREFREE boyhood, bare of feet and arms,
I whistled out my song in dusty lanes;
In awkward youth-tide, filled with faint alarms,
I hummed my song, timid of noisy strains;
In passionate manhood, burning with the sweet
And awful fire, in Love's own tongue I'd greet
The pink of dawn,
The gold of eve;
The woodland-warbler's glad, wide-throated song
Shamed not my song of Love.

Now in full lustihood of powers I stand
And see grim War enshroud the ravished world.
War-slaved, into the chaos *I* am hurled.
I see the giant guillotine grow great;
I hear the snarling hymns of poisoned hate;
I hear the world's soul shriek—
It dare not speak;
Its hollow face
Looks piteously for a place
To hide itself in death.

Still do I sing
And bring
My soul of song to solace the world's soul.

IV

THE wolf-world shows its fangs and cries:
You fool, your songs are lies!
Barbaric foes ordain to devastate
The world of good; therefore to expiate
The crime, we must retaliate.
Sing hate!
Feel hate!
Our guilt will be purged white through bloody sacrifice.

I sing of hate? . . .

There is no wrath among the stars for me;
There is no rage in the white moon for me;
There is no combat in my dreams;
There is no hate within my memory;
My soul knows not the chord: retaliate.
I have no song of hate.

V

SO STILL I sing, till leaping at the smart
Of War's hard hand, I turn; and from his heart
Of iron he vomits through his bloody lips:
Poor slavering pygmy! You are caught in grips
Of powers so gigantic that the whole
Of Life is shackled; this decrepit soul
Of which you prate needs but a breath
To shrivel into silence with your death.

His cannon roar of laughter rocks the sky.
I cower for a moment, then I cry:
I live *this* hour, and in it I
Sing as ne'er I sang before!
Your dread, death-reeking power
Stops at the door
Behind which souls assemble; that fair place
Of spirit-song your form can not disgrace.
This pygmy self defies you to destroy
My soul's one hour of exalted joy!

VI

HE TURNS, but does not go . . .
Ah, well I know
The fire of War's breath
Means death.
Ah, well I feel Moloch's certain power
Crushing this glad hour.
To-day I may be thrown
Into abyssmal War's red zone.
To-morrow I may see
Strong bodies shattered hideously.
Then will I sing?
Can I then sing?

The Song-god gave to me
The love of Song, the song of Love, and He,
Mightier than Moloch, gave it immortality.

VII

DEAR God, when stumbling up the scorching hill
That dooms my death, e'en then
My song must not be still!

I see ahead a gored, ensanguined path;
I hear the guns belch forth in deafening wrath;
Sickened, I stand before the shrieking slain;
I watch the scarlet stretchers writhe with pain;
See War obliterate the Brotherhood
My song had wooed.

Alone with God I sing above the strife!

Rings out the word to charge!
I cross the marge
Of Life.

Then will one last enraptured, quivering cry,
One more loved strain from memory,
One final hope for time to be,
Burst from my soul as in the mud I die!
Mingling with the earth-mold, one last kiss
I'll give the world's soul—only this—
A friend's farewell—then silence—War's roar drowned—
I find my song within the world's soul—crowned.

"SQUADS RIGHT"

By Gilbert Emery

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

A UNITED STATES Training Camp for Reserve Officers is an excellent place for psychological study of character, as I dare say the Officer Instructors find—that is, if their gifts happen to lie in that line. And if the aim of those organizations were other than strictly military, interesting and diverting data might be copiously obtained therefrom. There is a good bit of *war* rattling and clattering about their precincts, but there's not so much of *the war*. So something about them—I can't quite catch and label it—something about the men enlisted there, gives to the whole bellicose curriculum the quality of a game, a strenuous game, an amazing, wearisome, swashbuckling, roaring game, to be sure, but none the less a game. It's the absence of the enemy, no doubt, that so robs it of reality; that, and perhaps our national habit of making light of things generally. So the result is a loud, careless, fairly Rabelaisian cheerfulness, and a spirit of irresponsible youth that, on the face of it, thumbs its nose at the vast problems of the Allies, forgets to hate the Germans, and concentrates only on an egoistic conception, the which is, briefly, "What reward am I going to get out of all this back-and-leg-aching?"

Now this attitude to the sober-minded middle-thirty'd aspirant is very disconcerting, at the outset, to encounter. And it needs all the elasticity which his medium can command to adapt himself to the conditions. Not infrequently he comes a cropper, just because he fails to see that in the long run very likely this juvenile and what-the-hell-Bill nonchalance is by way of being a merciful interim given by the good Lord Himself; for the good Lord Himself knows it isn't going to last long, with them, "over there."

Mr. Henry Stringer Hopkins was thus disconcerted, when he had offered himself to his country and had, after due preliminaries, found himself in a cotton "issue" uniform, at once too tight and too loose, serving in the Second Camp as a candidate officer. And as his Maker had almost entirely—it would seem regrettably, omitted any form of elasticity in his make-up, Mr. **Hopkins** continued to be disconcerted, and worse, as time went on. And that is just what I am going to speak about.

I remember him very well, as he looked on the first day of the camp. We were hanging in a long line about the adjutant's office, all of us in a muddle of bravado, and bewilderment, and curiosity, and that Yankee carefulness of being sure no one was "putting something over" on us. He was very hot and very red and fattish and fussy (he'd lost something or other), and horribly serious. I put him down as four-and-forty; and it turned out he was two years older. Short, stocky, but softish in muscle; dressed with a dull, mussed propriety; earnest and plain; and peering out on the new world through those great horn spectacles which so attract the weak-eyed these days. We stood together momentarily.

"My name is Hopkins," he said, and gave me a most perspiring hand. "This is a pretty serious moment in a man's life, isn't it? An issue that involves life and death. A man should be proud to be able to be in it."

It startled me a little. I confess I was thinking just then of when we'd get the next meal and what it would be like and how my uniform would fit me. The man next us by the railing was saying—and remarkably spitting—"This's a hell of a place, ain't it? Why, when we was on the Border——"

"Why, yes, I guess so," I stammered. "How do you think we'll like it here?"

"It doesn't matter at all how we like it," he responded solemnly. "I'm here to see this thing through to the end. I want to fight for my country. Death itself I consider small, to keep the world safe for democracy."

Now, that is all very well to feel, and I make no doubt the bulk of us felt pretty much like Mr. Henry S. Hopkins, but put into words, right there—well, it seemed, so to say, indelicate; like talking of how you felt about God or the girl you love. I edged away embarrassedly.

Little by little things fell into shape in the camp. We were sorted out and classified; uniformed and armed; and screwed down tight into that military régime which is no respecter of persons or prejudices or predispositions. We learned to know our instructors and they learned to know us. We grew to recognize the bugle-calls and curse them all save "Come-and-get-it"—which means food. We got, each according to his lights, a point of view about the organization and aired it cockily. Intimacies sprang up among us; friendships; and dislikes, too. Squads were formed, and one was known, in general, by his squad number. In short, the system began to work. That anomalous bit of home, the only one a soldier in barracks knows, his cot-bed, acquired a personal and familiar quality; became a friendly habit for sleep or gossip or study. The popularity of a man's bunk offers a fairly good estimate of that man's popularity in the barracks—I mean during the few leisure moments the army concedes to its children.

No one frequented Mr. Hopkins's bunk—"Pappy's" bunk. For we got to the nickname stage of intercourse without wasting much time; and Hopkins was "Pappy" to the company. He didn't at all like to be called Pappy and he didn't like his comrades in arms "lolling," I believe that was the word he used, on his tidy bed. He wanted to be addressed as Mr. Hopkins. "I don't want to be too familiar with the rest of you, and I don't want you to be too familiar with me," he exploded to us one day irately.

"Oh, Pappy! O-o-oh, Pappy! Naughty—naughty!" was all he got, derisively.

"Why do they kid me like this?" he asked me, plaintively, one day as we lay flat on our bellies in a pestilent, swampy spot, pretending to be an outpost, or something of the sort.

"Everybody kids everybody here," I replied evasively and a little crossly. The damp had got through my shirt.

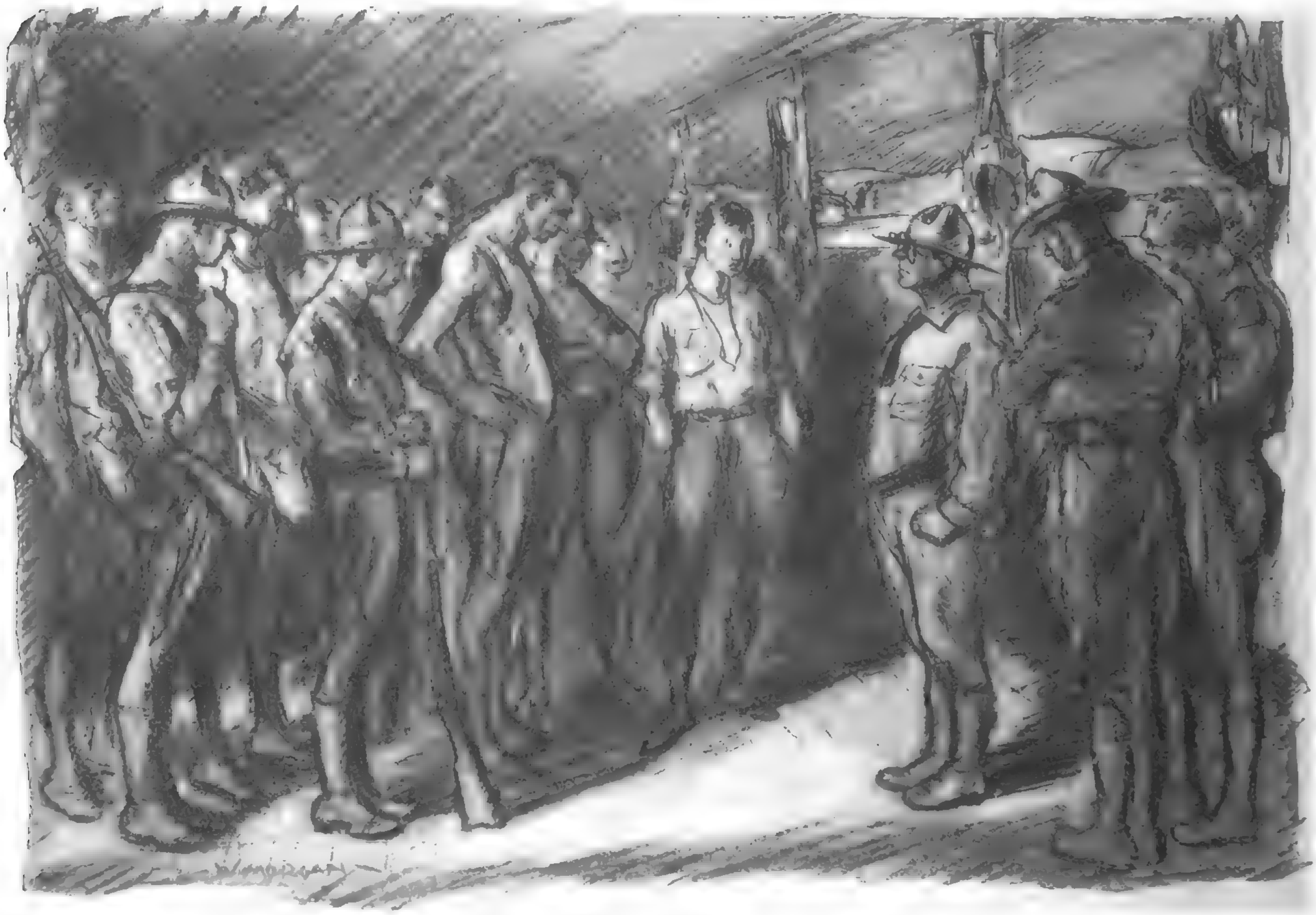
"There are a lot of damn fools who kid," said Mr. Hopkins darkly, "and by kidding they stamp themselves as such. It is bad taste." He took off his hat and wiped his bald spot vindictively. "They may sing a different song when the commissions are given out."

I looked at him furtively in the raw light of early morning. I observed that he had lost much of his fleshy contour, his face was haggard, his eyes harassed. He had the look of a man who was taking things terribly hard, both physically and mentally.

"A certain amount of kidding is good for a man," I hazarded.

"Not for me," said Mr. Hopkins grimly, and wriggled away into a wetter position.

The chief baiter of Pappy was a complacent young man named Frawley, of his squad. Frawley had had considerable training in military affairs before coming to the camp. As a matter of fact, he was very good at it, and if he hadn't been a spoiled brat with as little tact as any man was ever given to face life with, the company would have respected him. He belonged to that bullying class of human beings who give orders but who will not obey them. It was his custom during the infantry drill to heckle Mr. Hopkins in low, contemptuous tones. It was unfortunately true that Pappy with fatal consistency got everything wrong. Frawley rejoiced in this. Indeed, it seemed, as time went on, that Hopkins couldn't master the *métier*. It eluded and provoked and bewildered him. It pursued hotly; the sweat—Lord bless him, how the sweat gushed from him! His face got apoplectic. He made indomitable efforts—and went wrong.



Little by little our laughter and joking faded out. We eyed Squads questioningly, as if he were about to speak to us.

There was the day, for instance, when he had charge of the company for a short period of try-out and ended by marching us hell-for-leather, double time, across the parade-ground into a ditch and against a five-foot stone wall, bellowing at the top of his lungs, "Squads right! Squads right! For the third and last time I ask you to do squads right!"

Our captain, who was by no means a profane person, cursed as picturesquely and entertainingly as a good many years in various army posts and a sweet sense of the ridiculous had gifted him with. I'm not permitted to quote him here, but it was very funny. It ended with "God forgive you, Mr. Hopkins, *and come out of that!*"

Hopkins left us struggling at the *impasse* and saluted. "Sir," he cried passionately, "they refused to obey me! They rebelled! I've given them 'Squads right' half-way across the drill ground. And they wouldn't."

We saw the captain turn his back. He made as if to blow his nose; his shoulder heaved. When he faced about he was very bland; there was a twinkle in his eye.

"You omitted the command of execution, Mr. Hopkins. There was no rebellion. Mr. Frawley, take charge of the company and remove it to a more edifying spot."

Poor old Pappy shouldered his gun and trudged along bitterly in the ranks. We kidded him, I'm afraid, heartlessly, because such an organization as ours is heartless—light-heartless, you might say. Heartless, but good-natured. No one, I think, put anything into it except fun, no one but a great raw cub named Witherspoon with a bulging forehead, fish eyes, and a pasty face. He snickered with the futile malice of a child, loud enough for Hopkins to hear: "Damned old man! Why do they have old men here like that? He's too old to learn anything." And some one prodded the speaker with a bayonet.

It's hardly necessary to say, is it? that Mr. Hopkins from that hour till the day we saw him last was known as "Squads Right." He'd had an indescribable way of shouting these words, with an amazing and terrifying movement of the mouth. I can give no notion of the sound save to suggest that it rather resembled the noise inadvertently emitted by a person hit unexpectedly in the pit of the stomach.

The system screwed tighter and tighter as the weeks wore on. The physical strain was pretty hard for us all; and mental worry had a fair part, too, in it all. No one thought very much or cared very much what was going to happen to his neighbor. His mind was desperately on his own case, and devil take the hindermost. It needed all the gaiety and good humor a man and his friends could muster to keep a decently serene front. Just so, no one gave a second thought to old "Squads Right," to a little wonder whether he was "all in" or lonely and low in his soul. He went to and fro about his business, his clothes put on all askew, his mouth grim and his eye distraught—doing it all just the way it shouldn't be done. And we watched him and laughed. We'd grown so used to his nightly remarks in the squad room after taps that we had ceased to jeer—all of us except Frawley. "If you fellows were officers and gentlemen, you'd stop talking and let a fellow sleep."

It is astonishing how horribly alone a man can live in a crowd.

If any one spoke of Hopkins at all, it was with a careless—"Oh, he won't last long, poor old nut." And it began to look that way. He was at the tail of every hike, puffing and straining fearsomely. He drew his maps in startling but untrustworthy designs. He muddled the commands. He fell over the hurdles on the bayonet run and nearly stabbed himself and his neighbors. He got lumbago digging trenches. And he had a score of 40 out of a possible 250 on the rifle-range. No, it was evident old Squads Right wouldn't do. And nobody cared—not a soul in the camp.

One afternoon it all ended. We were cleaning up for retreat—faces and boots and guns. The top-sergeant bawled through the room: "Mr. Hopkins to report to the captain at once."

Squads Right clumped out grimly.

"He's got his," giggled the Witherspoon boy, repulsively. "I heard 'em talkin' last night in the officers' room."

Later, in the street, as the company stood at rest waiting for the colors to come up, a donkey trotted by. Frawley said stupidly: "There goes Squads Right." It was so stupid that only one or two of the weakest-minded laughed. Hopkins looked steadily ahead. We came to attention the next moment and marched off.

When we were back again in the barracks an hour later I saw Squads Right come up to Frawley, as he stood by his bunk, say a word or two tensely and then without any more parley strike him calmly and majestically straight on the nose. Frawley went down with a thud between the bunks, got up and thrust out blindly and bloodily with a good deal of "let-me-at-'im." We gathered around and separated the combatants. That sort of thing couldn't be allowed in barracks between candidate officers. Little Fitch confided afterward to me—"Fraw didn't struggle half so hard to get at him as he could have. I held him."

Sellers cocked his head and remarked in his whimsical fashion—"Perfect—quite perfect, by Jove!"

And just because a crowd is always a crowd and can be banked on for any extraordinary weathercock turning at the most unexpected moments, old Squads Right had us with him almost to a man—the whole company. It seemed high justice from Heaven meted out to Frawley. We had all suffered at his hands and we all felt a profound satisfaction to see the job done. Squads was a hero. We patted him on the back while Frawley was out mopping off his nose.

"Good boy!"

"Anything you want in the company is yours."

"Hurray for old Squads!" etc., *ad lib.*

But that by no means is the point of this account: how Squads thus easily became our hero. Something happened then which lifted him out of the prize-ring and put him into another class, one nobler and finer, it seems to me, than we ourselves, the rest of us, may ever get into.

Mr. Hopkins stood impressively by the scene of combat. He was very self-possessed. His eyes wandered wearily over our faces and on beyond to the rows and rows of bunks and their festoons of equipment. Little by little our laughter and joking faded out. We eyed Squads questioningly, as if he were about to speak to us—say something unusual. He did.

"Mr. Frawley got what he deserved," he said, by way of casual explanation. "He is a very rude young man. That is of no consequence." He paused a moment and his eyes mellowed pathetically. "I wish I had not hit him," he went on laboriously. "Not because I regret the blow, but—well—well—because for the first time since I've been in this camp, you fellows have—patted me on the back. I'm a cross-grained old chap. It's my fault. I don't blame any one but myself. Only you see—they've canned me. To-day. And just your saying 'Good for you—'" I think he tried to say "Squads Right," but couldn't wrench it out—"er—'Hopkins,' makes it harder to go."

We were all very silent—shamefaced—and uneasy.

"I ought to go. I'm no good. I don't kick. But, men, I hate to go. You don't know what it means to me, this. I want to tell you. Just to make it a little clearer." He became, somehow, just then, the leader of the lot. I can't quite say why. Something in his face, his voice.

"I've got two boys—just under the draft age. I've sacrificed a good deal for them—for education and all that. And when this thing came—this war—they've got Revolutionary blood in them, too—I waited for them to come up and say, 'Father, we're going!' And I waited—and waited. They didn't speak. I tell you I'll never have to bear a thing so hard again. And then I spoke. I asked them: 'What are you going to do?' And they couldn't answer. My boys! My own boys! And they took refuge with their mother—think of it! She protected them. Told them they needn't go. That it would break her heart. And—and—they let her persuade them. *My* boys! 'Well,' I said, 'if you won't fight, you'll work, damn you!' And I've ceased to do a thing more for them. This war—why, it means everything to me. I'd give—" his voice broke painfully. I detected tears in the eyes of little Fitch—"I'd give anything to—I said, 'By God, then I'll go!' I left my business—a good one—and came down here to learn how to fight. It seemed to me I *had* to. And—well, you've seen me. I'm too old. Too clumsy. Too thick-headed. And yet, I've got a fighting heart that will lick the lot of you. Now I'm canned—I've told this—I wanted you to know that—inside I'm not so rotten as I seem outside—gentlemen. Fight! For God's sake, *fight!* And fight for me, too!"

Mr. Hopkins ceased and with a gasp recalled himself to the situation. I think he was dreadfully dismayed over what he had done. At any rate, he pulled himself together with a great effort and said primly: "Gentlemen, I'm glad to have made your acquaintance. I wish you all good-by. I'm going to try to get a job driving an ambulance over there. Good evening."

Harkson, who has the biggest heart in the world, got his hand first. And then every man of us filed by and gave him a grip that had in it a little of what our hearts were full of. The last of us was Frawley—with a swelled nose and bruised lip.

"God bless you, Mr. Hopkins! Some of us may meet you over there—in your ambulance. Shall you mind if we call you Squads Right, then, when you shove us in?"

PLEASE, READERS.

Owing to the generally unsettled mail and transportation conditions, the delivery of all magazines is, and will be for a considerable period, subject to inevitable delays.

The Publishers of Everybody's ask your consideration in this situation, and especially request that a little extra time be allowed before notifying us of your failure to receive your copy. That will help us greatly in adjusting cases where the magazine has actually gone astray.

HEROES *and* RUNAWAYS

By *Herbert Corey*

Illustrated by Charles B. Falls

IGNORANCE brought about the Italian smash-up in October, 1917. Just plain ignorance—ignorance of the Three R's. Other things helped; but bone-felon ignorance—the sort that aches—made it possible.

That Italian smash, coming on the heels of the Russian collapse, was a damaging blow to the Allies. Military critics spoke of it as a debacle. Lloyd George called it a disaster. Perhaps it deferred the final victory for a year.

Yet in one aspect that failure was a triumph for democracy. The Italians ran away because, primarily, they had not known what they were fighting for. Invasion created a national spirit. A week later they were fighting valiantly as ever, because a new nationalism had been born.

What's Happened to Italy

ITALY has stepped square out of the feudal system and into the twentieth century, no matter what the immediate outcome may be. Her statesmen had regarded themselves as guardians for a child that had not grown up. Maybe that child has not yet reached its political majority, but after this it will be listened to. To make it worth listening to it will be educated. Yesterday Italy's soldiers were peasant conscripts. To-day they are citizens.

Rather a flattering conclusion to be drawn from an absolute rout, isn't it? But let us see what happened.

For two years the Italian armies fought magnificently. Neither the Allies nor the United States have quite realized this. It has been the fashion to talk the Italians down. Too many folks on our side of the fence have spoken of them tolerantly. Road-builders, we've called them, and macaroni-crackers An Austrian early in the war spoke of the Italian army of opera singers and mandolin players. That line should be included in the list of things better left unsaid. The Italians have made the Austrians pay for it.

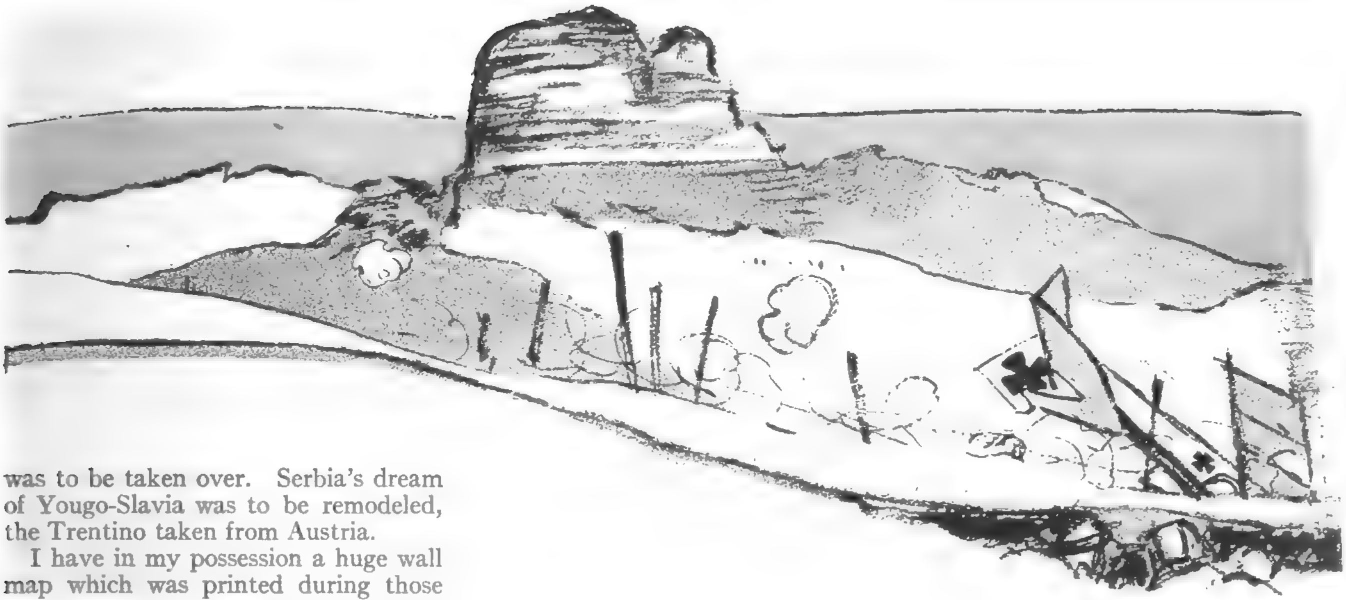
Only the comparative few who have been permitted to visit the Italian front have known what the Italians have been doing in the past two years. Their communiqués told nothing. General Cadorna was a master of verbal fireworks, but he avoided detail. It seems to me every photo I have seen from the Italian front showed soldiers on a glacier, or painfully standing on each other's shoulders in order to climb jagged rocks. Their publicity was bad. The world "sold" Italy.

Yet they were winning ground over the most abominable terrain of the war. The Austrians always had the high ground. They always fought from selected positions. For some reason of European politics the Allied press has treated the Austrian as an almost negligible foe, just as it has always assumed that Austria-Hungary was led into this war by a wicked partner. Yet men who will take a fifty per cent. loss time after time—and come back for more—are not contemptible enemies. Austrian generals may be poor things, but Austrian cannons are better than Krupp's. The world has forgotten these things in refusing credit to the Italians.

In October the Italian armies were resting securely in strong positions at the end of a victorious campaign. In May they had started in to take the Bainsizza plateau. In August the job was finished. The Italian army had that confidence and punch the top dog always has—or it was supposed to have. Back home, Italy was glorifying itself. Every one was playing that favorite European game of cut-up-the-continent. An egg or two had been laid, but chickens were being counted by yardfuls.

A Year Ago

FRANCE was thrusting in through Saloniki, was she not? Very well, then. Italy should first complete her hold upon Albania and then trade Albania to France for Tunis in order to "set a bar across the Mediterranean." Trieste and that hinterland of Trieste which is populated entirely by Slavs



was to be taken over. Serbia's dream of Yougo-Slavia was to be remodeled, the Trentino taken from Austria.

I have in my possession a huge wall map which was printed during those glowing days of hope. It had a tremendous sale to the eager Greater Italists. It shows "The natural frontier of Italy" running along the very top of all the Alps. In order to get in plenty of defensible positions the map-makers had not only colored a good part of Austria, but had nipped off the lower corner of Switzerland. Even the casinos and rose-gardens of Monte Carlo were included. To-day that map is interesting—and tragic.

The Collapse

IN ONE brief day all those plans were knocked galley west. This victorious army retreated—no, retreated is not the word; it ran—as far as it could; and then it got up early the next day and ran again. Soldiers by the thousands threw their rifles in the mud. The wounded were deserted. Officers were murdered and towns looted and civilians violated. Headquarters was evacuated so hurriedly that maps and letters and officers' clothes were left behind.

The Italian line was driven back an average of seventy-five kilometers. The Italian losses are estimated at two hundred and eighty thousand, of which two hundred and fifty thousand were taken prisoners. Only three thousand were killed in the fighting, the Italians say. The winter's supply of food and blankets and shells and mules was seized. A single item of the enemy loot was ninety thousand hospital beds. Not less than two thousand five hundred guns were lost, and it is likely the loss ran to three thousand.

Nor were these light guns, as is the case in France when the capture of guns is announced by either side. There the line bends back or forward no more than a mile or so at a time, and the guns caught in the bend are naturally the lesser field pieces which must be set close to the enemy. In the Italian collapse the loss was of the big guns. They were too heavy to be moved. The enemy came too fast to permit their salvage. For the last three days of the gallopade the only guns the Austrians used were the Italians' own.

Then the Italians turned around, and for two months on end fought like men possessed. There has been no finer exhibition of sheer courage in the war, unless, perhaps, the stand the French army made at Verdun and the Marne. The Italians had few big guns, except some antiquated old bellowers which had not been in the first line at all. They had to be "set" after each shot. The Austro-German forces had easily ten guns to one for the Italians and each gun was a fast-firing, easy-running, automatic piece of ordnance.

The Heroic Stand

"WE WERE shelled rather heavily this morning," I was told in a trench on the Alto Piano of Asiago. "Almost drum-fire."

"Did you hold up your end?" I asked, rather idly.

"Oh," said the captain commanding. "We have no guns here."

There were guns—a few—scattered along the tops of the hills. Broadly speaking, the hill-tops were held by rifles and bayonets against cannon. The Austrians would industriously shell a hill until they were sure that hill had ceased to be a source of danger and then charge it, and then the Italians would come out of the frozen holes in the ground in which they had been hiding and repel them by savage force of arms. The trenches they blasted in the rock were mere twisted slits, so that a direct hit was needed to do any great damage. They lacked food and blankets and fire.

One detachment of Bersaglieri marched by goat tracks over a mountain at night and bombed an Austrian company out of its strong places and took the Austrians' food and marched back again. They needed that food. They had not eaten for three days. Some advanced posts could only be provisioned by aeroplane. The Lower Piave runs waist deep in icy water. There is a no-man's-land between two branches of the Piave perhaps a mile wide, spotted with pools and underbrush, stagnant with marshes. Every night Italian patrol parties used to search that barren ground for the enemy. I shivered at the thought of wading, half-swimming, through that swift and freezing current, to spend a winter night looking in the darkness for men to kill.

"How do you select your patrols?" I asked.

"Volunteers, of course," said the officer who replied. "But we never let a man go twice in succession. It would not be fair."

What's the answer, anyhow—one day heroes, the next day runaways, the third day heroes again?

The Reason

THERE are half a dozen answers. Treachery is one of them. There are pro-peace Italians in the army just as there are pro-peace Italians in Rome. There are men in the army who are Austrian by blood and only Italian by political accident. There is a pro-peace propaganda conducted by Germans and theorists and politicians.

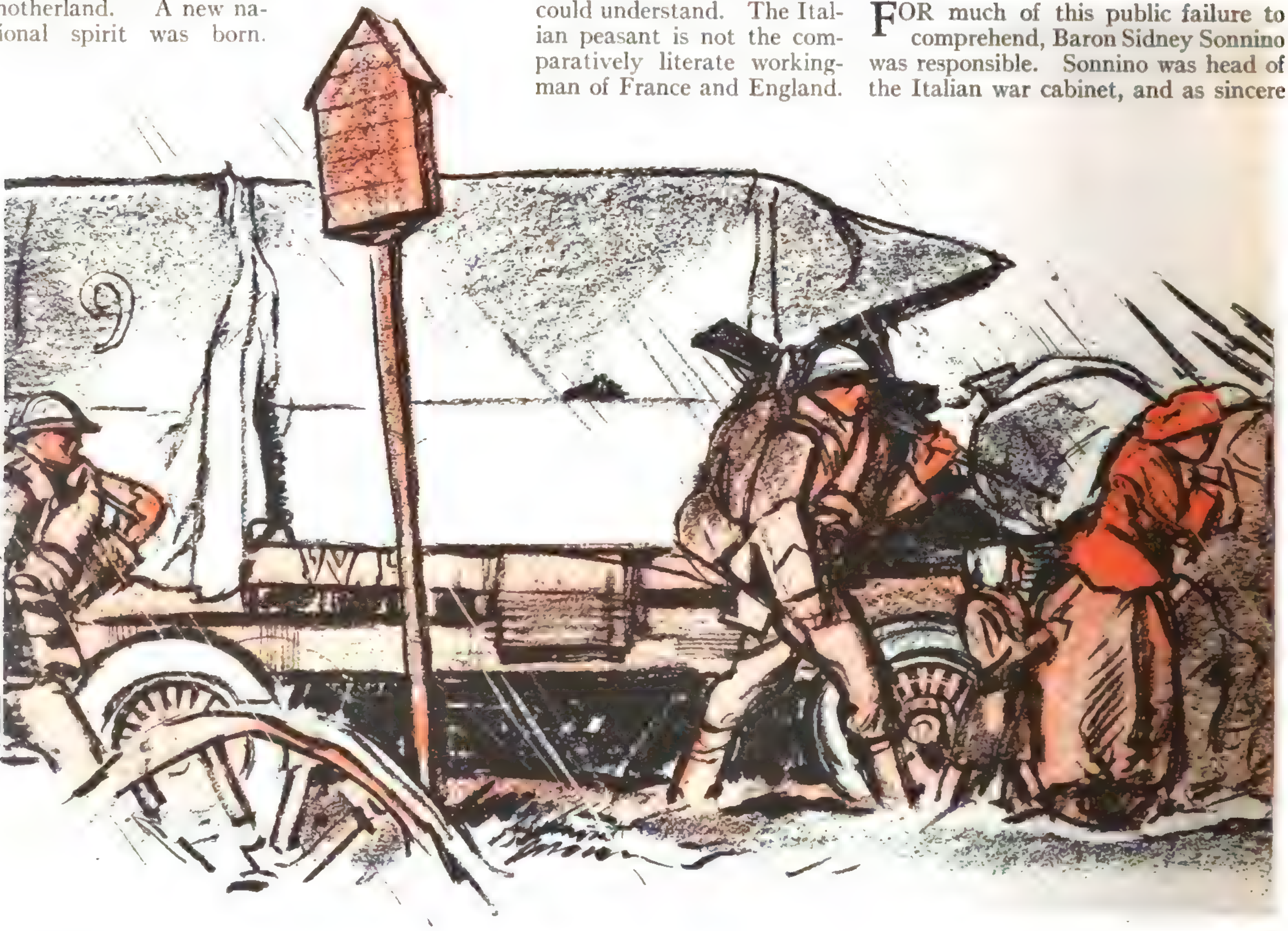
But I think the underlying reason for these inconsistencies is that Italy is in spirit a democracy that has been playing at being an autocracy. Her men were sent out to fight precisely as Russia's peasants were sent out to fight. No one bothered to tell them why. When one speaks of public opinion in

Italy, one does not mean peasant opinion. There was no weight of patriotism to keep them in line, because they did not know.

"What do the men think of the war?" I asked.

"They call it 'the Government's war,'" was the reply. "They talk of 'the blood tax.'"

Then Italy was invaded, and the men who had conspired against 'the Government's war' and had run away from 'a blood tax' suddenly became patriots, fighting for their motherland. A new national spirit was born.



Italy has been a state but forty-six years. More time is needed to grow to the stature of a nation, and more trouble. The Libyan war had helped Italy to realize her nationality, but the realization was not complete. Spelling books would have helped more.

Ignorant Fighters

ITALIAN history runs true to pattern. It has always been city against city and state against state and almost hilltop against hilltop. Her soldiers have felt allegiance to a town rather than to a state and to a state rather than to Italy. "I am a Roman," one is told to-day. "I am no Italian." It took the actuality of invasion and rapine to make these Sicilians and Piedmontese over into Italians. The story of that exhibition in Berlin of the works of art looted from Northern Italy was worth ten years' propaganda in binding Italians together as never before.

"We did not know," said one man to me. "We did not understand. Why were we not told?"

I confess to a complete sympathy for the runaways. They had been taken from their homes and set down at the hungriest, coldest, wettest, muddiest job mortal ingenuity has yet devised, not to speak of the chances of bone-break and death. And no one had told them why—or at least no one had told them why in words they could understand. The Italian peasant is not the comparatively literate working-man of France and England.

"I know of one village," a friend told me, "to which no newspaper comes. The one bit of modern printed matter is a history of Cook County, Illinois."

Read the Italian war literature of the nineteen hundred and fifteen period and you will be reminded of the output that is injuriously referred to in Kansas as "blue sky." There is a tear and a thrill in every line. After a time you feel as though you had been reading pinwheels. You are dazzled and excited and ready to sell a horse and go to war, but you don't know why. There are no specifications. There are no explanations. There are only vows and whirlwind and passion.

The same thing holds good to-day. The Italian publicist runs to the cream puff of eloquence rather than to the simple fact that the practical-minded peasant can set his teeth in. After the October smash the walls of Rome were plastered with appeals couched in professionally "literary" language. The maid of a friend of mine read them conscientiously and then asked her mistress for guidance. She had asked her friends what they were all about, but none of them knew. They were beautiful, she said, but what did they mean?

"Now I understand," said the maid, when the mistress put the case in words of one syllable. "I shall buy a bond."

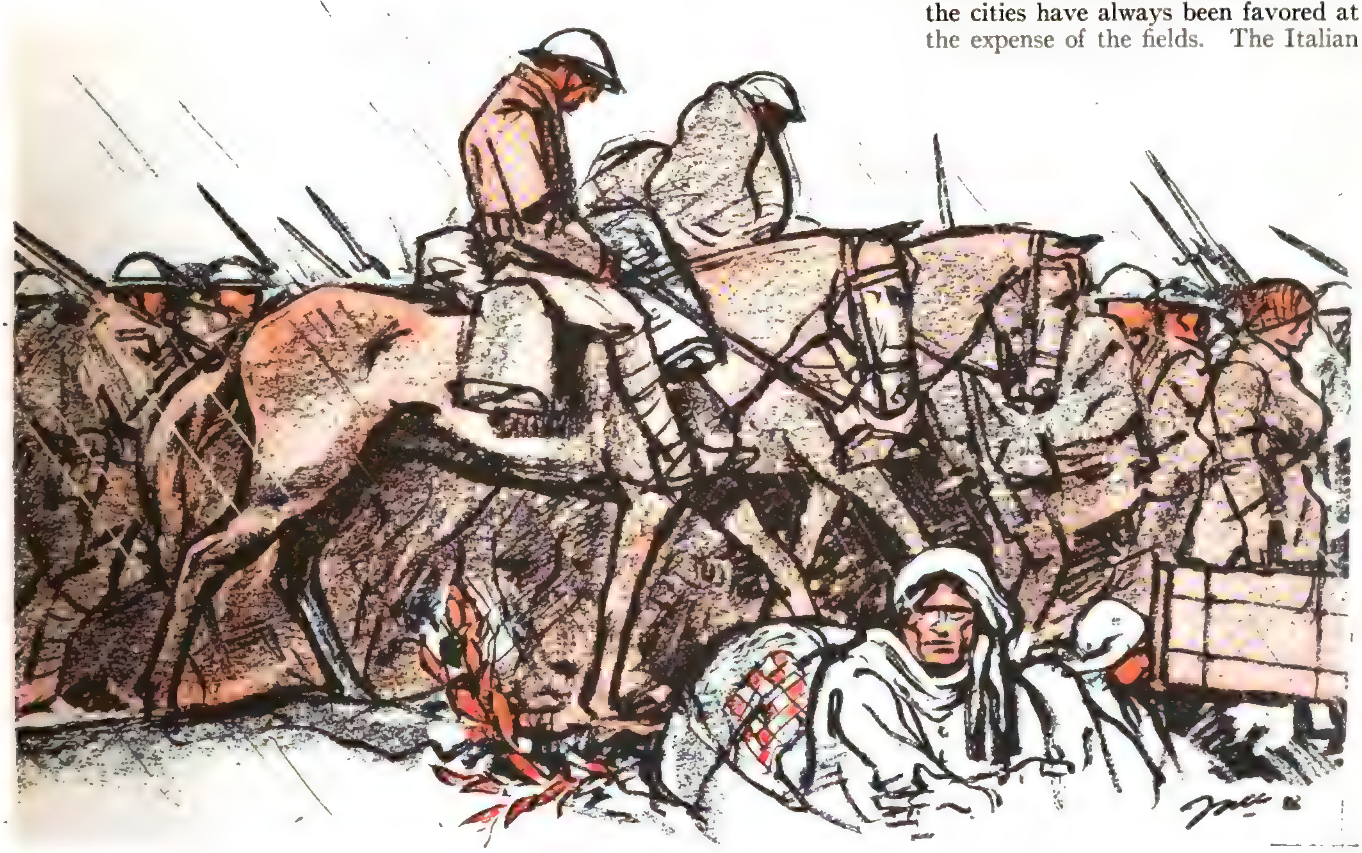
Secretive Goverment

FOR much of this public failure to comprehend, Baron Sidney Sonnino was responsible. Sonnino was head of the Italian war cabinet, and as sincere and conscientious and noiseless a statesman as ever lived. He is so secretive that he is morbid about it. He never trusts any one. He never tells the public anything. When he can, he escapes to his country house where he can be absolutely alone and be ideally silent. By comparison with Sonnino, Machiavelli was a gabby old chatterbox.

"I know Sonnino well," said a diplomat in Rome. "But when I enter his room I have the feeling that Sonnino has just thrust an important document into a secret drawer and turned the key."

Sincere, mind you. Sincere to a fault. And conscientious. If he were not sincere and conscientious—if he did not have his job on his mind to the exclusion of all other things—he would not do as he does. He tries with all the strength and fervor in him to guide Italy aright. He weighs every man he meets in a pair of honest scales. But it never occurs to him to ask advice. Still less did it occur to him to tell the country what were the questions that confronted him—why Italy could not remain neutral—why she could only fight upon the Allied side.

For two years the men fought well. But during this time both the men and the Government persisted in their wrong comprehension of certain essentials. The Government believed it to be its duty to govern for Italy and not with Italy. The men regarded the war as an enterprise of the Government's. They thought that when the Government got ready they would be permitted to go home. The Government did not try to enlighten them.



"Anything to keep the men contented," it seems to have reasoned. "Jolly them along."

Discontent

SO THESE patient, submissive fighters were assured that if they fought through the winter of nineteen hundred and sixteen they would be permitted to go home. Mind you, no general orders were issued. It is only that an understanding was permitted to grow through the entire army. When spring came it appeared that the Government thought the plateau of Bainsizza should be taken before they could go home. They growled, but they took the plateau of Bainsizza. Still they did not go home, and now a feeling of very genuine discontent made its appearance. They were not interested in this 'Government war.' They would have organized, but they did not know how to organize. They lacked leaders. So the Government sent them some.

Now a new color begins to glow in the Italian kaleidoscope. For various reasons a large part of the Italian public has been violently opposed to the war. One of these elements has been the Official Socialists, of the same poisonous breed which has so well played the German hand through the war. The Official Socialists—there are three sorts of Socialists in Italy and the other two are loyal—claim three hundred of the two-thousand-odd mayors of Italy and have a string of more than one hundred papers. Ever since the collapse in October they have refused to be patriotic.

"Our program is unchanged," they resolved at a meeting at Florence. "Peace or revolution—or both."

The Official Socialists were particularly strong in Turin, which has become one of the great manufacturing centers of Italy. It is a coincidence that there is a large German-born population in Turin, and that a great deal of German money is invested there. Last summer there was rioting among the laboring population. It seems to have been half directed against the Government and half against the Church.

The Turin regiment was ordered out of barracks to put an end to the disorders, but the soldiers blankly refused to fire on the rioters. Then Calabrians were sent to Turin—Italy has always been addicted to compartments in her political life; a Calabrian feels himself of quite a different nation from the Turinese—and armored cars rumbled and blazed through the streets.

And Trouble

NO ONE outside of government circles knows what the death list really was. One hears that as many as five hundred were killed outright, and the casualties are vaguely numbered "by the hundred." Whatever may have been the total, the city was sobered by it. Many ringleaders of the rioting were imprisoned as a result of the inquiry that followed. Some were workmen who had escaped mobilization partly because they were needed in the munition factories and partly because in Italy the cities have always been favored at the expense of the fields. The Italian Government had precisely that conception of military duty that is occasionally displayed by American police-court judges:

"You shall go to the army," says the Government. "We shall not shoot many of you, but the rest must go to the army."

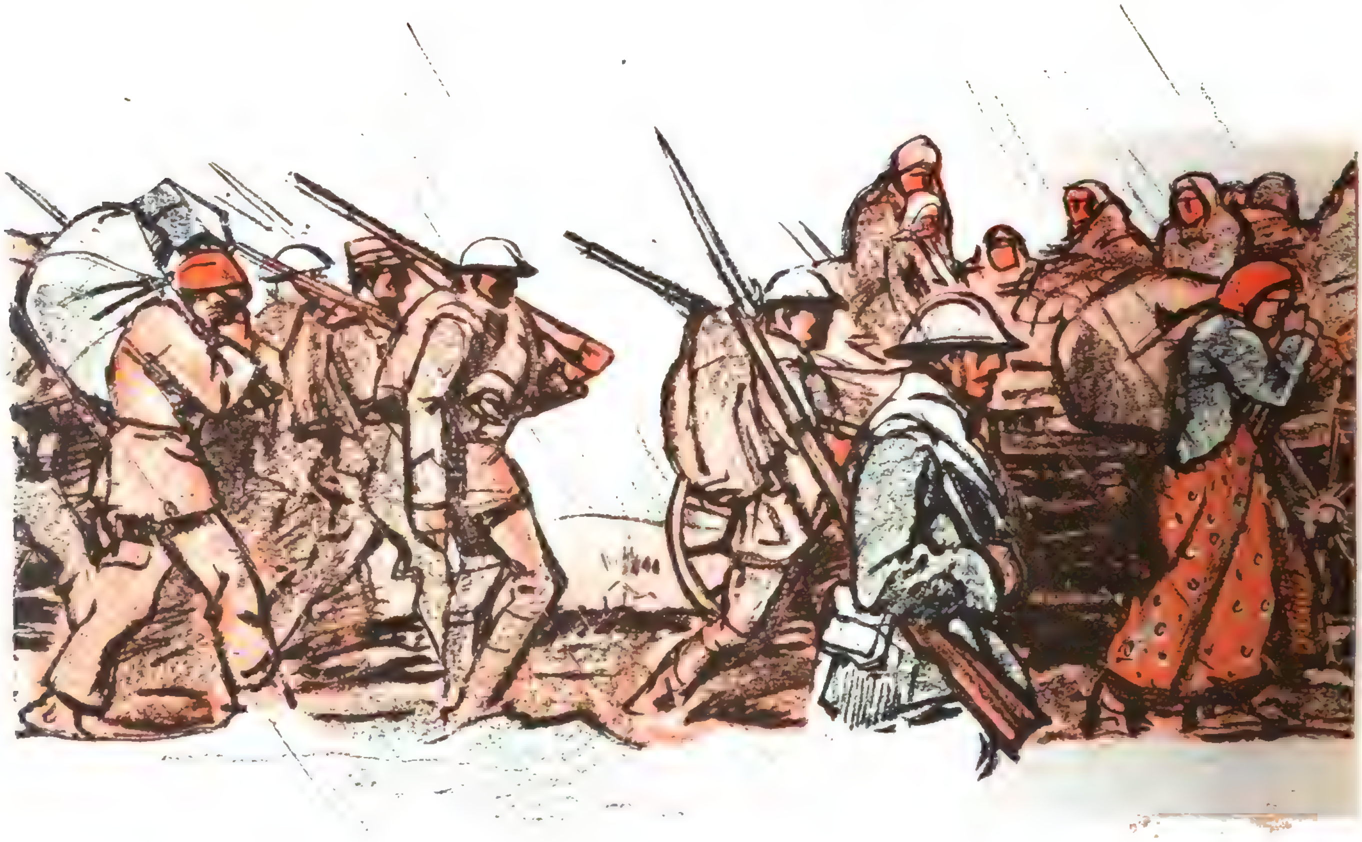
As if that were not enough, to send to an army which was vaguely asking itself "Why?" the very men who had the wrong answer to give, the Italian Government sent the rioters to the Second Army, in which disaffection ruled strongest. There were other reasons, one hears, in the Second Army. General Capella had been a rival of General Cadorna for the post of commander-in-chief, and had not hesitated to oppose him personally throughout the war. Perhaps this feud led to a practical marooning of the Second

Army. For two years it sat in its trenches and moldered, while other armies worked.

"I am sick," said General Capella to General Cadorna, the day before the collapse came. "I must have a rest." The records show that he was given a rest, but the unofficial report in circulation is that Capella came to Cadorna that day to tell him that his army was out of hand:

"They have gone mad," he told the commander-in-chief. "I can not control them. Do you try."

After the juncture of the Socialists and the Second Army came the Soviet.



It was a warm welcome the Soviet delegates got from their comrades of the Italian army. Perhaps there were those in the Government who were not pleased to see these firebrands of insurrection scattered through an army already on the verge of revolt, but they seem to have been unable to help themselves. The Soviet delegates were adept at fair talk. They made speeches to the men and to Parliament and to the Italian public that were models of what loyal, earnest, brothers-all speeches should be.

"Let's Go Home"

NOT until after the Soviet delegates were safely out of the way was it learned that some of them spoke out of the sides of their mouths to the soldiers they met around the camp-fires. Oddly enough, too, it developed that the delegates of the Soviet had been forethoughtful enough to bring with them tracts of various sorts, all urging resistance to authority to the end that peace might soon be made. They were slipped out carefully, finger on lip, to those who might be trusted. So the poison spread. One day negotiations were opened with the Austrian regiment opposite:

"We'll go home if you will," said the Italians.

"Go on," said the Austrians. "You're fooling."

"Honest"— said the Italians.

They were honest, too, so nearly as I can discover. Honest and misled. There were plenty of traitors about, but perhaps not nearly so many as one hears. Apart from the Socialists, the leaders in this project to go on strike seem to have been ignorant, stupid heart-sore peasants who had been fooled so long that they were ready for any crack-brained scheme. Bear in mind that they had never been told why Italy had gone to war—what were the compelling reasons which forced her to go to war—or that she could not help herself. It seemed to them they had been ordered, first into a uniform and then into a trench.

Perhaps the Austrians were honest, too. One wonders. Many of the Italians seem convinced that they were. It seemed so clear to these puzzle-witted little men that if every one, on both sides of the line, agreed to lay down his rifle and go home on a certain day the war must come to an end. How could there be war if there were no one to fight? They talked, Russian fashion, in No Man's Land at night. Every one was agreed. On October twenty-third, then, at dawn, every one would get out of his filthy, indecent, wretched burrow for the last time. He would set fire to the stinking, crawling straw. He would throw down his rifle and take the road over the hills.

Officers, Too

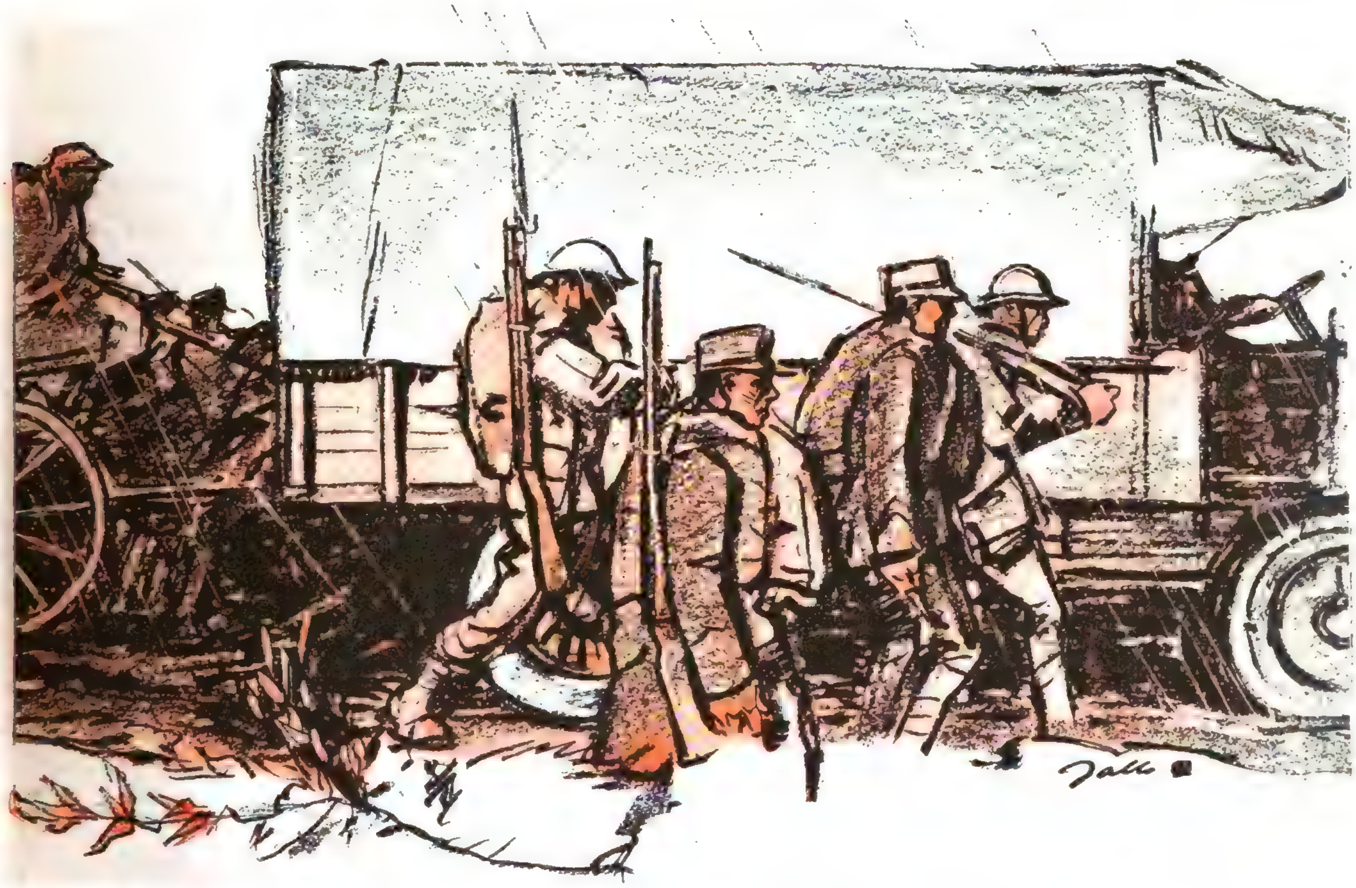
SOME of the officers—a vile fraternity of officers—were in the plot. Else it could not have been successful, and it was successful so far as the Second Army was concerned. This army surrendered or ran away almost to the last man. A few officers fought and held their position while they could. But for the most part the Second Army betrayed Italy in a fashion that bespeaks a complete understanding with the enemy. Some thousands of the men escaped, to boast in some cases of having shot their officers.

"They betrayed us," they said. "They taught us to be cowards. We did not run away until they did."

Italian headquarters had known for some time that a great offensive was being prepared by the enemy. There was even fear that the Austrians had given way rather easily, in order to draw the Italians into a trap. But General Cadorna seems to have been convinced this was not true. For a time he even contemplated making a drive for the Danubian plain, and to this end both the French and the English concentrated men and guns. Then Cadorna began to fear the temper of his men:

"I will not ask my men to go forward again at this time," said he.

Weeks before the collapse, French fliers returning from Italy brought the story to France that the Italian army had leagued itself in a determination not to spend another winter in the trenches. But these danger signals were unheeded. The French and English leaders did ask Cadorna if he felt himself secure. To which the Italian leader replied that "what we have taken we can keep." The Austrian offensive began. The English and French had withdrawn some of their guns.



Big Austrian cannon began to bang away at the Italian trenches. Coincidentally the peace propagandists in the rear redoubled their efforts. Men who rarely received letters from their wives—for in many cases neither man nor wife could read or write—came to their officers to have letters read. Some one had been telling these poor wives that peace was to be made in a few days. Some had heard that peace had already been made. It might be announced at any time. Even before the letter reached the line the happy soldier might be on his way home:

"So do take care of yourself," the writers begged. There was a unanimity about this. Every anxious wife prayed her husband not to expose himself unnecessarily, now that the war had ended and he was so soon to be on his way home. It would be too pitiful if, in the very last hours of the struggle, he were to be killed.

"For I need you so greatly," the wives wrote. "The farm needs a man's hand and the children lack a master."

They felt these things tragically, these little brown men. Not many had been permitted to go home on permission and see the wife and the *bambini*. The Government seems to have had a theory that they could be kept at the front indefinitely, fighting and working, quite happy and loyal. Too many men of position and fortune in Italy are inclined to regard the peasant as just a peasant—an uncultured person who must necessarily feel less keenly than his social superior. The Government seems to have known that these little fighters wanted to go home so greatly that they were fairly sick with desire, but in its aloof sincerity the Government felt that it would not be good for them to go.

The Government thought to keep its soldiers unspotted from this contagion. It dreaded, too, the influence of the wives upon the husbands. It knew the women would do their best to hold them, for they know no more of the reasons for the war than the men. The Government remembered that in some towns in Italy the women had linked arms and stood before the engines that were to haul their men away, and dared the engineers to turn on the steam.

So the peasant soldiers were not permitted to go home. But because it is not possible to keep a man in the front rank indefinitely, for he would eventually go mad, the soldiers were given periods of change in the rear. In the other armies—the French and English and German—every effort is made to get the soldier's mind off what he has seen at the front. His tattered nerves are given a chance to heal. If it is at all possible, he is taken where he can see women and children and cows and the homely things of every-day life.

There was little of that for the Italian soldier. There were roads to build in the rear—those thousands of miles of magnificent thoroughfares zig-zagging up the hills and running perilously along the edge of precipices. Italy had little choice. Before the war Austria had built strategic roads, but had given Italy to understand that similar activity would be considered as good reason for war. When war came, those roads were needed. So the little men alternated from the front and fighting to the rear and pick-and-shovel work. That did not make for contentment. Any army in the world would have grown stale and sour.

They felt they were not being fairly treated, too. In the years before the war the Italian Government drew the greater part of the year's draft from the country districts. The peasant lads were hardy, patient, obedient. They know nothing of Socialism or rebellion and little of discontent. Army service was rather welcome to most of them. It gave them a glimpse of the world. When war came, these partially trained men were the first to be called on.

Because the opposition to the war was violent in the cities the Government continued to follow the line of least resistance. The new recruits were largely taken from the hills and farms.

So that when the soldiers marched through the Italian towns, grunting under their heavy packs, they saw the streets filled with well-dressed young men, going to cinemas, flirting, eating *gelati* in the sun. The peasants began to feel they were being discriminated against. The political unrest led the Government to keep the older classes in harness, instead of releasing them and calling in new men. The Italian army is a young army as compared with any other army in the field, for its oldest class at the front is but thirty-six years old. But thirty-six years is middle age for an Italian of the farm. Long before he has reached this age he has established a home and is on his way to slippers and the chimney corner.

A Restive Army

AS IF these were not enough items of discontent, the soldiers feared the folks at home might be going hungry. Even the army had been forced to economize, and in war an army feeds high, no matter how the civilians are shortened. The bread ration had been cut down, and there was less cheese and sometimes no wine at all. Italy had kept out of the war to the last possible moment, and had only gone in when keeping out longer had become impossible. It was thought the war would end in six or eight months, but more than two years had gone by. Economy had been forced upon the state. The soldiers' clothes were not what they should have been for the winter in Northern Italy, and the blankets were thin and the supper pot none too well filled.

"I brought some macaroni down from Milan," an Italian officer said, "and showed it to my men;

"See how unreasonable you are," I said. "This is the stuff the civilians eat. The Government feeds you much better."

It did not occur to him that a cold fear must have struck at the heart of the men who listened to him. The allocation to the dependent wife and mother in Italy is pitifully small, and it would be difficult for the one who had no other resource to buy more than a handful of this dirty, broken macaroni the officer showed in proof of the Government's great kindness. The men had been homesick. In the last few days before the break the pro-German, pro-peace propagandists made them sick with fear for their wives and children.

"The English are shooting down men and women in the streets of Milan," they read in the columns of what seemed to be the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Giornale d'Italia*. "The French are burning Naples and have sacked Rimini."

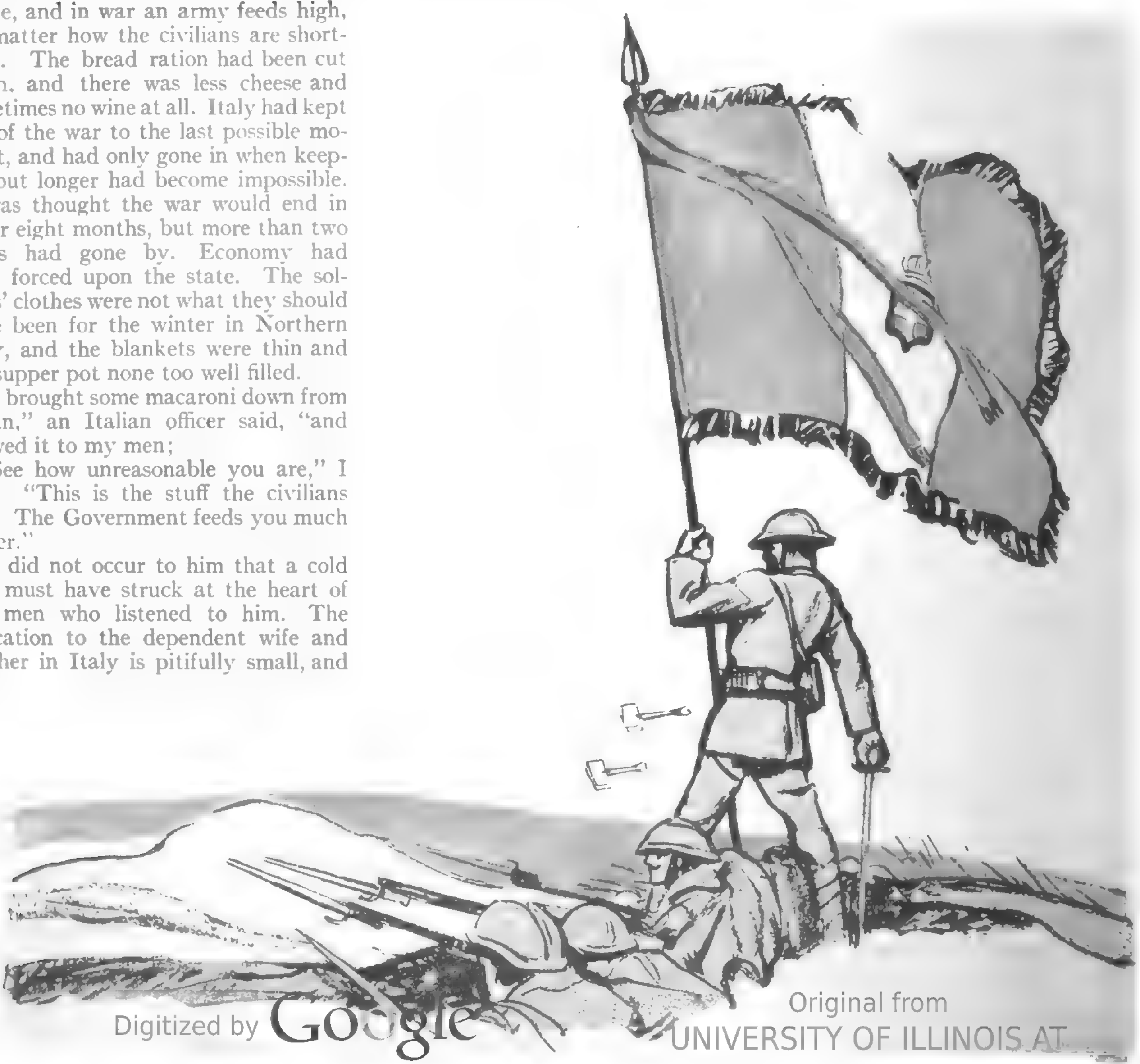
It was a sullen and discontented army, then, that sat down toward the middle of October to feel the pulse rising in the Austrian bombardment. The enemy fire rolled along the front day after day, leaping from point to point, breaking out at unexpected hours, in a fashion most injurious to overstrung nerves. Then came this journalistic climax of the scheme for upsetting an army.

One day great bundles of what seemed to be the principal newspapers of Italy were deposited in the trenches. They seemed real. The letterpress was exactly imitated, and their news columns were filled with dispatches that seemed authentic. To the unlettered men who read them to the illiterate around the camp-fires they were perfectly genuine. No doubt seems to have arisen. The stories of riots in the cities "back home" were taken without question.

A Journalistic Bombshell

THESE were sufficiently horrifying. Opposition to the war had taken form, according to these forged stories, and the people were fighting in the streets. Here a priest headed the rioters and there a mayor and here the big man of the town. The people had stormed through the streets, shouting "down with the war—down with the Government." Always the papers which reached a trench brought news from the particular town from which the soldiers

(*Continued on page 76*)



"NOW GO SEE ELLIS!"

By William Almon Wolff

Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

IT GREW monotonous to be told, every few minutes: "Well—that's about all we can tell you. Now go and see Ellis! He knows everything!"

I was in Washington, gathering material for articles about Herbert Hoover and his job of administering food. It made no difference what division I was investigating. I might be finding out about wheat, or sugar, or about the drought in Texas last year, or the connection between the scarcity of flax and the high cost of fish. Heads of divisions, their assistants and their secretaries were uniformly helpful. They all told me, without reserve, what they knew. But they all wound up with the refrain: "Now go see Ellis! *He* knows everything!"

Finally, in self-defense, I did go to see Ellis. I didn't believe in him at all. I felt about him the way I used to feel, when I was a small boy, about the small son of a friend of my mother's, who never had to be told to wash his hands and never stayed out too late. I was always hopeful of getting something on that kid. And I felt so about Ellis. I wanted to show him up. I wanted to fire a lot of questions at him that he couldn't answer.

I wish to testify, publicly, that it can't be done. The man does know everything — everything about food, that is. That's his job. He takes figures and statistics, studies them, turns them inside out, and penetrates all their secret meanings. And then he produces tables that show exactly how much of a given food we may use here in America and still have enough for our Allies in Europe.

You feel that Ellis's extraordinary knowledge of facts grows out of a sheer passion for knowing things. He impresses you, as you talk to him, as a man with a background of many years of slow, quiet, unhurried acquisition of knowledge. And it turned out, when I delved a bit into his history, that he had just that sort of background.

When a baby he was taken on the old Santa Fé trail from Illinois to Burlingame, in Kansas. And he has the same feeling about Kansas that William Allen White, who is one of his great friends, gets into the things he writes about the state.

He had extraordinary advantages as a small boy. Jesse James used to "hide out" right in Burlingame, as the local idiom had it, when things were slack in the trade of banditry. Tom Ellis and the other boys of the town could study him to their hearts' content. Ellis expected to be a bandit himself, of course, when he grew up. But circumstance ruled otherwise. He went into Kansas politics and ran a newspaper.

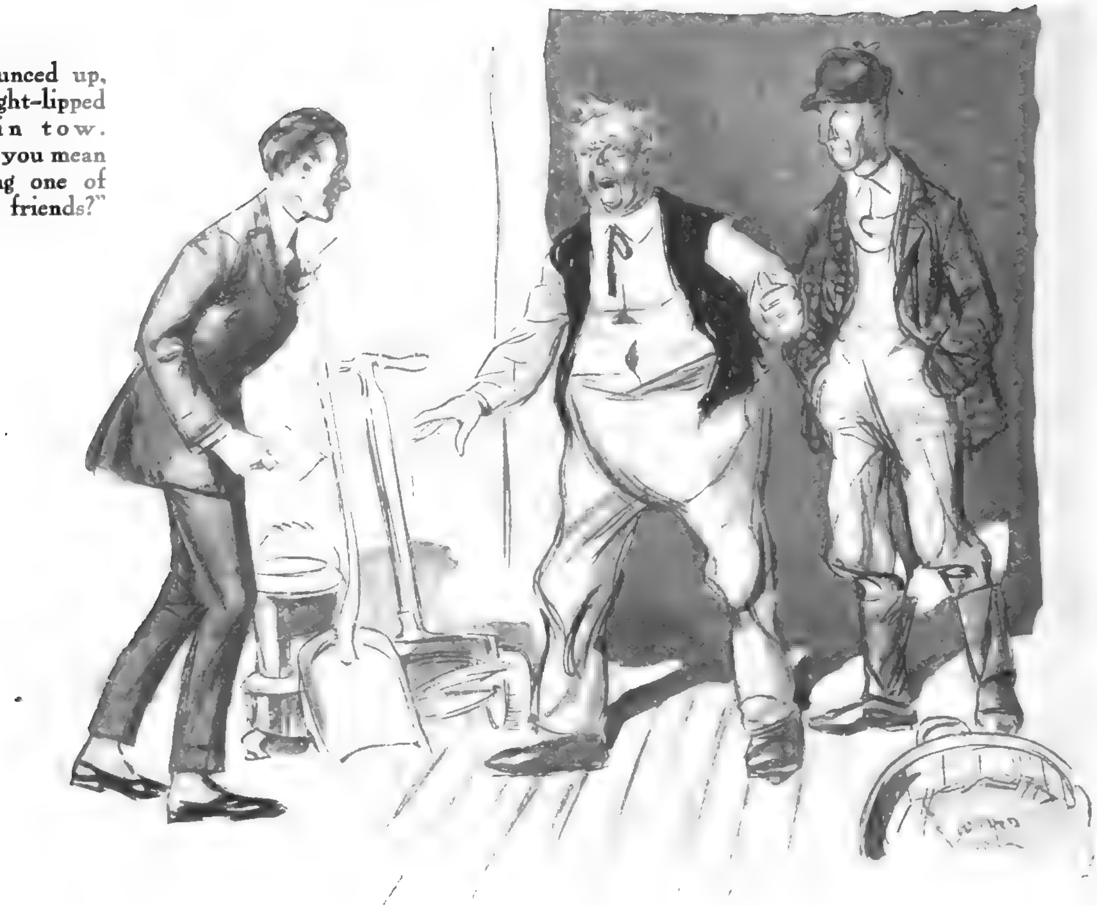
He must have spent about all his surplus money in buying books. When he got hold of a book he particularly liked, one copy wasn't enough for him. He would order three or four, because the neighbors used to drop in to borrow a book pretty often, and when there was one that he thought ought to be widely read he didn't like to keep people waiting.

That informal circulating library was one of the features of Burlingame until, two years ago, Senator Curtis of Kansas took Ellis to Washington as his private secretary. Then the war came, and Ellis was drafted for the big food job.

He began as an assistant to Ben Allen, who is at the head of Hoover's publicity work. But his job has grown a little every day. Now he is the unseen force behind an enormous number of orders; great buying campaigns, intended to make a limited supply go as far as possible, are begun when he has shown them to be needful. A good many of the restrictions on exports to the northern European neutrals could be traced to suggestions made by him. He analyzes the figures of fat imports into Denmark, for example, and compares them with pre-war statistics, and makes up a report. And a little later Denmark discovers that certain of her supplies have been cut off. And a little later still Germany finds that Denmark is sorry that she must keep for herself certain fats she has hitherto been selling to her hungry neighbor; and the German belt has to be tightened a little more.

He didn't tell me the things I have set down about him. They were wormed from him by stealth and subterfuge. And as for the picture of him! He said he hadn't had a picture taken for years. What was more, he wasn't going to have one taken now. He was too busy.

He respects authority, though. And he admitted that a written order from the Chief, to wit, Herbert Hoover, would make a difference.



Grimes bounced up, a lanky tight-lipped farmer in tow. "What do you mean by insulting one of my oldest friends?"

The BUFFER

By R. N. Wall

Illustrated by Crawford Young

THE star salesman of the Mears Plow Works, brisk and insistent, thrust his fountain pen at the buyer for Henry Grimes, the local implement dealer.

"This is the best contract you ever closed, Keys," he assured the thin-faced, tired-looking young man who was studying the unsigned order.

"Mr. Grimes will have to see this, Calhoun."

"Why, you always do the buying!" Surprise shaded the salesman's alert face.

"The usual stuff, yes. But Mr. Grimes would wish to be consulted about a new line."

"You certainly stand a lot from the old crank, Joe," declared Calhoun impatiently.

"Don't talk like that, Tim. Wait a moment—I'll call him."

As the thin-faced buyer rose from the battered table that served him for a desk, the door of the dingy office opened and a big, untidy, red-faced old man with tousled gray hair stormed in.

"Joe!" he barked at Keys, "what are you wasting time in here with a drummer for? Don't you know there's customers outside? I can't wait on 'em all!"

"Just glance at this contract, will you, sir?" Keys asked gently. "Mr. Calhoun wants us to take the county agency for the new line the Mears people are building——"

"A new line!" yelled the old man irascibly, his face as red as a ripe tomato. "I don't want no new line. I got lines enough. What's the matter with the old one, Calhoun?"

"The sale of cast plows is falling off, Mr. Grimes," Calhoun explained. "We are forced to build chilled plows and, as you've always had the old line, we want you to have the first chance at the new one."

"You know Stark is pushing another make of chilled plows and taking away our customers," Keys reminded.

"Then you ought to show more salesmanship, Joe," grumbled Grimes, grabbing at his hair. "What do I pay you for? Come out and see Williams about a wagon. Every blame' farmer wants to see Joe," he complained querulously to Calhoun. "They think nobody else around here knows anything. You might just as well run along—I ain't going to put in any more new-fangled goods."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Mr. Grimes," Calhoun urged, "but if you won't handle them, I'll have to sell to Stark. He wants them."

"Let him take your truck and welcome!" bellowed Grimes, his double chin quivering. "Don't you try to club me into buying something I don't want! Don't come here no more, either! If we want any of your stuff we'll order it by mail."

Calhoun, hot and angry, slammed his

catalogs and lists into his satchel and stalked out. Keys caught up with him at the front door.

"Don't get mad at the old man, Tim," he pleaded, an earnest look on his fatigued, homely face. "You know his ways. I want the goods—don't go to Stark yet."

"Darn his mean old carcass!" Calhoun spat out, his keen features twisted with rage. "If it weren't for you, Joe, I'd never sell him a plow-point again."

"You come and take supper with me," Keys proposed. "I'll get a chance to talk to the old man presently, and perhaps I can make him see light."

"You'll have to use an ax to get any sense in his fat head," Calhoun sneered. "I don't see why you stay with him."

"He's been mighty good to me," Keys answered loyally. "He's getting old, and he's half crippled with rheumatism, and it makes him fussy. Come to supper and I'll see what I can do meanwhile. Wait at the hotel—I'll stop by for you."

"I'll be glad to come, Joe, of course," Calhoun consented; "but Grimes makes me so cussed sore I don't care a continental whether he takes the goods or not."

Keys turned back into the store, but before he could more than greet the man who wanted a wagon, Grimes bounced up, a lanky, tight-lipped farmer in tow.

"Joe," Grimes bawled, his eyes glaring in his red face, "did you write Mr. Harmon to pay up at once?"

"Yes," Keys acknowledged pleasantly. "How are you, Mr. Harmon?"

"What do you mean by insulting one of my oldest friends?" Grimes demanded, the corners of his ugly mouth turned grimly down.

"Surely, I didn't," smiled Keys. "I wrote him that manufacturers were shortening our terms, and that we had to ask our customers for cash or bankable notes to pay our own bills."

"That's all right in principle," scoffed Grimes, "but you ought to use some judgment. I ain't going to have my old friends bothered. You pay when it suits you, Harmon."

Keys was patient, but he was human. As Harmon went his grinning way, Keys shot at his employer: "How are we going to discount our own bills?"

"Borrow the money at the bank—that's what the banks is for," the old man dismissed the matter as a trifle, "or let 'em run—the discount don't amount to nothing."

Keys gave a sigh of resignation, and turned to the waiting customer, only to be interrupted again by the stenographer, a slip of a girl with a scared manner.

"You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Keys," she informed him.

"Who is it? What does he want?" interposed Grimes, so roughly that the girl cowered.

"It's Mr. Dover, about a spreader; he said he wanted to talk to Mr. Keys."

"Oh, he did, hey? You go on with your wagon business, Joe. I'll answer the phone."

"Better let me talk to him, sir," Keys suggested. "I've discussed the matter with him and I think I can close it."

"And you think I can't, hey?" roared the old man, the veins in his temples swelling. "I'll tend to Dover!"

He bustled off. Keys looked dubiously after him, and then gave renewed attention to the wagon prospect. A few moments served to close the deal. As he was entering the order, Grimes burst out of the office, redder and angrier than ever.

"That fellow Dover is a fool!" he shouted. "No more sense than a potato-bug!"

"Didn't you land him?" Keys asked anxiously.

"Land nothing. He don't know what he wants. He don't need no spreader on his little farm, and I told him so—told him to spit on his hands and use his fork."

"Why will you offend people, sir?" Keys groaned.

"Offend people! Who offended Harmon?"

"A very different matter. Harmon has to be handled sharply to make him pay, while Dover is prompt."

"I s'pose you sold Williams the wagon," sneered Grimes, "seeing you're such a fine salesman."

Keys nodded, amused at the old man's jealousy.

"What kind of terms did you give him?"

"Three months. I couldn't do better after what he heard you tell Harmon."

"You couldn't? Well, sonny, he'll put down the cash before he hitches to that wagon."

"Do you want him to go to Stark's, where you have probably driven Dover? Stark has half our best trade now."

"That ain't so!" snorted Grimes. His red face suddenly twisted as if with bitter pain, and he stooped to rub his leg.

"What's the matter?" asked Keys with instant sympathy. "Your rheumatism bothering you again?"

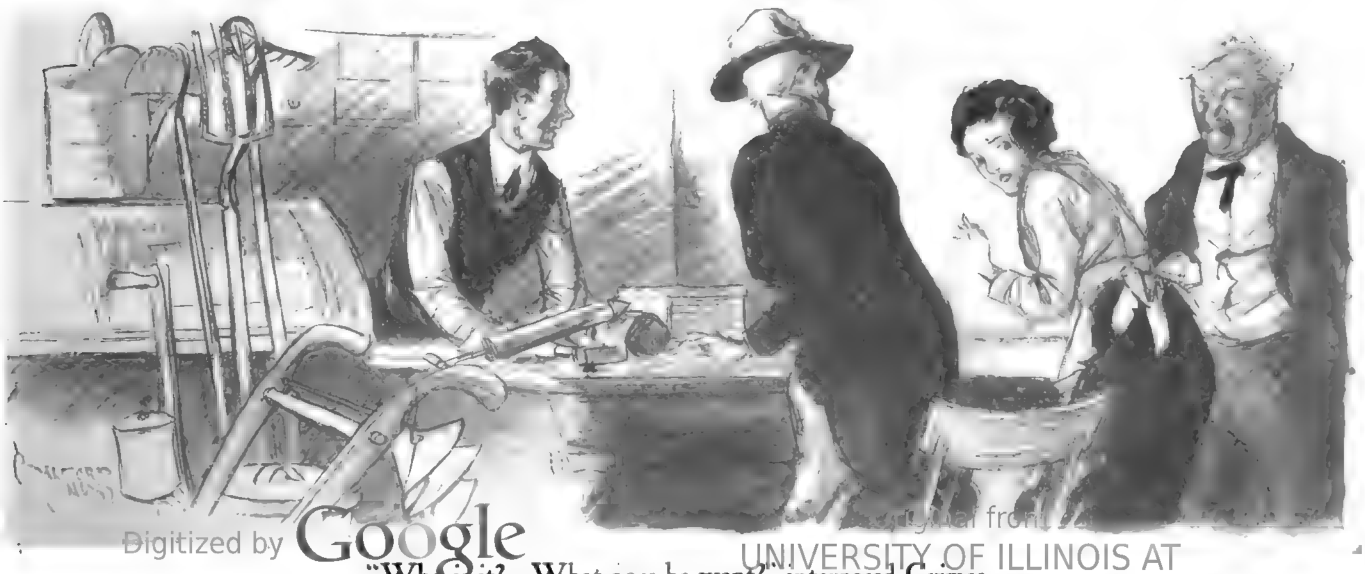
"Rheumatism!" screamed the indignant Grimes. "I ain't got no more rheumatism than you have. I guess I can rub my own leg. Don't know as I got a right to, though, the way you boss me around."

"I'm not trying to boss you, Mr. Grimes," said Keys wearily, "but we're not making much profit the way things are going."

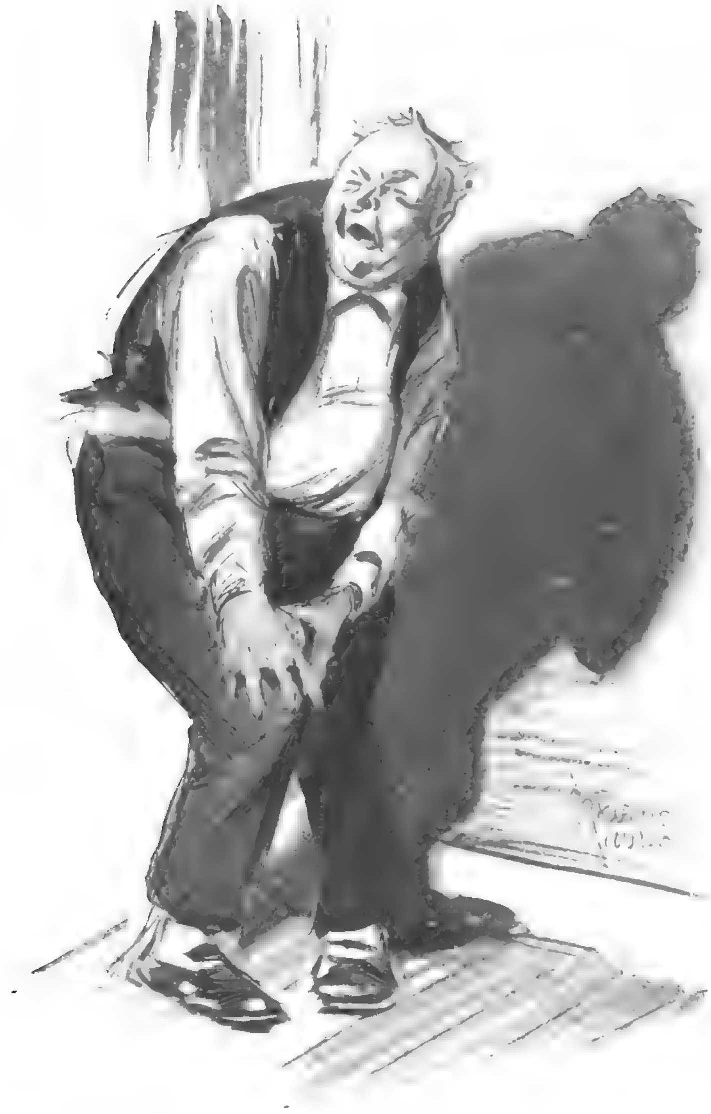
"Can't expect to, with the mail-order houses, and the trusts, and the whole country going to the dogs," grumbled the red-faced one, "but we're making a living, ain't we?"

"A slim one."

"So you ain't satisfied, hey? Where'd you be now if I hadn't took you in, a ragged country boy, ten years ago, and



"Who is it? What does he want?" interposed Grimes.



"Rheumatism!" screamed the indignant Grimes . . . "I guess I can rub my own leg."

learned you the business and pushed you up until you're just the same as a partner?"

"I know, sir, and I'm immensely grateful. I owe you a great deal, and I try to pay in every possible way. I'm paying you now by telling you this business isn't run right."

"Well, I'll be split, tarred, and feathered!" howled Grimes. "This is a pretty how-de-do! All you are I made you, and now you're so swelled up you think you know more about the business than the man that learned it to you!"

"I've got to tell you the plain truth, sir," Keys insisted, his rugged face grave, his voice gentle. "Take this new line of plows Calhoun is offering us. We could job enough through the country to pay for those we would retail. If we don't do it, Stark will."

"Stark! Stark!" the name made the irate man boil over. "I don't hear nothing but Stark this and Stark that! If you like Stark so much I wish you'd hook up with him. I run this business twenty years afore I ever heard of you and I can do it again. You ain't got a mite of gratitude."

The scared-looking stenographer interrupted again.

"What do you want now?" Grimes grated.

"Mr. Harrison, from the bank, wants to see you."

"You see him, Joey," the old man ordered.

His tone changed, and he patted Keys's shabby sleeve with his dirty hand.

"Talk nice to him," he instructed, and, dismissing the subject as he dismissed everything he wished to dodge, he waddled off to interfere in a sale that Henry, one of the clerks, was making.

Keys shrugged his shoulders, took a deep breath, and strode off to tackle the new job.

The bank cashier was a stubby little man with a quick eye and a determined manner.

"Keys, I thought you were coming to see me about your account. I 'phoned you I didn't like the shape it's in."

"I know," Keys sparred. "I did intend to, but I've been so busy. What's the matter?"

"You aren't carrying enough balance. You don't take care of your paper when it's due. You've been running along, renewing notes, curtailing notes, never getting square. You've got to straighten things out right away."

"We'll try to do better, Mr. Harrison," Keys promised.

"If you don't we'll have to decline the account."

"Have you told Mr. Grimes that?"

"Tried to, last time I saw him; but he told me to talk with you, as he never bothered with the office end."

Tired and vexed as he was, Keys had to grin at that.

"I know you try, Joe," said Harrison kindly, "but the old man doesn't treat us right. He doesn't treat you right, either," he added, his keen eyes upon the other's face.

"Don't try to fool me," he went on, as Keys made a gesture of dissent. "He puts the whole business on you while he shoulders around and bluffs. He's the bluffer and you're the buffer. He ought to make you a partner and let you run things."

"He'd never think of that," said Keys, with a look half wistful, half amused.

"No, I reckon not," agreed Harrison. "That would never occur to his mightiness. The thing for you to do is to get away from him. Come in and see me some time—perhaps I can put you on to something."

Keys smiled, and thanked him, and the cashier marched out. From somewhere around the corner of the office, Grimes came puffing up, such a curious look on his face that Keys wondered for an instant if he had heard the conversation. If he had, Grimes gave no sign.

"What did he want?" he fumed.

"To tell us that he didn't care for our account if we didn't take better care of our paper and keep a bigger balance."

"We'll take it to the other bank," Grimes threatened.

"I'm afraid they wouldn't welcome it, either," said Keys wearily. "Our affairs are getting worse every day. You won't restrict credits to slow customers, nor grant them to honest young fellows just starting. You won't put in lines we lack, nor advertise those we have. You won't give me time to attend to the office, but you want me to look after a thousand details in which you interfere before I can settle them. You abuse Henry and you scare Miss Evans. You're going to lose them both."

"You better step along with them," bellowed Grimes, who had vainly tried to stop Keys's calm charge with oaths. "Whose business is this? Who took you in, a raggedy boy? Can't remember when you was a barefooted brat, can you?"

"Vividly, sir. That's why I'm working tooth and nail to save you from ruin."

"Ruin, your eye," gibed Grimes. "If we're cramped, it's because of your poor buying; and now you want to load me with another line, and threaten me with Stark."

"He's getting the trade."

"Then it's your fault. He didn't use to have it when I kept full charge of things. Since I've let you have your way so much the business has gone back."

"My way?" Keys stared at the old man's purple face. "When do I have my way?"

"All the time. Don't you deny it," Grimes whined. "Ain't I done everything for you? Ain't I treated you like a son? Ain't I give you all kinds of authority?"

"Never any unrestricted authority. You nullify every improvement I try to make."

"Ain't I raised your wages time and again?"

"I'm not talking about that," snapped Keys, nettled into departing from his quiet tone. "If I were, I might say they were small enough."

"So that's the nub of your talk, hey?" screamed Grimes, his face vicious. "With everything going to pot the way it is, you try to hold me up for more money."

"Don't try to twist things so, sir," begged Keys, striving to keep his temper. "Won't you let me lay out a plan and help me stick to it? If you'll let me collect what is due us, we can satisfy the bank. If we put in proper lines, we can increase our trade. If we treat our employees fairly, we can keep them. Just let me have a free hand, won't you, sir?"

"Doggone your impudence, you got too free a hand now! I won't have my old friends dunned. I don't want no new lines. And if our people don't like the way I treat 'em, they can get out, and you with 'em, you darn, swell-headed, unreasonable, ungrateful young pup!"

Grimes closed the argument by jamming his greasy felt hat over his tousled gray head and stamping out of the store.

It was late and Keys turned doggedly to the final details of the day's work. He sighed a little when at last, after every one else had gone, he looked around the shabby store to make sure that the implements had been brought in from the sidewalk and the shutters fastened. Harrison's advice to strike out for himself fluttered through his mind, but he shook his head. Dingy and small and mean as the place was, he loved it. If he could only have a free hand!

On the opposite side of the street, in one of the sidewalk chairs of the Palace Hotel, Calhoun awaited him.

"Well, Joe," Calhoun began, rising with his usual alacrity, "bring the old man around?"

"No," said Keys shortly.

"I didn't think you could," Calhoun twitted him. "I don't see how you stand the old grouch. Half the boys on the road won't call on him any more. Every one knows he'd have been bankrupt long ago if it hadn't been for you. What trade the old fool has, comes on your account——"

"That's enough, Tim," snapped Keys. "I've heard about all the talk I can stand for one day."

"I'm telling you for your own good. You owe it to yourself to quit the damned old——"

"Stop it!" Keys's raw nerves shouted. "Grimes is peculiar, but he's been mighty good to me. I'm in just the frame of mind when I'd love to let loose a haymaker at some one's jaw—a nice, fat jaw like yours would do fine," he meditated, regarding Calhoun with a fierce look that gradually changed into a sheepish grin.

"You're the biggest idiot I ever saw," Calhoun charged.

"I guess I am," Keys confessed. "It's getting to be pure hell at the store. I bottle up my feelings until I leave and then I'm ready to explode."

"Why don't you quit, you chump? Grimes wouldn't last six months without you."

"That's just why, Tim. I'm not conceited. I don't often admit it to myself. But the joke of it is," he smiled painfully, "that Grimes doesn't believe it. Every time I kick he tells me to get out."

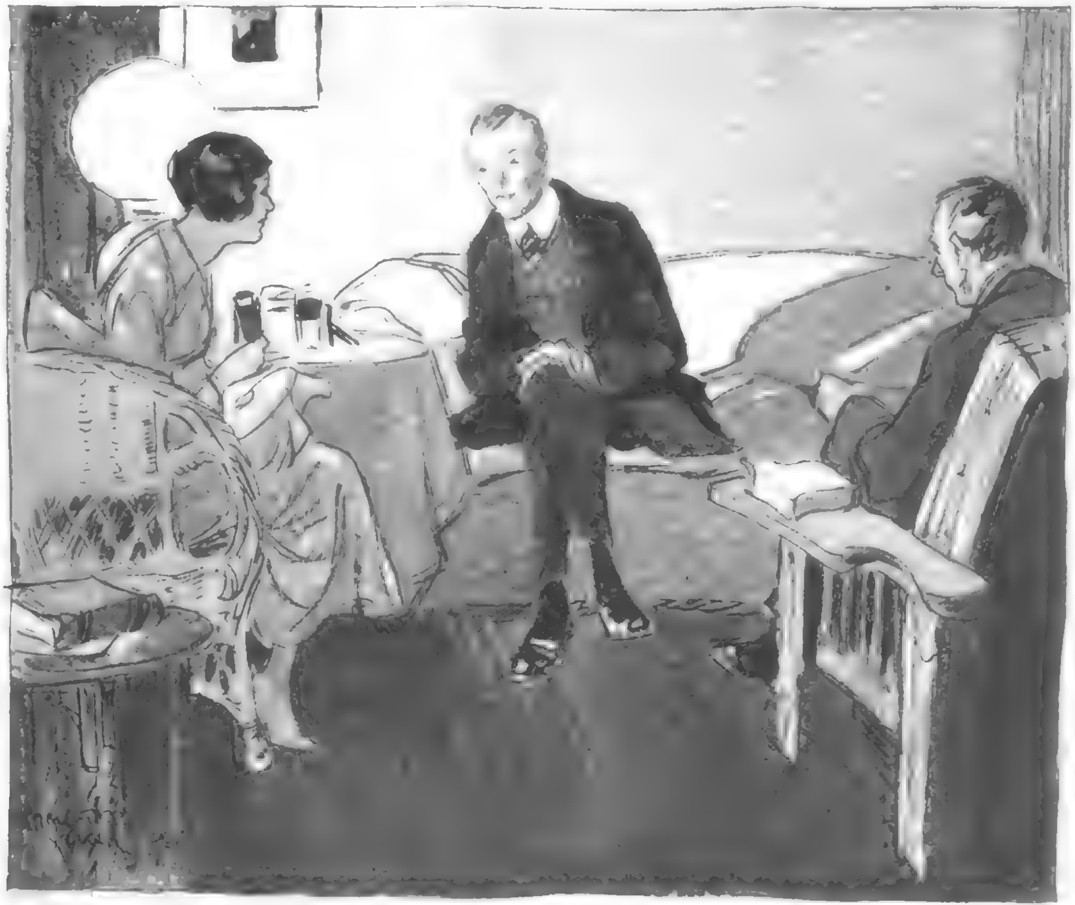
"He must see the truth, if he has a grain of sense."

"I wonder," Keys reflected aloud, "if he does, down underneath, realize that he is getting old, and feeble, and cranky, and the knowledge of it is what makes him so ugly? Whatever the reason, I sometimes feel that I can't stand it any longer."

"How hard do you feel that?" demanded Calhoun, stopping short.

"Why?" Keys stared at the salesman's vehemence.

"Oh, nothing," said Calhoun vaguely, and went on.



"What's the matter with you two?" she cried at last. "You're as gay as owls."

They came to a small frame house, well back in a neat lawn. A row of red geraniums bordered the porch, which, shaded with green-and-white awnings and set with wicker chairs, helped to give the modest dwelling the cozy air of a home.

As they started up the walk, Keys resolutely cleared his face and tried to shake off his fatigue. Two white-clad children rushed out upon him, and a young woman rose from one of the rockers.

"Caroline," Keys apologized, "I'll be blessed if I didn't forget to 'phone that I was bringing Timmy Calhoun out to supper. Got anything to eat?"

"We did the last time you brought him, didn't we?" smiled the young woman, who was plump, rosy and competent-looking. "Mr. Calhoun is always welcome."

She gave the guest her hand and turned to her husband. Her clear, dark eyes questioned him as she offered her lips.

"What makes you so late, Joe?"

"Oh, sort of busy," he smiled. "Come in, Tim."

The meal passed pleasantly. Mrs. Keys was charming, as she always was, and Keys did his brave best to be entertaining. Calhoun, though he responded politely, seemed preoccupied. His abstraction continued, when, after the table had been cleared and the children put to bed, the men settled down to smoke.

Mrs. Keys, with a bit of linen through which she was drawing scarlet threads, sat down with them.

"What's the matter with you two?" she cried out at last. "You're gay as owls. Mr. Calhoun, of what *are* you thinking?"

Calhoun had been leaning back in his chair, absently watching the deft fingers of his hostess. At this challenge he brought down the front legs of his chair with a crash, and answered:

"I'm thinking that I'm sick and tired of the road. I was thinking it this afternoon, loafing at the hotel. I'm sick of hotel cooking, and hotel beds, and making connections in the middle of the night, and mean buyers, and the infernal waiting around—the meanest thing of all.

"For a long time I've wanted to quit, and start an implement business in a live town, where I could settle down and have a home and a pretty wife—" he looked so meaningly at Mrs. Keys that she blushed. "I've got enough money to start, if I could find the place and a good partner. Joe, this is the place and you're the man!"

Keys stared, then laughed.

"I've got job enough now, Tim."

"A swell job you've got, with Grimes going fluey sooner or later! Sooner, perhaps, if you leave him; later, if you work yourself to death to stave it off. Stark is the only other dealer here, and he's not popular. There are plenty of good lines we could get, besides the Mears. Joe, let's do it!"

Mrs. Keys sprang to her feet, her pretty face alight, tangling her work into a hopeless mass.

"We will do it!" she declared.

Keys gazed at her in amazement; shook his head.

"I haven't the money," he objected. 'All I've saved is in this house."

"But I have!" flashed Mrs. Keys, her dark eyes sparkling. "Father left me ten thousand."

"Caroline," said Keys, "that's mighty white of you, but even if I could take your money, I couldn't leave Grimes."

"Why not?" Calhoun challenged. "You admit he's always telling you to quit. You're overworked—underpaid, abused——"

"I know," Keys agreed. "It's true; partly, anyway. But he took me in when I was a friendless kid and he's been just like a father to me. He was different, then. Now, he's old and sick, and for all his abuse, I'm the only living creature he cares about or who cares for him. It would break his heart if I left him, and I owe him too much."

"Don't you owe me anything, Joe?" his wife pleaded, her dark eyes luminous and sweet. "Who has worked and scrimped that we might have this home? You would never let me use father's money. And the children—don't you owe them something?"

"Your wife is right, Keys," Calhoun supported her in his forceful way. "Your first duty is to her. You could make twice as much in business with me as you're making now. Think what it would mean to your family. Have you a right to sacrifice their future?"

"Yes, and what about yourself, Joe?" charged Mrs. Keys. "You're thirty, and you look thirty-five. Mr. Grimes works you to death, pays you hardly enough to live on, and nags you so you don't sleep nights. You're getting nervous and irritable. Oh, you try to hide the strain and keep sweet, but it shows."

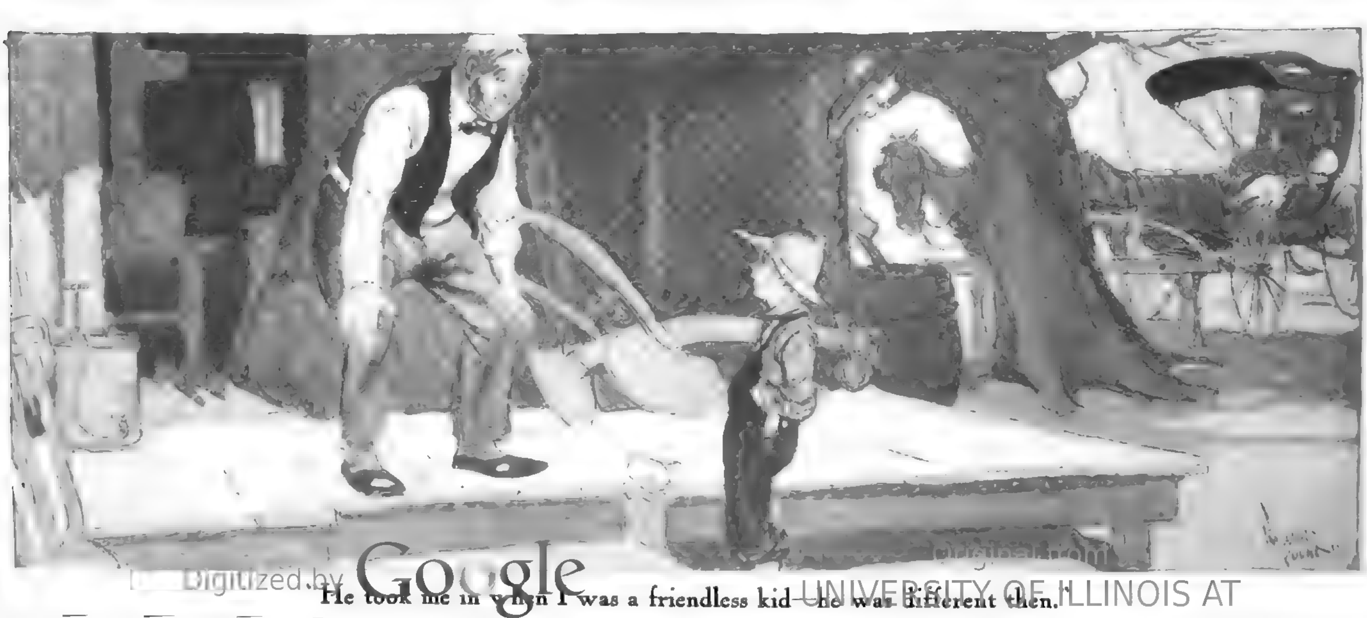
"Nonsense," scoffed Keys, but, in the back of his head, he knew it was all true.

He was tired all the time. He was tired now. He wished they would stop arguing. He wanted to go away somewhere and sleep for a long time; where there was no mail, no telephone, no customers, no employer; where nothing could touch him, not even the loving hands of his wife. It is this deadly weariness that drives some men to drink, but Keys was of sterner stuff.

Yet, as Calhoun and Mrs. Keys talked on, tossing back and forth their hopes and plans, Keys found himself visioning a properly conducted business of peace and order, where each had his own part, nor interfered, where there would be freedom and happiness.

"Caroline," he appealed, "do you think I could honestly and decently quit Grimes?"

(*Continued on page 82*)



He took me in when I was a friendless kid—he was different then.

PEN *and* INKLINGS

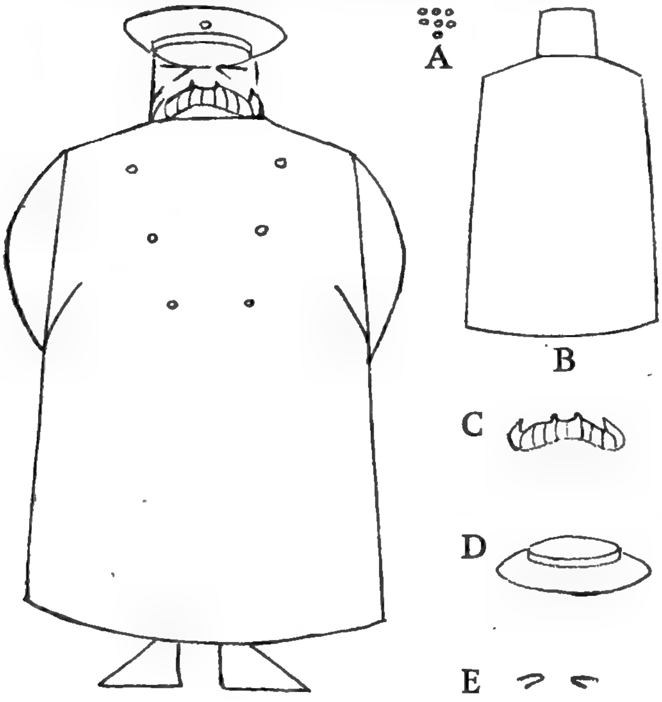
By Oliver Herford

Oyster's Night Thought

IN AUTUMN, when the leaves are dead,
They take us from our Oyster-bed,
And all the winter long they keep
Us up, without a wink of sleep—

And doesn't it seem hard to you
When spring is here, and skies are blue,
And we should like so much to stay,
We have to be in bed by MAY?
—From the "Oyster's Garden of Verses."

Hindenburg Made Easy



HOW to make a perfect picture of Hindenburg with a whisky-flask, seven Beecham's pills, one dead caterpillar, two typhoid-fever germs, and a cuspidor.

A—Seven Beecham's pills. B—Flask. C—Dead caterpillar. D—Cuspidor. E—Typhoid-fever germs.

Directions

Place the cuspidor in an inverted position on the top of the flask. Lay the dead caterpillar upon the line which divides the neck from the body of the flask.

Insert the typhoid germs (tails outward) against the lower rim of the cuspidor, as in diagram.

Set one of the pills between the rim and the base of the cuspidor, and the other six (as indicated in picture) on the body of the flask.

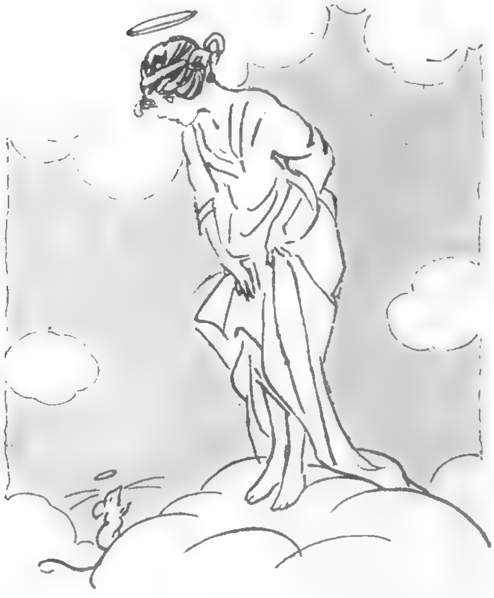
Add arms and feet according to taste.

The Old, Old Scandal

A Shontsonnette

"*TAKE this seat, my dear,"*
Winter bowed politely;
"I get off just here."
Spring accepted brightly.

With a jolt, ear-splitting,
Stopped the car—and bing!
There was Winter sitting
In the lap of Spring!



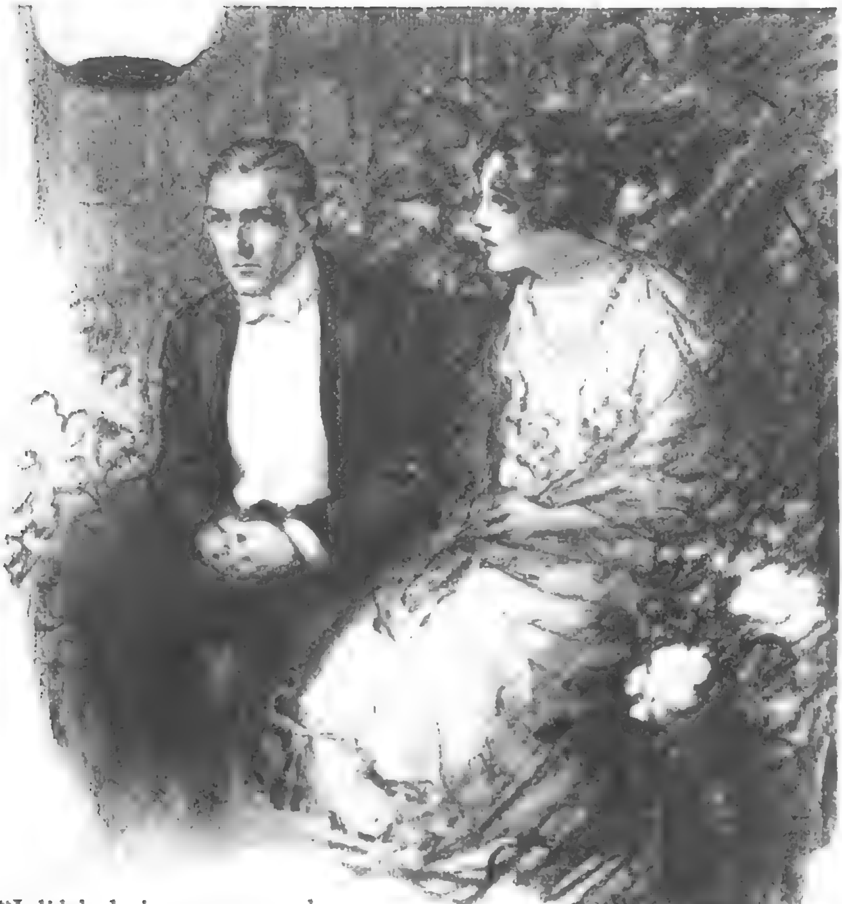
The Wisdom of Hafiz

(*The Persian Kitten*)

IN THE woman's heaven there must be no mice. . . . In the mouse's heaven, no cats. . . . In the cat's heaven, no men. . . . In the man's heaven, no women.

* * * * * * * *

The leopard must wear spotted stuff.
The tiger stripes, the lion buff.
THEY have no choice, but who can swear
What the next kitten-cat will wear?



"I didn't do it to try to cash in on—being a little tin hero."

The WHITE ARC

By *Henry Kitchell Webster*

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one Army post after another, where she has gathered a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal, and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

Soon after this, Hugh is allowed to see what he can do to improve conditions at his grandfather's factory. He goes to work, conscientiously, to develop a scheme. But about a year after the inauguration of his welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

In his efforts to break up the strike Hugh meets Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. They fall in love with each other, and when Helena runs away to New York, Hugh follows, and they are married. Later, they return to Chicago and Hugh becomes a partner in the Corbett firm.

Helena fits easily into her place in the Corbett family. She and Hugh set up housekeeping in a dignified old house, accessible to Hugh's friends as well as hers. In working out a practical plan of settlement for the strike, Hugh finds himself alone between Helena's friends and his brother Greg, understood by neither side. A fire destroys a great part of the Corbett plant on the very night that Hugh makes the last of a series of speeches to the strikers. From this night Hugh's estrangement from Helena begins, along with a growing away from his former interest in the factory. He returns to his interest in metallurgy, and starts a research laboratory of his own.

Here he invents a metal which he calls Corbettite. In spite of having kept this a secret from every one, he shows a piece of it to Jean Gilbert, and tells her of what advantage it would be to airplane service. Jean has been in Europe for three years, where she and her mother have been nursing in a military hospital. The first boat on which they attempt to return to America is torpedoed, and they spend one night on the open sea. Her experiences have made her intensely pro-Ally, and she is amazed at the apparent lack of concern shown toward the war in America. She goes to Hugh for an explanation of this. Their talk cements the old friendship between them. At Helena's suggestion they ride together in the mornings, to the consternation of the rest of the Corbett family, especially Carter, who has fallen wholeheartedly in love with Jean.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Carter Goes to War

IT WAS Carter who brought home the war to the Corbetts. He went to New York in January, to be best man at a classmate's wedding; made a trip to Washington the day after the ceremony, came home with his passports to France, and informed his family that he was going to enlist—in the air service, if they would take him.

This was a bomb for the family. Carter was their baby, you see, and it had never been their habit to take him seriously. They had always petted him. He had "gone to work," of course, according to the family tradition, at the end of the traditional year abroad that followed his graduation in nineteen-twelve; but even Gregory, though he grumbled over the kid's outrageous hours and the negligible value of his labors out at the office, did so merely as a matter of form, and not in the expectation that the remonstrances would effect the slightest improvement.

To Greg, as to the rest of them, Carter's pyrotechnic social success and his insouciant way of dealing with it, was a matter of undisguised amusement and hidden pride. The elder Corbetts, barring Bob (whose derelictions they had taken somewhat too seriously, perhaps), had run rather solid and stiff for ornamental purposes, and a bit of pure decoration, like Carter, finished them off rather well—showed what they could do in that line as well as in others, when they tried.

It was taken as an amusing piece of retributive justice that to Carter, after whom three seasons of débutantes had sighed—No, I'll admit they don't sigh these days—had toiled in vain, should have befallen, at the last, the magnet's experience of falling in love with a silver churn.

The family's amusement would have been less genuine but for their unanimous affection for Jean. But they were fond of her, and they remembered Carter's lordly ways with her, back in the summer of Anne's wedding; and they agreed that it was a good thing for him to get a little of his own back.

The progress of the affair had been visible enough to all intimately placed observers, though nobody was in possession of any authoritative confidences. It needed only half an eye to see that he had asked and been rejected that Sunday morning when they went out for a drive in his car.

It was really rather touching—even while one smiled—to note the way they treated each other and spoke of each other afterward; the "cousinly" good-will and affection (they weren't cousins, of course, in any degree) which they so scrupulously and delicately stressed. She'd come round in time—though the boy couldn't be expected to see that. He had no rival in the field.

Unless one wanted to apply that term to poor old Hugh.

SO THE boy's studiously casual announcement that he was sailing within a fortnight to enlist in the French army was a thunderbolt. He deprecated their astonishment. It was a notion he had had in mind for ever so long, but his visit to New York clinched the thing.

"They know there's a war going on, better, down there, than we do, somehow," he explained. "People talk about it more. It seems closer. Burge Smith is over there already, and Carrol Wayne says he's going. Before long I'd have to begin explaining why I didn't go. It's a great chance, of course, to learn something about airplanes; might come in handy if *we* ever get into anything."

It was not Carter's habitual way to explain the things he did. But this explanation or minor variants of it, he was a little unnaturally ready with. It couldn't be said that he recited it, still less that he launched it defiantly at people's heads, though each of these exaggerations contained a grain of truth. At all events, if anybody entertained in the inner recesses of his or her mind, any other explanation of Carter's going for a soldier, it was not going to be Carter's fault.

Whatever explanation one chose to assign, there was a sort of splendor about the boy during those days that put an end to the possibility of maintaining the old smiling attitude. If he was going because, loving Jean, she didn't love him back, then his love for her was a bigger and deeper thing than they had supposed. He got a new heroic stature in their eyes.

And then, before they could readjust themselves to it—believe it, fairly—he was gone. There were a number of projects for giving him an appropriate farewell—dinners and such—but he frustrated these by leaving a week ahead of his announced time.

At a dance that he and Jean attended, he carried her off into a corner and told her.

"I'm off in the morning," he said, "so this is good-by. Nobody else knows. Oh, it's been my date all the while. I told 'em an extra week to save fuss—all the sob stuff. It'll be easier—for everybody. Don't you think?"

"I suppose so," she managed to answer. There followed a long silence. She leaned back against the pillows in the cushioned recess he had found for her; not voluntarily; all her body had suddenly relaxed—gone limp. She wondered fleetingly whether it would be in her power to shut one of her half-open hands—or lift it.

He was leaning forward, elbows on knees, hands clasped. He was as taut as the strings across a violin bridge, and trembling. They hadn't been alone together, like this, since that Sunday morning in the car. They *were* alone. Other couples, coming hopefully to the doorway, would see the white of her frock and of his shirt, and go away—enviously.

"I'm glad you've told me, though," she added, after a while.

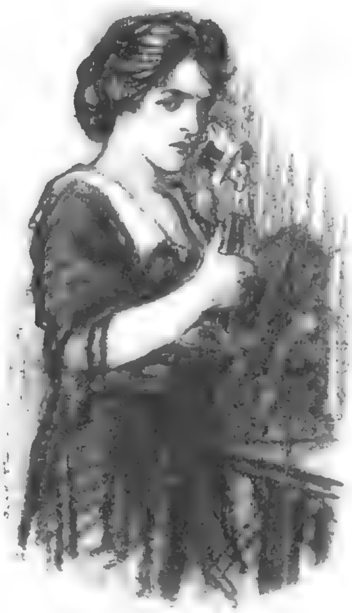
"I had a reason," he said. "Not what I'm afraid you'll think. I—I didn't do it to try to cash in on—being a little tin hero." He heard her gasp of protest and added, quickly: "Oh, I know that isn't what you think. I oughtn't to have been afraid. It would be such a cheap, second-rate thing to do, and you don't suspect people of doing cheap things. I suppose what I really was afraid of was that I might do it. It wouldn't be the first time that I'd done a thing as cheap as that."

There came no reply from Jean. Her gaze was fixed on his clasped hands and his wrists. They were so slim and fine and strong. Carter was the "little" Corbett; not more than five feet nine inches tall and weighing, at this time, around a hundred and fifty pounds. A watch, some one had called him once, in a family of eight-day clocks. The yearning in the girl's heart was to mother those hands of his in her own, until they stopped trembling. But, of course, that wouldn't be fair.

"It's one of those cheap things," he went on at last, "that I want to talk about. I brought you here so that I could take it back. I wish I could really take it back—unsay it—undo it, so that there wouldn't be a memory of it in your mind at all. You know what I mean, don't you? The things I said about Hugh, that last time we were together. I was jealous of him. I've always been jealous of him, I guess, ever since that night you caught the burglar. I didn't know I was in love with you then, but of course I was. That was why I tried so hard to—show off; why it was such a grind on me that you never were impressed. It made me sore that you took to Hugh. I wouldn't have felt that way if it had been Greg. It always seemed to me that everybody ought to admire him.

"Well, and when you came back and I knew I was in love with you—which I did the minute I saw you, there at the party Frank and Constance had for the Aldriches—then the jealousy was all the worse. I remember when I came up for a dance with you after you'd been sitting out all that while with Lester Vernon. I didn't mind being cut out by him, for the time being. I was all set for that. But you began right away asking me about Hugh: why he wasn't at the party, and—how he looked and what he was doing. I don't know exactly why it made me so sore, but it did.

"Well, and after that, the only time I ever saw you angry, was once when I said something, in a half-joking way, about his being the family failure. Of course, it was a rotten thing to say. I knew he was—cleverer than Greg, or any of us; and had a great deal more advanced ideas and all that, so it was a kind of natural spitefulness to try to say: 'What's all that got him, after all?'"



"I was to ask for Mr. Galicz," she said.

"But you didn't say anything like that," Jean reminded him, "the time you're talking about—that day in the car. You said you'd come to see what a—what a wonder he was. You warned me that I'd fallen in love with him without knowing it. And that, with him married, especially, you said, to Helena, that was thin ice. There wasn't anything cheap about doing that, if you thought that was what I'd done. It was brotherly of you to warn me. It was just about the kindest, finest—hardest thing you could do."

He made a little grunt of dissent. "I was jealous," he said, "furious. I wanted to hurt—him or you—both of you. Well, that's what I want to take back. This is what I want to say."

It took him a minute or two, though, to articulate it.

"You know, Greg," he said at last, "has always been, ever since I can remember, a kind of ideal of mine. He is yet, I suppose. If he did a thing, it was right. All along, through school and college, when things came up—and they do come up, all right, even when you're just a kid—I don't suppose a girl can understand that, really—I used to try to think what Greg would have done about them. How he'd look and feel about them, if he knew I'd done them—or hadn't done them. If he did them, they were right. That was enough for me. Now, I guess I can make you understand.

"You're like Greg to me—in a different way, of course. Anything you do—whatever you do—anything you could possibly do, is right; is what I'd want you to do, if I were here to—talk to you about it. That's all I want you to remember about me."

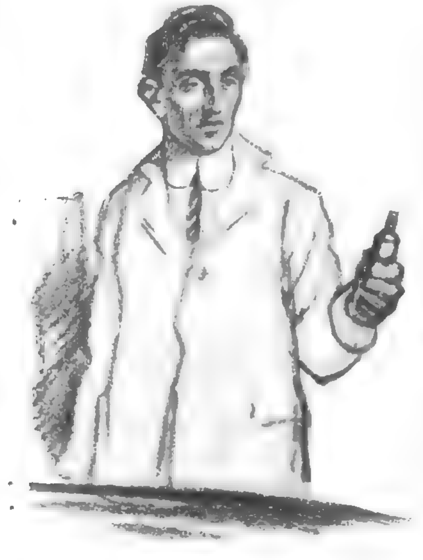
It would have been possible to smile over that, of course, but Jean couldn't. "That's—terrifying," she said, very gravely. There was a note almost of awe in her voice. "You mustn't think of me like that."

"Must or mustn't has nothing to do with it," he insisted. "It's a simple fact that I do. But it's got nothing to do with you. You're my—well, my ideal, just because you happen to be yourself. So all you have to do to—live up to it, is just to go on being yourself." He added, in a deliberate effort to get away from heroics, "You should worry!"

"All the same, . . ." she protested; then let the sentence die away. "I've thought a lot, since," she went on presently, on a different theme, "about what you said that day. Not wondering if I was in love with him, because I knew I wasn't. But wondering how it was I knew. He's—in a way—the same sort of—ideal to me that Gregory is to you. I mean—there's nothing I couldn't tell him, nor that I couldn't imagine his telling me; nothing, on either side, that the other wouldn't be sure to understand. And there's something so safe and secure about that feeling that of course I love to be with him, and have him talk with me. Well, I know now how it is that in spite of all that, I know I'm not in love with him. Carter, you can't be in love with any one, can you—" it was one of those downward-inflected questions that demands a corroborative answer—"*in* love, you know, that way—without being jealous of them?"

"Search me!" he answered restlessly. "I couldn't. That's sure enough."

"Nobody could," she asserted, "at least a little. Some way. And I'm not. I mean more than that, really. There's nothing about him that I want, or wish I might have had, for *mine*. I'd be glad if everybody he knew felt about him the way I do. I was glad when he married Helena—though, of course, I was too young then, I suppose, for what I felt to count. But when I came back, I was glad, completely glad, to find that his marriage had been happy. Because it has been. You're all wrong about that. I don't think you understand him very well—any of you."



Guaranteed, it appeared, as a sure cure for deafness.

"Maybe not," he said vaguely. Then he roused himself and said it again. "He gave me a surprise, the other day, anyhow; the first time he saw me after he knew I was going to France. I've always thought of him as a cold, unemotional sort—nothing in his mind but ideas. Well, I was wrong about that."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I don't know. You can't repeat things like that. When I started telling him why I was going, he said the rest of them—of 'us,' he said—might have some explaining to do, but that I hadn't. It was mostly the way he looked at me. And took hold! He had me by the shoulders. I'd no idea he was as strong as that. He's stronger than Greg, I think. I felt like a baby."

"I'm glad that happened," Jean said. After a little silence she went on: "And I'm glad you've given me a chance to tell you—about things. So that I can be sure you understand. You do, don't you?"

"Sure, I do. You needn't worry about that."

They sat there a little while longer without saying anything. Then, suddenly he sprang to his feet and stood before her, with something soldierly in his attitude, new in him though long familiar to her. She rose too and faced him, standing as straight as he.

"Well, it's good-by, then," he said. "I'm going home now. Packing to do."

She was trembling now, and when she saw the quiver of his compressed lips, her eyes filled with tears. The appeal in his eyes was as easy to understand as it was impossible to resist. She swayed toward him.

But he held her off. "Not unless you want to," he said.

She took him by the shoulders and held on while she got the better of a sob. "But I *do!* It was only that it seemed—not fair. Like meaning something that—that I wish it did—but it doesn't."

He smiled a little wryly, but on the whole a very presentable smile. "I sha'n't misunderstand—now," he said.

So she kissed him, and for a moment, afterward, clung to him and put her head down on his shoulder while she drew in a steadying breath or two.

"I wish you'd make me a promise," he said. "When I come back, whatever may have happened in the meantime—whoever you may be married to—will you let me have another time like this? And kiss me again, like that?"

She nodded.

Her handkerchief had disappeared somewhere, so he let her have his to dry her eyes with. "You look all right," he then assured her.

The music of a new dance came faintly to them from the ballroom. "That's a peach of a fox-trot," he said. "Shall we dance it?"

They did dance it through. "Tip me off," he had said, in his old authoritative way, "if you see any of these birds trying to cut in on me," and with her cooperation this tragedy was avoided. He left her with her grandmother at the end, with a nod and an unceremonious little gesture of farewell. "Till next time," he said.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

A Voice from Helena's Past

THERE were two messages on Helena's telephone pad when she came home about six o'clock one sharp February evening. One was from Hugh, to the effect that he would be home for dinner at seven. She shrugged over that. He had some plan evidently, the mood having taken him, for a domestic evening.

The other message, beneath which the maid who had taken it had written and underscored the word "Immediate," was simply that she should call a certain number and ask for Mr. ——, the maid having so completely failed to understand the name as to be unable to write down even an approximation of it. But for one fact, Helena would have dismissed this with the simple decision that the mysterious Mr. —— who wanted her so urgently, could try again.

The one fact that prevented this summary treatment of the matter, was the name of the telephone exchange—Canal. That took her back five years or more; back to the days when the name Corbett meant nothing to her; back to a different and painfully incredible Helena—a figure of half-forgotten romance. She had called Canal often enough in those days. It meant a poor district far down on the southwest side. Blue Island Avenue is the backbone of it. It was strange that a voice from there should have attempted to speak to her to-night, of all nights.

She rang for the maid. "What was the name of the man I was to call at this number?" she demanded. "Why didn't you put it down?"

"It was a foreign-sounding name," the maid said. "I couldn't understand it. I asked him to spell it, and he started to, then hung up."

"What did it sound like?" Helena persisted.

The maid was reluctant even to attempt it. But the flattening of her mistress's brows and the darkening of her eyes—sure warnings of a storm—led her at last to venture desperately: "It was Cal-something. Or Gal-Galley."

"Not Galicz!"

It was no wonder that the intensity of the exclamation (it was not loud, but it hissed from Helena's lips like a rocket) startled the maid. But she assented to it unequivocally.

"Yes, ma'am. That was the name."

"That's impossible!" Helena said, as the maid flinched under her stare. "Impossible nonsense! Why did you say it?"

"It was madam who said it," the girl retorted. "I may be mistaken, but I think the name was that."

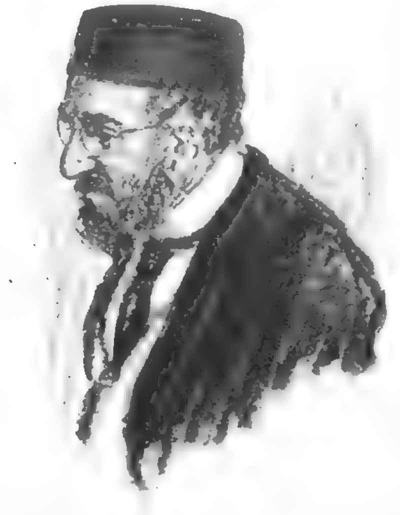
"Very well," Helena said. "You may go."

IT WAS all but downright impossible that any one genuinely entitled to that name should be trying to get in communication with her. Her father had been dead five years, and he had never, in all the period of her most intimate association with him, had any communication with his family in Poland.

It was in the highest degree unlikely that it was one of them who had got track of her now. Still, she didn't doubt that her maid had identified the name correctly. Some one in desperate need of her, and knowing that it was a name to conjure with, had used it—some one from the other side of the abyss that her marriage had cloven across her life.

It was strange that it should have happened to-night, falling in with the current of her mood like that.

One of the numerous "circles" she belonged to had met that afternoon in a studio on Chestnut Street. It was an anti-militarist group, organized to combat the propaganda of the munition-makers and their bellicose dupes who were shouting for preparedness. They circulated anti-enlistment blanks and read each other papers urging disarmament, the embargo, the abandonment of nationalistic emblems, the re-writing of school histories, non-warlike toys for children, and so on. Like all such gatherings, they were a heterogeneous lot: a few genuine non-resisters, a considerable number of pro-Germans and other Anglophobes, a lot of thoroughly good-hearted people, who thought that war was horrible and ought to be stopped, and a sprinkling of genuine dyed-in-the-wool radicals who interpreted the whole world disaster in terms of the capitalist conspiracy.



He was a brisk, bearded, and spectacled gentleman in a frock coat and skull cap.

Helena was under a promise to read them a paper that afternoon. She had put off writing it until the last moment—as she always did—and had been dismayed to find, when finally she sat down to it, that she couldn't get herself started. An impish mood of derision of her prospective audience was upon her and would not be shaken off. Before a big audience in a hall, especially an audience with any fight in it, she could have trusted to the spur of the moment; but she had found out, from experience, that a little group of forty or so, most of whom she knew, sitting on little folding-chairs and expecting tea afterward, could not be dealt with that way.

So, as a last resort, she had rummaged through an old trunk of hers in the attic and found a paper on "Patriotism," that she vaguely remembered having written—oh, ages ago; back in the days before the Riverdale strike.

It was part of her perverse mood that, beyond making sure that the thing was all there, and that it was legible, she did not read it before she set out for the meeting. She had thought it was good when she wrote it, she knew, and it would be amusing to see what came of it now; what sort of impression a little real, undiluted radicalism would make on this kid-glove, well-fed studio tea.

Its effect on them was about what she had, somewhat derisively, expected. They were nearly all shocked—all but the few radicals, who enjoyed the spectacle. But almost all of them, all but a few evangelical pacifists (who loved the flag but wanted it to float as a symbol of peace), swiftly concealed their dismay with understanding nods and little ruffles of self-conscious applause. The chairman expressed the sense of the meeting admirably when she spoke of it as a very bold paper, startling, no doubt, to many of them, and containing some statements to which they could not all agree, but, in its uncompromising and courageous honesty, sounding a note which merited their deepest thought.

What Helena had not foreseen was the effect the reading of it had upon herself. It shook her as she had not been shaken in years. It brought back, with a flaming vividness that scorched, the living presence of the girl who had written it; who had so fierily meant it with all the red hatred that was in her heart. Hatred of the state that had oppressed and tyrannized over her, that had martyred her unforgotten father. Hatred of all its manifestations; contempt of all its lying symbols.

To Helena, the present Helena, Mrs. Hugh Corbett, who sat there before them so secure, so "prominent," so smartly clad—whose chauffeur already waited in the wintry street below to convey her, when she wished, the thousand yards or so she was from home, or wherever else her fancy might direct—the reading came, more and more, to seem a betrayal, a profanation, a casting of pearls to swine. She longed to crumple those faded sheets into her bosom, where their heat could burn; to stand up and tell these piffling fools what they really were, and then rush away, by herself, where she could breathe.

Of course she did nothing of the sort. She read the paper through. She acknowledged, suitably, the chairman's thanks. She even managed to talk a little, though absently, with some of her friends who came crowding up afterward to tell her how wonderfully "daring" and "thrilling" and "basic" it all was, before declining tea, she escaped and went home—in her car.

But the mood she was in was her blackest; a smoldering, absent revery which her servants knew and walked warily to avoid waking her out of. No wonder she shrugged, impatiently, over Hugh's message that he was coming home to dinner.

But this other thing! This name, Galicz, coming up so mysteriously out of nowhere, on this very night when she was more nearly Anton Galicz's daughter than she had been in years before! It couldn't be made to seem like an ordinary, every-day coincidence. It had the feeling in it of a touch of the finger of Fate. For a matter of minutes after her maid had left her alone, she sat, staring at the telephone on her desk as if it had been an unfamiliar instrument of magic. Then, impatiently, she snatched it up and repeated into the transmitter the number on the pad. And, on getting her connection, "I was to ask for Mr. Galicz," she said.

There was a moment of hesitation from the other end. Then, "This is the Popular drug-store," a voice said, and went on to give her the address of it. "In the matter of your account with us, we'd like you to see us about it, personally, to-night, before nine o'clock."

She exclaimed "What!" in perfectly blank amazement, whereupon the voice repeated this utterly preposterous message, word for word.

So repeated, however, it took on another color altogether; made her heart leap to a quicker rhythm and tightened her throat. Again it took her back over a span of years. It was long since she had experienced the necessity, in talking over a telephone, of guarding against hidden listeners, but she had done it many a time.

She checked herself on the verge of a protest that she owed no account at any "Popular" drug-store, and asked, instead, for the address again. It was characteristic of the old, almost forgotten phase it had evoked in her, that she memorized it without writing it down.

But the next moment, her every-day, present self getting the upper hand, she cried impatiently, "Oh, it's absurd! I must know more about it than that. Who is it that wants to see me? What does he want to see me for?"

"I can not discuss it," the other said. "It is a question simply whether you will come or not. Before nine o'clock."

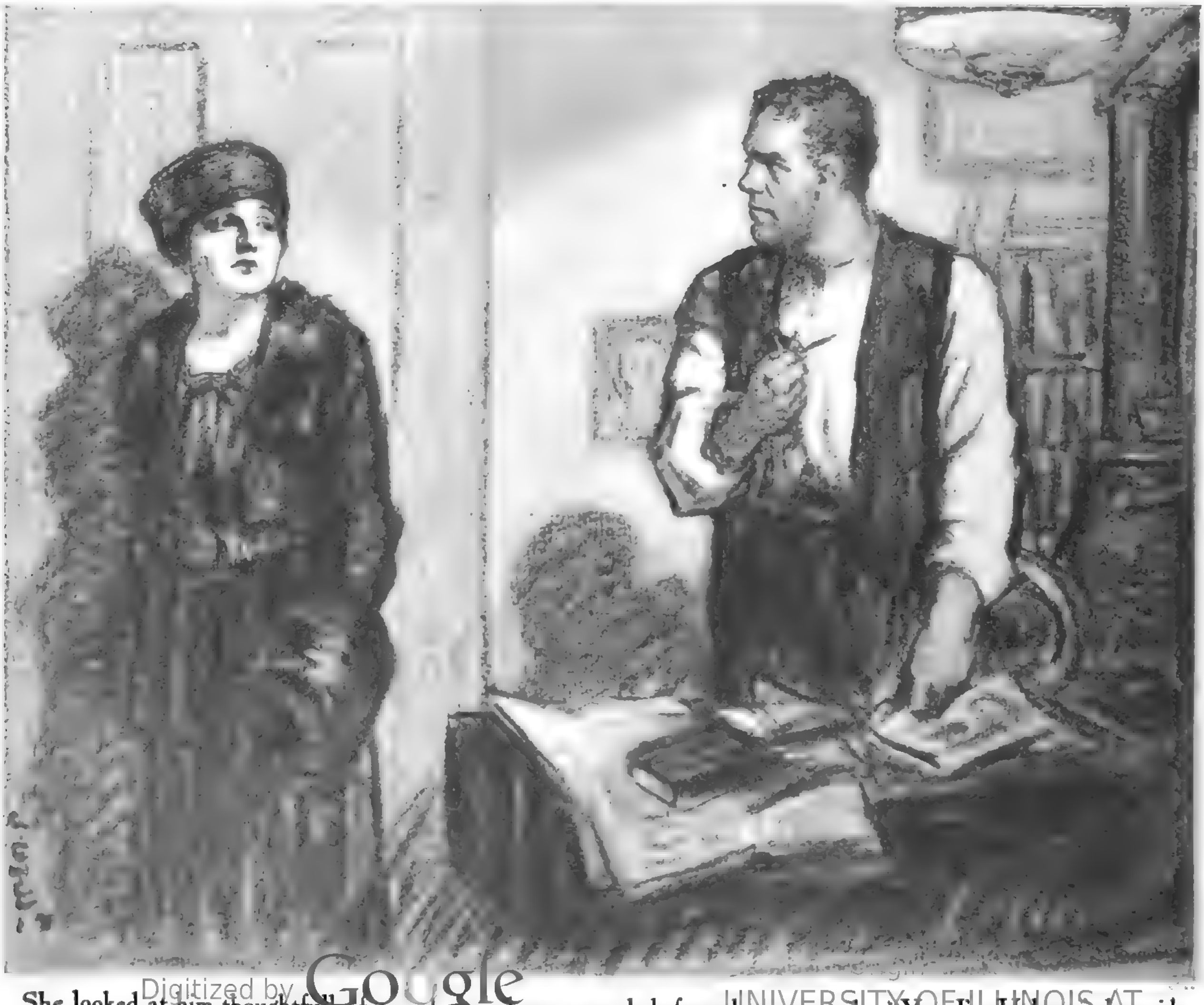
Helena said: "I don't know whether I will come or not. I don't know whether I can."

Whereupon the man said, "Good-by," and hung up, thus cutting off a question she meant to ask—whether on coming to a decision, she should call up again?

During the half hour that elapsed before Hugh came in, she prowled about her room in restless agitation, dropping into chairs and getting out of them again, starting to change her dress, and then giving over the idea, not knowing what she was going to dress for. It was not that her mind hung balanced between two decisions. She was always, at any given moment, decided. But two contrary decisions alternately had possession of her.

To Hugh's wife, to whom he was presently coming home for dinner with a notion of taking her somewhere—to a musical show, perhaps—for the evening, the idea of carrying out that mysterious rendezvous at a little West Side drug-store, was absolutely fantastic; a hoax almost too stupid to be offered for his amusement at dinner; the baldest sort of popular magazine melodrama.

But the other Helena, who had written the paper she had read this afternoon, was fighting for—and occasionally winning—full possession of her.



She looked at him thoughtfully for perhaps a dozen seconds before she answered. "Yes, I'm Helena," she said.

When she was in possession, the supreme, fantastic, mad unreality was not the cry for help that had come to her ears with such carefully guarded mystery over the telephone. It was the rich husband who was presently coming home to dine with her and take her to the theatre afterward. It was this pretty room of hers; the maid who would come in answer to her ring to help her dress in an evening frock. It was the bare momentary consideration on her part—on the part of Helena Galicz, of letting that cry for help in her father's name, go unanswered.

If you doubt the power of it to take hold like that, remember what she was. You have known her not quite four years; only since that May morning in nineteen twelve, when she came into Bailey's office at the head of that little committee of core-makers. When she was upon the point, that is to say, of her great departure into Hugh's world. She was then twenty-four years old. She had lived the whole of her life, since the beginning of her consecutive memories, in a world of violence and intrigue, in a guerrilla war upon organized society. She knew, at first hand, police courts and jails. She knew what it was to be shadowed, spied upon, kidnaped. Her friends—most of them—up to the time when Hugh transplanted her, were enlisted in the same cause and fared as she—or worse. To the Helena who, in the limousine, that night at Riverdale, had mangled Hugh's left hand with her teeth, there would have been nothing romantic or improbable about a cryptic telephone message from a drug-store, from a friend "in trouble." It would all have been as natural, as much a part of the day's work, as it was preposterous and fantastic to Hugh Corbett's wife.

The struggle between these two utterly irreconcilable personalities for the possession of her, was still undecided when he knocked at her door and, upon her invitation, came amiably in, helped himself to one of her cigarets, and stretched out at ease in her long chair. Ordinarily, she liked him to do this. Her commonest grievance against him was that he didn't do it often enough. To-night, this comfortable, domestic complacency of his irritated her.

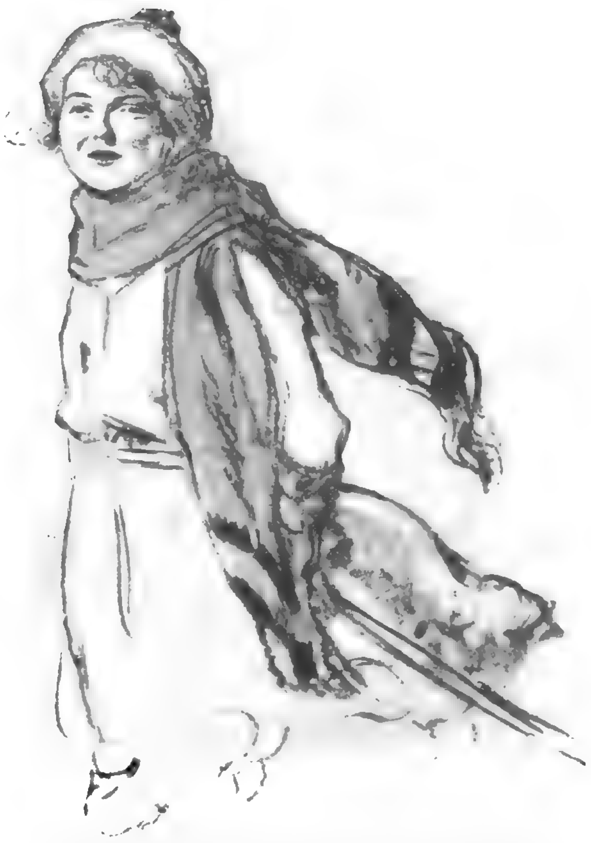
"You telephoned," she said. "Anything special?"

"Not very," he told her. "I thought if you hadn't anything else to-night, we'd drop in on Father and Mother. They're starting off for California early next week. And they're missing Carter like the devil, of course. So I thought it would be a good thing if we could try to cheer them up a bit."

"You can go if you like," she said. "I don't believe I will."

Hugh looked deliberately round at her. "Special reason?" he inquired. "Or a general one?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'm not much in the mood — to-night, anyway—for sitting around in a family party, rhapsodizing about Carter; what a wonder he's suddenly got to be now that he's gone to war!"



Jean would be among them with snow in her tumbled hair.

He didn't lash out at that as she more than half wanted him to; quietly took it to ruminate on, instead. "It does make a difference, though—a thing like that," he said at last. "You've got to revise all your estimates by it. It's one of those touchstone things. We all get tried by 'em once or twice in a lifetime and show whether we're true metal or not. He was all right. Not only what he did but the way he did it. First water, absolutely. One of those blessed — straight things that there's no doubt about."

At a sound she made then, not classifiable, but clearly indicative of dissent, he looked sharply round at her. "Or do you mean that you are in doubt about it?" he concluded.

"Not in doubt, a bit," she said. "It's plain enough to me. He's going off to wear a pretty uniform and learn to run an airplane. When he can fly pretty well he'll go out, some night, and drop a lot of bombs on some innocent men and women working in a factory, that happens to be in Germany, and then come back and get a medal for it, instead of getting hanged for murder. He has nothing against them. They've done nothing to him. He's doing it for fun. Or, if you like, for spite; because a girl he'd taken a fancy to wouldn't marry him."

Still he didn't get up from his chair. "That's a pose," he said. "It's like a little girl making faces. You don't mean it." Then he looked round at her again. "Come!" he urged. "Be human! You can be when you like."

His invincible good humor infuriated her, naturally enough, considering what it meant—how little she mattered to him if she could hurt no more than that.

"You've been getting human, lately, if that's your word for it. Sentimental would be mine. You're sentimental about Carter because your Jean wouldn't marry him. Of course, you knew she wouldn't. She'd rather go on holding hands with you. A platonic flirtation. No chance of her getting—the real thing offered to her."

Before she had got as far as that he was on his feet, staring down at her, his look black with sudden rage. But she went on.

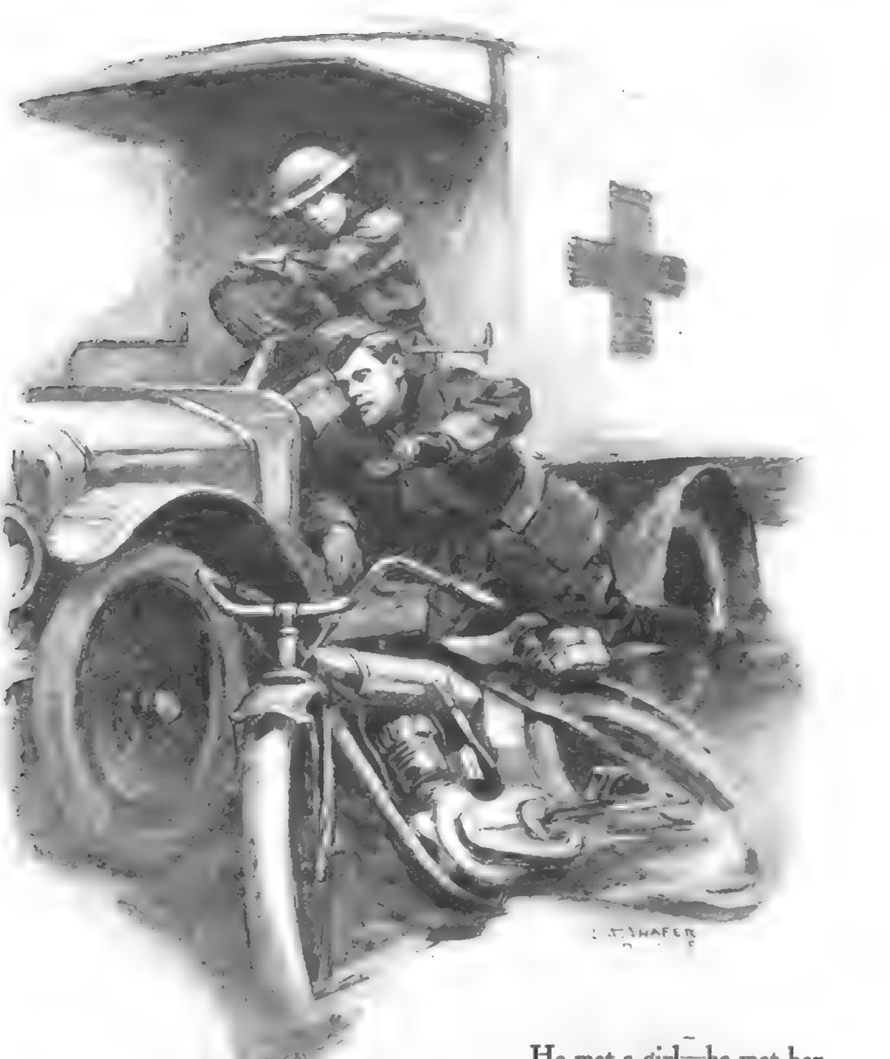
"Oh, I know, I started it. I thought it would be amusing to see you two—the pair of you—together. The sort of imitation affair you'd have. The only sort either of you is good for. Well, I've had enough. I'm sick of it. I'd like the real thing better. Go and make love to her . . ." With a grossness not to be reported, she went on to make her meaning clear.

Once more, as in that other crisis in the relations of these two, his inhibitions interfered. Long before she had done speaking, the terrible desire of every fiber in him was to wreak his rage upon her bodily; to clench that bare throat of hers in the grip of one of his hands; to beat her; to trample upon her. How near he had come actually to doing it, became the theme of a sort of nightmare wonder with him occasionally thereafter. Possibly the fear of his own strength had something to do with holding him back—the thought that if he touched her he would not stop until he had killed her.

And then, there was the stupefying suddenness of the thing. The cigaret he had lighted before he dropped into her long chair, wasn't half burnt yet.

But, more than either of these, the thing that held him helpless, speechless,

(*Continued on page 92*)



He met a girl—he met her violently.

TAM o' the SCOOTS

A Question of Rank

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer

TAM stood in the doorway of Squadron Headquarters and saluted.

"Come in, Sergeant Mactavish," said Blackie, and Tam's heart went down into his boots.

To be called by his surname was a happening which had only one significance. There was trouble of sorts, and Tam hated trouble.

"There are some facts which General Headquarters have asked me to verify—your age is twenty-seven?"

"Yes, sir."

"You hold the military medal, the French *Médaille Militaire*, the Russian medal of St. George and the French *Croix de Guerre?*"

"Oh, aye, Captain Blackie, sir, but A've no worn 'em yet."

"You were created King's Corporal for an act of valor on January 17, 1915?" Blackie went on, consulting a paper.

"Yes, sir."

Blackie nodded. "That's all, Sergeant," he said, and as Tam saluted and turned, "oh, by-the-way, Sergeant—we had a brass ha—I mean a staff officer here the other day and he reported rather unfavorably upon a practise of yours—er—ours. It was a question of discipline—you know it is not usual for a non-commissioned officer to be on such friendly terms with—er—officers. And I think he saw you in the anteroom of the mess. So I told him something which was not at the time exactly true."

Tam nodded gravely.

For the first time since he had been a soldier he had a horrid feeling of chagrin, of disappointment, of something that rebuffed and hurt.

"A see, sir," he said, "'tis no' ma' wish to put mesel' forward, an' if A've been a wee bit free wi' the young laddies there was no disrespect in it. A know ma place an' A'm no' ashamed o' it. There's a shipyard on the Clyde that's got ma name on its books as a fitter—that's ma job an' A'm proud of it. If ye're thinkin', Captain Blackie, sir, that ma heid got big——"

"No, no, Tam," said Blackie hastily, "I'm just telling you—so that you'll understand things when they happen."

Tam saluted and walked away.

He passed Brandspeth and Walker-Giddons and responded to their flippant greetings with as stiff a salute as he was capable of offering. They stared after him in amazement.

"What's the matter with Tam?" they demanded simultaneously, one of the other.

Tam reached his room, closed and locked the door and sat down to unravel a confused situation.

He had grown up with the squadron and had insensibly drifted into a relationship which had no counterpart in any other branch of the service. He was "Tam," unique and indefinable. He had few intimates of his own rank, and little association with his juniors. The mechanics treated him as being in a class apart and respected him since the day when, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, he had followed a homesick boy who had deserted, found him and hammered him until nostalgia would have been a welcome relief. All deserters are shot, and the youth having at first decided that death was preferable to a repetition of the thrashing he had received, changed his mind and was tearfully grateful.

Sitting on his bed, his head between his hands, pondering this remarkable change which had come to the attitude of his officers and friends, Tam was sensible (to his astonishment) of the extraordinary development his mentality had undergone. He had come to the army resentfully, a rabid socialist with a keen contempt for "the upper classes" which he had never concealed. The upper classes were people who wore high white collars, turned up the ends of their trousers and affected a monocle. They spoke a kind of drawling English and said, "By gad, dear old top—what perfectly beastly weathah!"

They did no work and lived on the sweat of labor. They patronized the workman or ignored his existence, and only came to Scotland to shoot and fish—whereon they assumed (with gillies and keepers of all kinds) the national dress which Scotsmen never wear.

That was the old conception, and Tam almost gasped as he realized how far he had traveled from his ancient faith. For all these boys he knew were of that class—most of them had an exaggerated accent and said "By gad!"—but somehow he understood them and could see, beneath the externals, the fine and lovable qualities that were theirs. He had been taken into this strange and pleasant community and had felt—he did not exactly know what he had felt. All he did know was that a brass-hatted angel with red tabs on its collar stood at the gate of a little paradise of comradeship, and forbade further knowledge of its pleasant places.

He pursed his lips and got to his feet, sick with a sense of his loss. He was of the people, apart. He was a Clydeside worker and they were the quality. He told himself this and knew that he lied—he and they stood on grounds of equality; they were men doing men's work and risking their lives one for the other.

Tam whistled a dreary little tune, took down his cap and walked over to the workshops. There was a motorcycle which Brandspeth told him he could use, and after a moment's hesitation, Tam wheeled the machine to the yard. Then he remembered that he was in his working tunic, and since it was his intention to utilize this day's leave in visiting a town at the rear of the lines, he decided to return to his bunk and change into his "best."

He opened his box—but his best tunic was missing.

"Weel, weel!" said Tam, puzzled, and summoned his batman with a shrill whistle.

"To tell you the truth, Sergeant," said the man, "Mr. Walker-Giddons and the other young officers came over for it three days ago. They got me to give it to 'em and made me promise I wouldn't say anything about it."

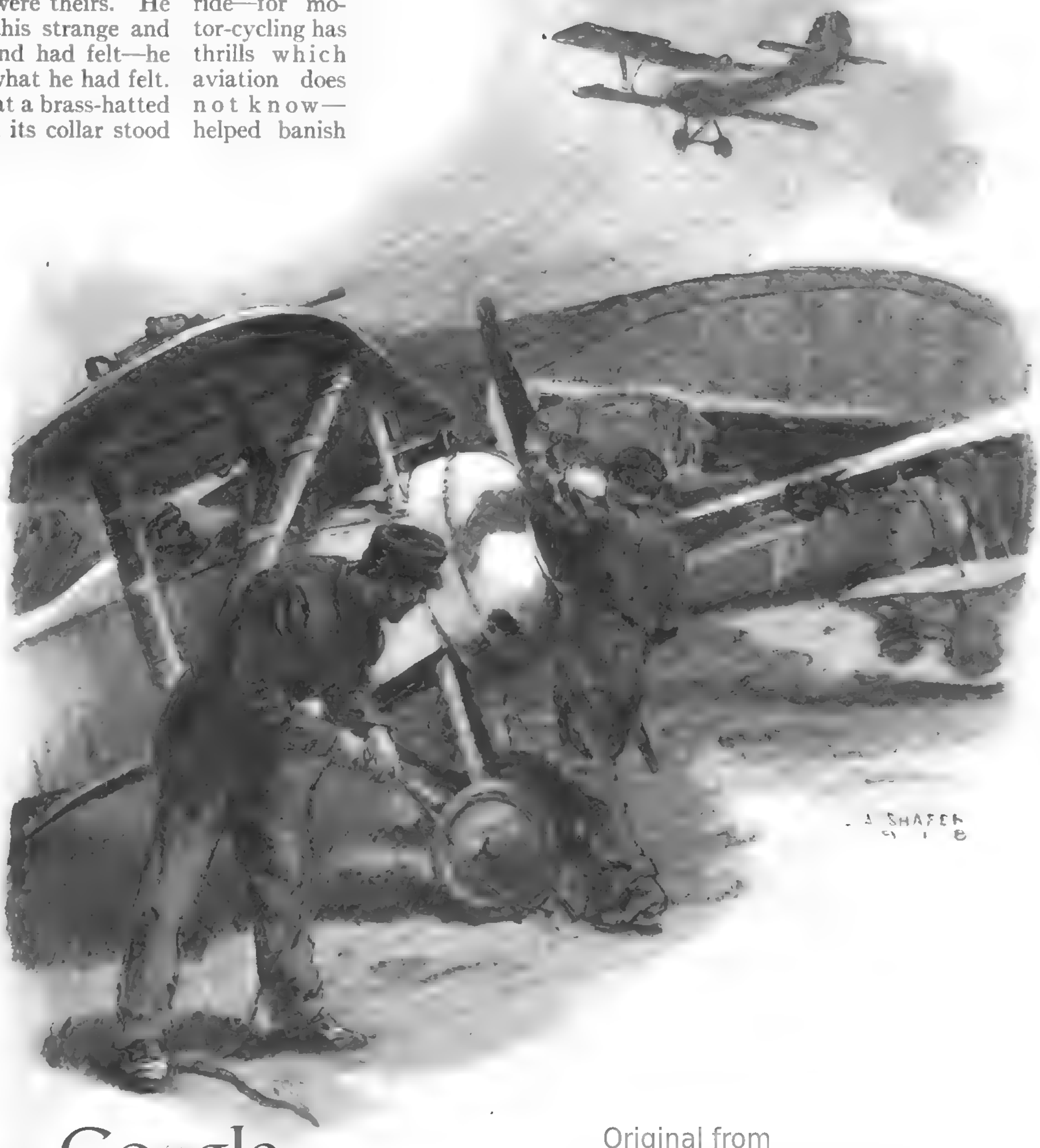
Tam smiled quietly.

"All right, Angus," he nodded and went back to his cycle. He did not know the joke, but it was one which would probably come to an untimely end, in view of the disciplinary measures which headquarters were taking. This incident meant another little pang, but the freshness of the morning and the exhilaration of the ride—for motor-cycling has thrills which aviation does not know—helped banish all thoughts of an unpleasant morning.

He reached his destination, made a few purchases, drank an agreeable cup of coffee and discovered that he had exhausted all the joys which the town held. He had intended amusing himself through the day and returning at night, but, even before the restaurants began to fill for lunch he was bored and irritable, and strapping his purchases to the back of the cycle he mounted the machine and began his homeward journey.

It was in the little village St. Anton (in reality a suburb of the town) that he met Adventure — Adventure so novel, so bewildering, that he felt that he had been singled out by fate for such an experience as had never before fallen to mortal man.

He met a girl. He met her vio-



The squadron went up in twos, the fighting machine first.

lently, for she was speeding along a road behind the wheel of a small motor ambulance and it happened that the road in question ran at right angles to that which Tam was following.

Both saw the danger a few seconds before the collision occurred; both applied fierce brakes, but, nevertheless, Tam found himself on his hands and knees at the feet of the lady-driver, having taken a purler almost into her lap, despite the printed warning attached to this portion of the ambulance:

Driver and Orderlies Only

"Oh, I do hope you aren't hurt," said the girl anxiously.

Tam picked himself up, dusted his hands and his knees and surveyed her severely.

She was rather small of stature and very pretty. A shrapnel helmet was set at a rakish angle over her golden-brown hair, and she wore the uniform of a Red Cross driver.

"It was my fault," she went on. "This is only a secondary road and yours is the main—I should have slowed but I guess I was thinking of things. I often do that."

She was obviously American and Tam's slow smile was free of malice.

"It's fine to think of things," he said, "especially when y're drivin' an ambulance—but it's a hairse ye ought to be drivin', Mistress, if ye want to gie yeer thochts a good airin'."

"I'm really sorry," said the girl penitently. "I'm afraid your cycle is smashed."

"Don't let it worry ye," said Tam calmly. "It's no' ma bike anyway; it belangs to one of the hateful governin' classes, an' A've nothin' to do but mak' guid the damage."

"Oh," said the girl blankly, then she suddenly went red.

"Of course," she began awkwardly, "as I was responsible—I can well afford——"

She halted lamely and Tam's eyes twinkled. "Maybe ye're the niece of Andrew Carnegie an' ye've had yeer monthly library allowance," he said gravely, "an' maybe ye could spare a few thousand dollars or cents—A've no' got the exact coinage in ma mind—to help a wee feller buy a new whizzer-wheel. A take it kindly, but guid money makes bad frien's."

"I didn't intend offering you money," she said hurriedly, flushing deeper than ever, "let me pull the car up to the side of the road."

Tam examined his own battered machine in the meantime. The front wheel had buckled, but this was easily remedied, and by the time the girl had brought her car to rest in a field he had repaired all the important damage.

"I was going to stop somewhere about here for lunch," she said producing a basket from under the seat, "in fact, I was thinking of lunch when —when——"

"A nose-dived on to ye," said Tam preparing to depart. "Weel, A'll be gettin' along. There's nothing A can do for ye?"

"You can stay and lunch with me."

"A've haid ma dinner," said Tam hastily.

"What did you have?" she demanded.

"Roast beef an' rice pudding," said Tam glibly.

"I don't believe you—anyway I guess it won't hurt you to watch me eat."

Tam noticed that she took it for granted that he was lying, for she served him with a portion of her simple meal, and he accepted the situation without protest.

"I'm an American, you know," she said as they sat cross-legged on the grass. "I come from Jackson, Connecticut—you've heard of Jackson?"

"Oh, aye," he replied. "A'm frae Glascae."

"That's Scotland—I like the Scotch."

Tam blushed and choked.

"I came over last year to drive an ambulance in the American Ambulance Section, but they wouldn't have me, so I just went into the English Red Cross."

"British," corrected Tam.

"I shall say English if I like," she defied him.

"Weel," said Tam, "it's no' for me to check ye if ye won't be edicated."

She stared at him, then burst into a ringing laugh. "My! the Scotch people are funny—tell me about Scotland. Is it a wonderful country? Do you know about Bruce and Wallace and Rob Roy and all those people?"

"Oh, aye," said Tam cautiously, "by what A read in the paper it's a gay fine country."

"And the red deer and glens and things—it must be lovely."

"A've seen graund pictures of a glen," admitted Tam, "but the red deer in Glascae air no' sae plentiful as they used to be—A'm thinkin' the ship-yard bummer hae scairt 'em away."

She shot a sharp glance at him, then, it seemed for the first time, noticed his stripes.

"Oh, you're a sergeant," she said. "I thought—I thought by your 'wings' you were an officer. I didn't know that sergeants——"

Tam smiled at her confusion and when he smiled there was an infinite sweetness in the action.

"Ye're right, Mistress. A'm a sairgeant, an' A thocht a' the time ye were mistakin' me for an officer, an' A'd no' the heart to stop ye, for it's a verra lang time since A spoke wi' a lady, an' it was verra, verra fine."

He rose slowly and walked to his cycle —she ran after him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I've been a low snob," she said frankly. "I beg your pardon—and you're not to go, because I wanted to ask you about a sergeant of your corps —you know the man that everybody is talking about. He bombed the Kaiser's staff the other day."

Tam kept his eyes on the distant horizon.

"Oh, he's no sae much o' a fellow—a wee chap wi' an' awfu' conceit o' himsel'."

"Nonsense!" she scoffed, "why, Captain Blackie told me——"

Suddenly, she stepped back and gazed at him wide-eyed. "Why! You're Tam!"

Tam went red.

"Of course you're Tam—you never wear your medal ribbons, do you? You're called——"

"Mistress," said Tam as he saluted awkwardly and started to push his machine, "they ca' me 'sairgeant', an' it's no' such a bad rank."

He left her standing with heightened color blaming herself bitterly for her *gaucherie.*

So it made that difference, too!

For some reason he did not feel hurt or unhappy. He was in his most philosophical mood when he reached his aerodrome. He had a cause for gratification in that she knew his name. Evidently, it was something to be a sergeant if by so being you stand out from the ruck of men. As to her name he had neither thought it opportune nor proper to advance inquiries.

He smiled as he changed into his working clothes and wondered why.

A DOZEN girl drivers were waiting on the broad road before the 131st General Hospital the next morning, exchanging views on the big things which were happening in their little world, when one spied an airplane.

"Gracious—isn't it high!. I wonder if it's a German—they're bombing hospitals—it's British, silly—no, it's a German, I saw one just like that over Poperinghe—it's coming right over."

"Stand by your cars, ladies, please."

The tall "chief's" sharp voice scattered the groups.

"He's dropping something—it's a bomb—no, it's a message bag. Look at the streamers!"

A bag it was and when they raced to the field in which it fell they discovered that it was improvised, roughly sewn and weighted with sand.

The superintendent read the label and frowned.

" 'To the Driver of Ambulance B. T. 9743, 131st General Hospital'—this is evidently for you, Miss Laramore."

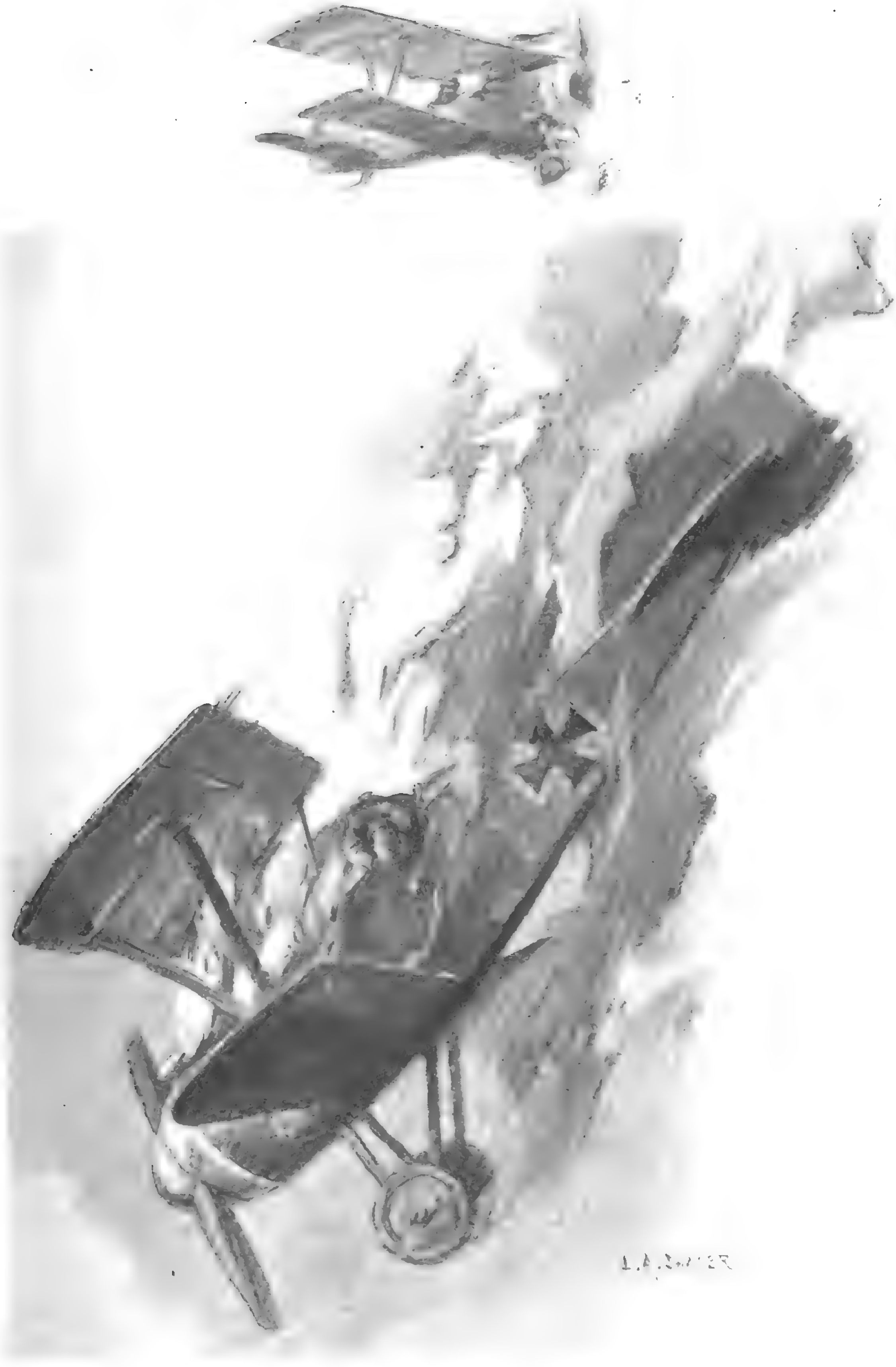
"For me, Mrs. Crane?"

Vera Laramore came forward, a picture of astonishment and took the bag.

"Oh, what fun—who is it, Vera? Open it quickly."

The girl pulled open the bag and took

(Continued on page 73)

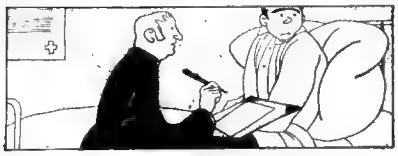


The German dropped straight for the earth.

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

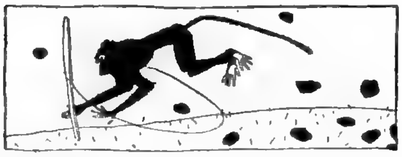


A MINISTER from the trenches was recounting some of his experiences to a party of friends a short time ago and told of a wounded Irishman whom he found in a deep state of dejection. Upon being asked if he would like to dictate a letter home, his face brightened somewhat and he assented. Immediately the minister brought writing materials to his bedside and signified his intention to take down the letter. He waited a few moments, but Tim appeared incapable of speech, so the minister said: "Come, come, my good man; I haven't very much time. We must make a start. What shall I say?"

But Tim remained tongue-tied.

"Shall I begin—'My dear wife'?"

"Yis," assented Tim, grimly, "put that down. That'll amuse her."



WHEN Mike Flaherty abandoned South Boston for Lynn, and hired a cottage with a bit of a back yard, the first thing he did was to hurry back to the Hub of the Universe and purchase a monkey. "Divil a wurrd" of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies in Boston. But afterward he let out:

" 'Twas like this: I chained the monk to a shtick in me yair-rrd, and the coal thrains do be passin' all day forninst, and on iv'ry cairr do be a brakeman. In one waik, begorra, I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monk never wanst hit."

DOCTOR—"Your throat is in a very bad state. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"

Skipper—"Yes, I've been torpedoed six times."

"MOTHER, did God make you?"

"Yes, dear."

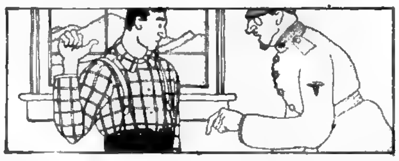
"Did He make me, too?"

"Of course, darling."

"Did He make the flies?"

"Certainly, He made everything."

The child bent over his toys, muttering, "Dreadful fussy work—making flies."



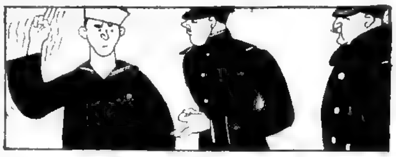
UNITED STATES SENATOR HOWARD SUTHERLAND of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting-office in the senator's state for the purpose of enlisting in the Regular Army. The examining physician found the young man sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to git in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours, you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally he said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to one hundred and fifteen miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!"

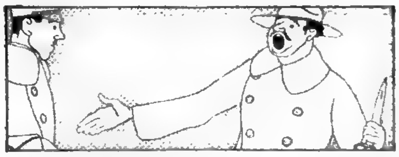


A NEWLY commissioned ensign ordered a jackie to salute him fifty times, because he had neglected to salute in passing. While the performance was in progress an Old Navy Officer noticed it and inquired the meaning. The ensign explained.

"Just one minute, lad," the Old Navy Officer said when the jackie had completed the task, "the ensign is going to return the salutes now."

WHAT constitutes recreation depends, of course, on the point of view. Here is that of a certain small citizen in a school for dependent children. He wrote to his father thus:

"We are having a good time here now. Mr. Jones broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Smith fell off of the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy-whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on it. Harry cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."



ANTONIO was overawed by his surroundings when the first draft sent him to the cantonment. And he continued to live in awe, particularly of all officers, during the early days of his training. While standing guard one night he was in such a flutter when the corporal of the guard approached, that he made his challenge in a low voice which the non-com. could not hear.

"You'll have to speak up, my man," said the corporal, "or you'll get into trouble. I'll take your word for it that you challenged me, but when the officer of the day comes around, you'll have to sing it out or you'll get a trip to the guardhouse. Remember, sing it out and sing it out loud."

Antonio vowed that he would make no mistake that would get him in the guardhouse, and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later, he was greeted with—

"Tra-la-la-la, [illegible] ma dere?"

JUDITH *of* BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

Author of UNDER HANDICAP, THE OUTLAW, *etc.*

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

AFTER her father's death, Judith Sanford takes over the management of Blue Lake Ranch, and with it "a peck of trouble." Bayne Trevors, who has been running it for the part owners, is working deliberately to ruin the ranch so that the Western Lumber Company, a neighbor, may get it cheaply.

Judith dismisses him; but he continues his plots from the neighboring ranch, with all the powerful backing of the Lumber Company. Disease is spread among the stock, spies are planted among the ranchmen, many of them are bribed away, and suspicion is sown among the loyal old employees of Sanford. The outlook is black.

On her side Judith has only her courage, the understanding and loyalty of Bud Lee, her young horse-foreman, and two older men, Carson and Doc Tripp, who worked under Sanford. Her difficulties are increased by the other part owner, Pollock Hampton, a young man about town, who with his guests—the Langworthys, and their daughter, Marcia, and two artists, Farris and Rogers—comes to settle at the ranch to escape his city embarrassments. Hampton, who is well-meaning but "soft," is inclined to trust Trevors, and continues to be friendly with him.

Trevors's plots grow more violent. A messenger returning from Rocky Bend, with the ranch salaries on pay-day, is waylaid and robbed. Lee makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On his return his horse is killed under him by a shot from the cliffs; but he arrives in time to save the confidence of the men in Judith.

Bud Lee and Judith are ambushed and attacked while on a tour of inspection in the hills. They take refuge in a cabin retreat, besieged by Trevors's henchmen, among whom is a rascal named Quinnion, who, Judith believes, murdered her father. After hours they are rescued by Hampton.

The cabin, with its books and furnishings, built by Lee as a retreat, gives Judith a first glimpse of another, mysterious side of the young foreman's life. Lee, also, who had been somewhat smitten by Marcia Langworthy, finds himself increasingly attracted to Judith.

At a party given for Marcia, Lee is recognized by Farris as an old chum, once wealthy, but ruined by the treachery of friends and forced to drop out of sight. Farris pleads with him to return to his old life, but Lee refuses.

That night Lee is overwhelmed by the spell of Judith's charm, and in an impetuous moment kisses her. In a remorseful mood he learns that Quinnion has been defaming Judith's character because of the siege in the cabin. He rides with Carson to Rocky Bend, traces Quinnion to a dangerous dive, and after a gun duel in the dark makes Quinnion retract. Quinnion vows revenge.

The atmosphere of treachery about the ranch thickens. Lee and Carson are suddenly ordered by Hampton to prepare the ranch stock for immediate sale to a firm known to be friendly with Trevors. Judith is missing. The orders, Lee finds, apparently come from her in San Francisco. But Lee suspects foul play, and takes a determined stand before Hampton.

He compels Hampton to accompany him and Carson on a search of Judith's room. They find a decoy letter, supposedly from Doc Tripp, asking her to come to the Lower End. Lee verifies the falsity of the letter, and convinced of treachery, rouses the men. Hampton, still recalcitrant, is ridden away into the hills beyond the reach of Trevors, under guard. The stock is also herded in the back hills, under guard, and Lee sets out to find Judith.

She had been gagged, siezed that night and brought on horseback and on foot many miles from the ranch, blindfolded by day so that she might not know her whereabouts, nor her captors. She finally discovers them to be Trevors and another man whom she suspects is Quinnion. She is confined in a cave on a mountain side under guard of a mad woman, who proves to be the mother of Quinnion.

The mad woman guards her fanatically, under the delusion that Judith is the daughter she lost years before. Judith in silence lays her plans for escape. Quinnion appears and in defending herself against him, she manages to get out of the cave and escape down the rocks, pursued by Quinnion and the mad woman. She finally eludes them, and wanders lost and without food, among the mountains.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

(Continued)

SO GREAT was the weariness of her tired body that as she lay still, watching the stars come out one by one, she was half resigned to lie so and let death come to find her. It seemed to her that here in the rude arms of Mother Earth a human life was a matter of no greater consequence than the down upon a moth's wing.

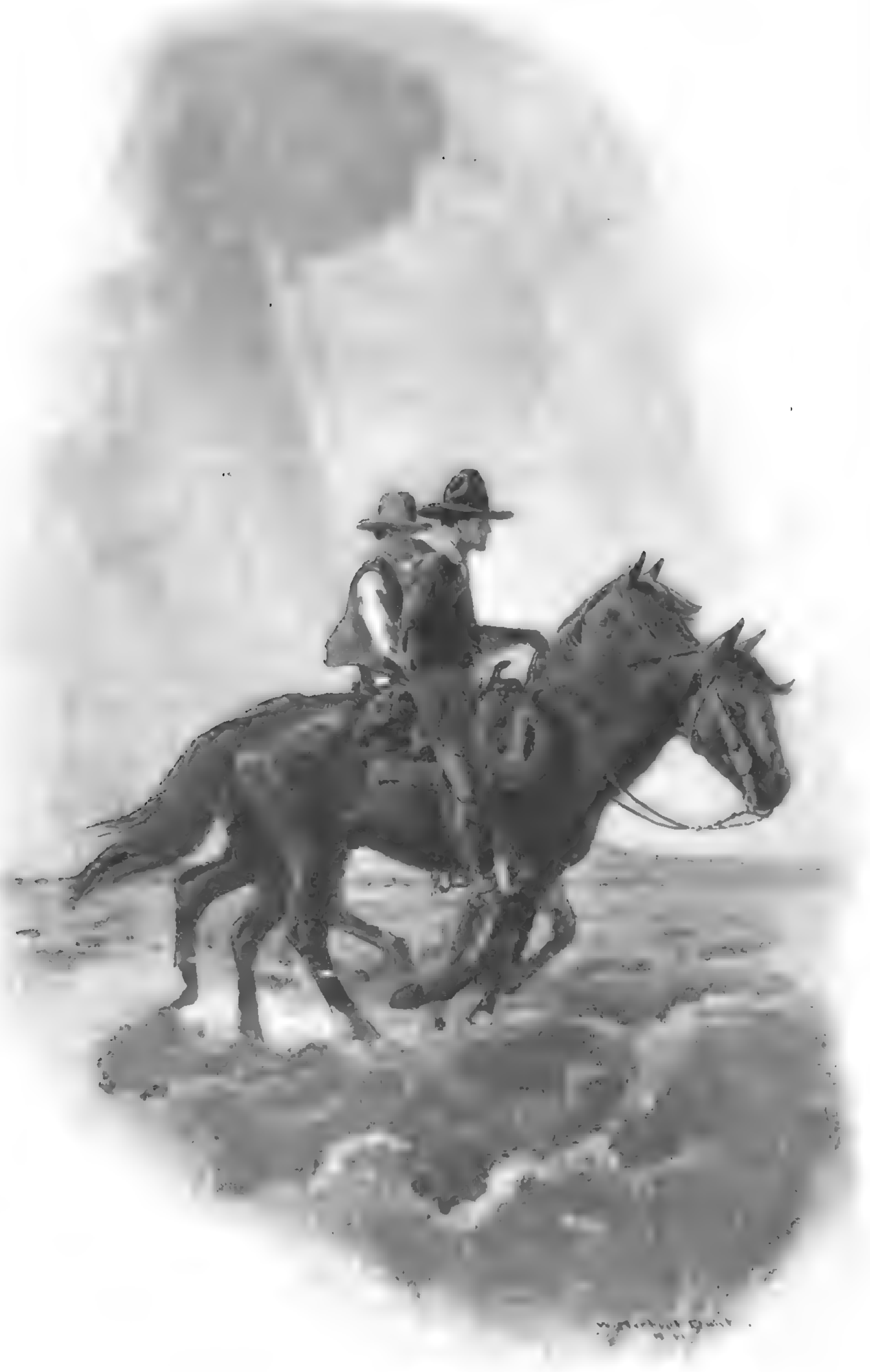
But she rested a little and this mood, strange to her intrepid heart, passed, and she sat up, again resolute, again ready to make her fight as long as life beat through her blood. At last she took the one match from her pocket. She scarcely dared breathe when, with dry grass and twigs piled against a rock, her dress shielding them from the wind, she rubbed the match softly against her boot. A sputtering flame, making the blue light of burning sulfur, died down, creating panic in her breast, then flared, crackled, licked at the grass. She had a fire and she knew how to use it!

When a log was blazing, assuring her that her fire was safe, she rose swiftly and went in search of the tree she meant to burn. She found a giant pine, pitch-oozing, standing in a rocky open space where there was little danger of the fire spreading. Fagged out and eager as she was, she had not come to the point of forgetting what a great forest fire meant.

She went back to her burning log, took up a blazing dry branch, carried it swiftly to the tree. Then she piled dry grass and dead twigs, logs as heavy as she could carry, bits of brush. The flames licked at the tree, ran up it, seemed to fall away, sprang at it again hungering. Now and then a long tongue of fire went crackling high up along the side of the tree. Judith went back to a spot where, in a ring of boulders, there was another grassy plot, threw herself down and lay staring at the tongues of fire which were climbing higher and higher.

Some one would see her beacon. A forest ranger, perhaps, whose duty it was to ride fast and far to battle with the first spark threatening the wooded solitudes; perhaps some crew in a logging-camp, than whom none knew better the danger of spreading fires; perhaps some cowboy, even one of her own men—perhaps Quinnion and Ruth? She then would hide among the rocks until they had come and gone. Even now, against the sleep falling upon her, she drew farther back through the tumbled boulders. Perhaps, Bud Lee.

She went to sleep beyond the circle of bright light, tired and hungry and striving against a returning hopelessness, her young body curled up in the nest she had found, a cheek cuddled against her arm, wondering vaguely if



Few words were said, as the miles were flung between them; few were needed.

some one would see her fire and come—if that some one might be Bud Lee.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

A Wilderness Feast

THROUGHOUT the night the tree blazed, unseen. Judith's eyes were closed in the heavy sleep of exhaustion. The flames roared and leapt high skyward, burning branches fell crashingly to lie smoldering on the rocky soil, the upstanding trunk glowed, vivid against the sky-line.

In the early morning at least two pairs of eyes found the plume of smoke from the still burning giant pine. A man named Greene, one of the Government forest rangers, blazing a new trail over Devil's Ridge, came out upon a height, saw it and watched it frowningly across the miles. It called him to a hard ride, perhaps to a difficult journey on foot after he must leave his horse. He turned promptly from the work in hand, ran to his horse, swung up and sped back to his cabin, to telephone to the nearest station to his, passing the word. Then with ax and shovel, he began his slow way toward the beacon.

Bud Lee, from the mountain-top where he and Burkitt had taken Hampton, saw it. Lee judged roughly that it was separated from him by four or five miles of broken country, impassable to a man on horseback, to be covered laboriously on foot in a matter of weary hours.

Lee and Greene approached the signal smoke from different quarters, Lee from the west, Greene from the northeast. They fought their way on toward it with far different emotions in their breasts. Greene with the desire to do a day's work and kill a forest fire in its beginning, Lee with the passionate hope of finding Judith. Lee reached his journey's end first.

As he came pantingly up the last climb he discharged his rifle again and again into the ground, into some big-boled tree, to tell her that he was coming, to put hope into her. And, because he was a lover and a lover must be filled with dread when She is out of his sight, he felt a growing anxiety. She had lighted the fire last night; what might have happened to her since then? Had she been wandering, lost all these days? If nothing else, then had she waited here half the night and in the end had she gone on plunging deep into some cañon hidden to him? Would he find her well? Would he find her at all?

Suddenly he called out, shouting mightily, and began running, though the way was steep. He had seen Judith, he had found her. She was standing among the scattered boulders, her back to a great rock. She was waving to him. Her lips were moving, though he could not see that yet, could not hear her tremulous—

"Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"Judith," he called, "Judith!"

Now, near enough to see her distinctly, he saw that her face was white, that the hand she held out was shaking, that her clothes were torn, that she looked pitifully in need of him. But at last, when he stood at her side, one of the old rare smiles came into Judith's tired eyes, her lips curved, and she said quietly:

"Good morning, Bud Lee. You were very good—to come to me."

"Oh, Judith," he cried sharply. But no other word came to his lips then. The brave little smile had gone, the whiteness of her face smote him to the heart. And now, the terror and hopelessness of the last few days gone so suddenly, she was shaking from head to foot, and he knew why she had not stepped out to meet him, why she had kept her back to the rock. He thought that she was going to fall, he saw two big tears start from the suddenly closed eyelids, and with a little inarticulate cry he took her gravely into his arms.

"If you had not come, Bud Lee," she whispered faintly, "I should have died, I think."

Very tenderly he gathered her up so that her little boots were swung clear of the flinty ground and she lay quiet in his arms. He stood a moment holding her thus, looking with eyes alternately hard and tender into her face. He wanted to hold her thus always, to watch the glad color come back into her cheeks, to carry her, like a baby, back across the weary miles and home. And, oddly, perhaps, the thought came back to him and hurt him as it had never hurt him before, that he had once been brutal with her, that he had crushed her in his arms and forced upon her lips his kiss. He had been brutal with Judith, when now he could kill a man for laying a little finger on her.

"I have been a brute with you, a brute," he muttered to himself. But Judith heard him, her eyes fluttered open and into them came again her glorious smile.

"Because you kissed me that night, Bud Lee?" she asked him.

"Don't!" he cried sharply. "Don't even remember it, Judith."

"Do you know so little of a girl, Bud Lee," she went on slowly, "to think that a man can so easily—find her lips with his unless—she wants to be kissed?"

He almost doubted his ears; he could hardly believe that he had seen what he had seen in Judith's eyes. They were closed now, she lay quiet in his arms, it seemed that she had fainted, or was asleep, so very white and still was she. He had forgotten that he must carry her to where he could lay her down and bring water to her, give her something to eat. He just stood motionless, holding her to him, staring hungrily down at her.

"Are you going to play—I'm your baby—all day, Bud Lee?" she asked softly.

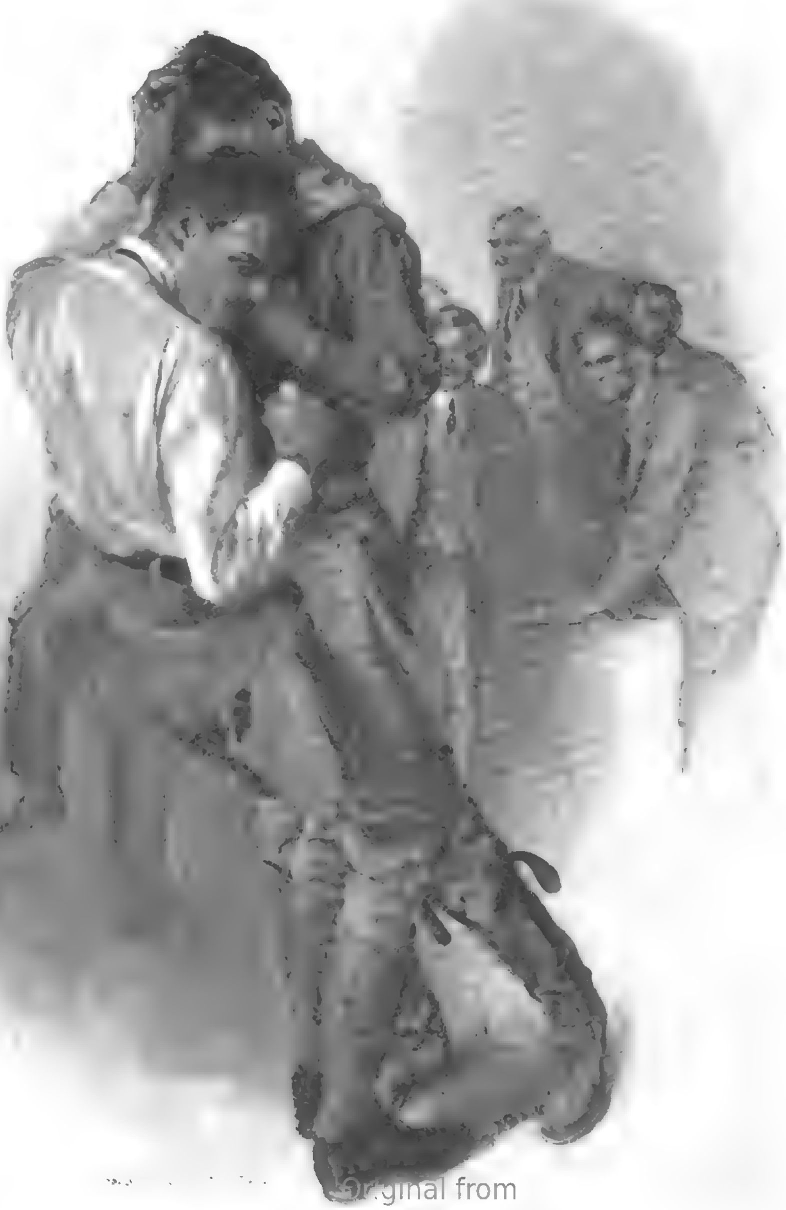
He carried her swiftly away from the ring of boulders and to a little grassy, level spot, putting her down with lingering tenderness. Judith had not been angry with him all these months. Judith had let him kiss her because she wanted to be kissed—by him.

He raked some coals out of the ashes, hastily set some slices of bacon to fry, cursed himself for not having brought coffee and milk and sugar and a steak and a flask of whisky and enough other articles to load a mule. He ran down into the cañon and brought water in his hat, swearing at himself all the way up that he had not brought a cup. He put his arm about her while she drank; kept his arm about her, kneeling at her side, while he gave her a little, crisp slice of bacon, held his arm there when she had finished, watching her solicitously.

"The two nicest things in the world, Bud Lee," she said, with a second attempt at the old Judith brightness, "are half burned bacon and Bud Lee!"

Then, because, though he had been slow to believe, he was not a fool, and now did believe, he kissed her. And Judith's lips met his lingeringly. Judith's two arms rose, slipped about his neck, holding him tight to her.

The faintest of flushes had come at last into her cheeks. He saw it and grew glad as he held her so that he could look into her face. But now she laid a hand against his breast,



Both men reeled from the impact

holding him back from her.

"That's all now," she told him, her eyes soft upon him. "Just one kiss for each slice of bacon, Mr. Lee. But—I'm so hungry!"

For a little there was nothing to do but for Judith to rest and get some of her strength back. Lee made of his coat and vest a seat for her against a rock, sat at her side, his arm about her, made her lean against him and just be happy. Not yet would he let her tell him of the horrors through which she had gone. And he saw the need of telling her nothing immediately of conditions as he had left them at the ranch. Time enough for that when she was stronger, when they were near Blue Lake.

Greene, the forester, came at last up the mountain. He noted the isolated tree, nodded at it approvingly, made a brief tour around the charred circle, extinguishing a burning brand here and there.

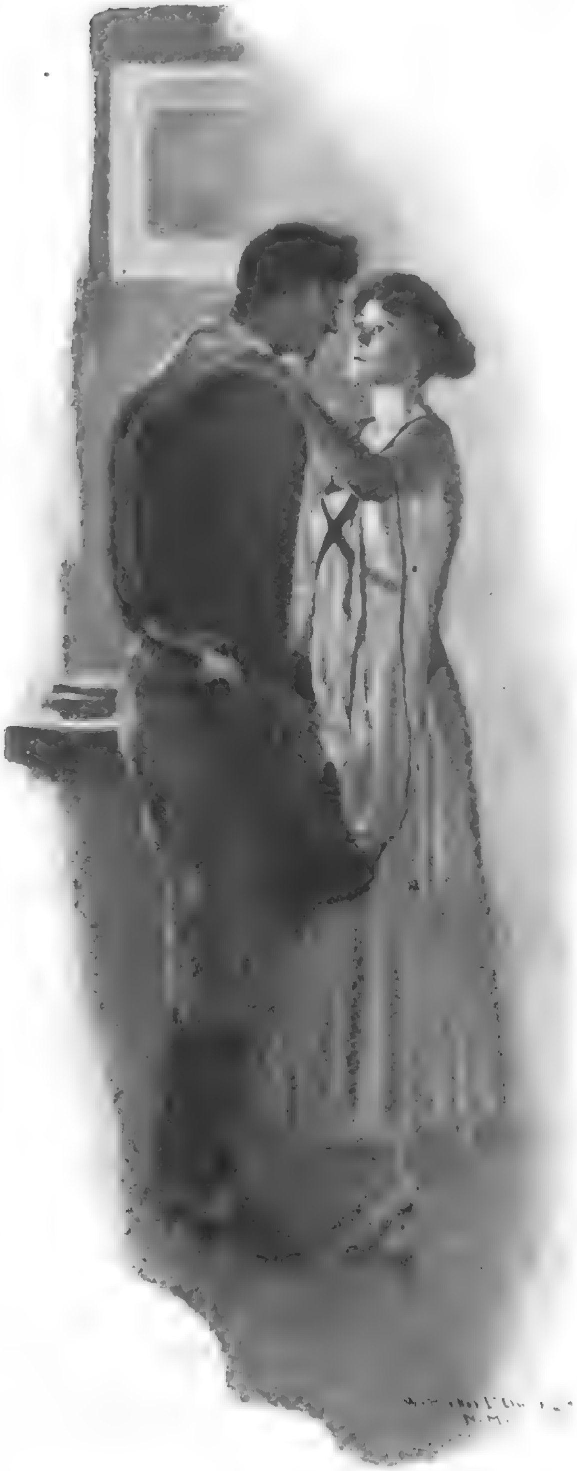
"What sort of a fool would want to climb way up here to start a fire, anyway?" he grumbled.

Then, unexpectedly, he came upon the happiest-looking man he had ever seen, with his arms about an amazingly pretty girl. Not just the sort of thing a lone forest ranger counts upon stumbling upon on the top of a mountain. Greene stared in bewilderment, Bud Lee turning a flaming red. Judith smiled.

"Good morning, stranger," said Lee. "Fine day, isn't it?"

Judith laughed. Greene stared some more. Lee went a trifle redder.

"If you two folks just started that fire for fun," grunted Greene finally, "why, then, all I've got to say is you've got a blamed queer idea of fun. Here I've been busting myself wide open to get to it."


Then, suddenly, her arms went about his neck.

"Haven't got a flask of brandy on you, have you?" asked Lee.

"Yes, I have. And what's more I'm going to take a shot at it right now. If nobody asks you, I need it!"

Now Lee heard for the first time something of Judith's adventure. For, recognizing the ranger in Greene, she told him swiftly why she had started the fire, of her trouble with Quinnion, of the cave where Quinnion had attacked her, of Mad Ruth. Greene's eyes lighted with interest. He swept off his hat and came forward suddenly apologetic and very human, proffering his brandy, insisting with Lee upon her taking a sip of it.

Yes, he knew Mad Ruth, he knew where her cabin was. He could find the cave from Judith's description. Also, he knew of Quinnion and would be delighted to break a record getting back to his station and to White Rock. White Rock was in the next county, but so, for that, matter was the cave. He'd get the sheriff and would lose no time cornering Quinnion if the man had not already slipped away.

"I don't know you two real well," said Greene, with a quick smile at the end, "but if you don't mind, pardner," and he put out his hand to Lee, "I'd like to congratulate you! I don't know a man that's quite as lucky this morning as you are!"

"Thank you," laughed Judith. She rose and shook hands too. "We're at Blue Lake Ranch for the present. Come and see us."

"Then you're Miss Sanford?" said Greene. He laughed. "I've heard of you more than once. Greene's my name."

"Lee's mine," offered Lee.

"Bud Lee, eh? Oh, you two will do! So long, friends. I'm off to look up Quinnion."

And, swinging his ax blithely, Greene took his departure, forgetting them and Quinnion as he went, planning how, with another room added to his own little cabin, there was no adequate reason why he should not start in on his own long-delayed happiness.

"THERE *are* other things in the world besides just cliffs to stare at," said Judith. "And I would like a bath and a change of clothes and a chance to brush my hair. And the bacon doesn't taste so good as it did and I want an apple and a glass of milk."

So at last they left the mountain top and made their slow way down.

As they went Lee told her something of what had happened at the ranch, how Carson would hold off the buyers, how Tommy Burkitt was assuming charge of Pollock Hampton. And when they came near enough to Burkitt's and Hampton's hiding place, Lee fired a rifle several times to get Burkitt's attention. Finally they saw the boy, standing against the sky upon a big rock, waving to them. From Lee's shouts, from his gestures, chiefly from the fact that Judith was there, Burkitt understood and freed Hampton, the two of them coming swiftly down to Judith and Lee.

Hampton's face was hot with the anger which had grown overnight. He came on stiffly, chafing his wrists.

"These two fools," he snapped to Judith, "have made an awful mess of things. They've queered the deal with Doan, Rockwell & Haight, they've made themselves liable to prosecution for holding me against my will, they've——"

"Wait a minute, Pollock," said Judith, quietly. "It's you who have made a mistake."

(Continued on page 64)

Smooth-Rolling Studs A Sure Non-Skid

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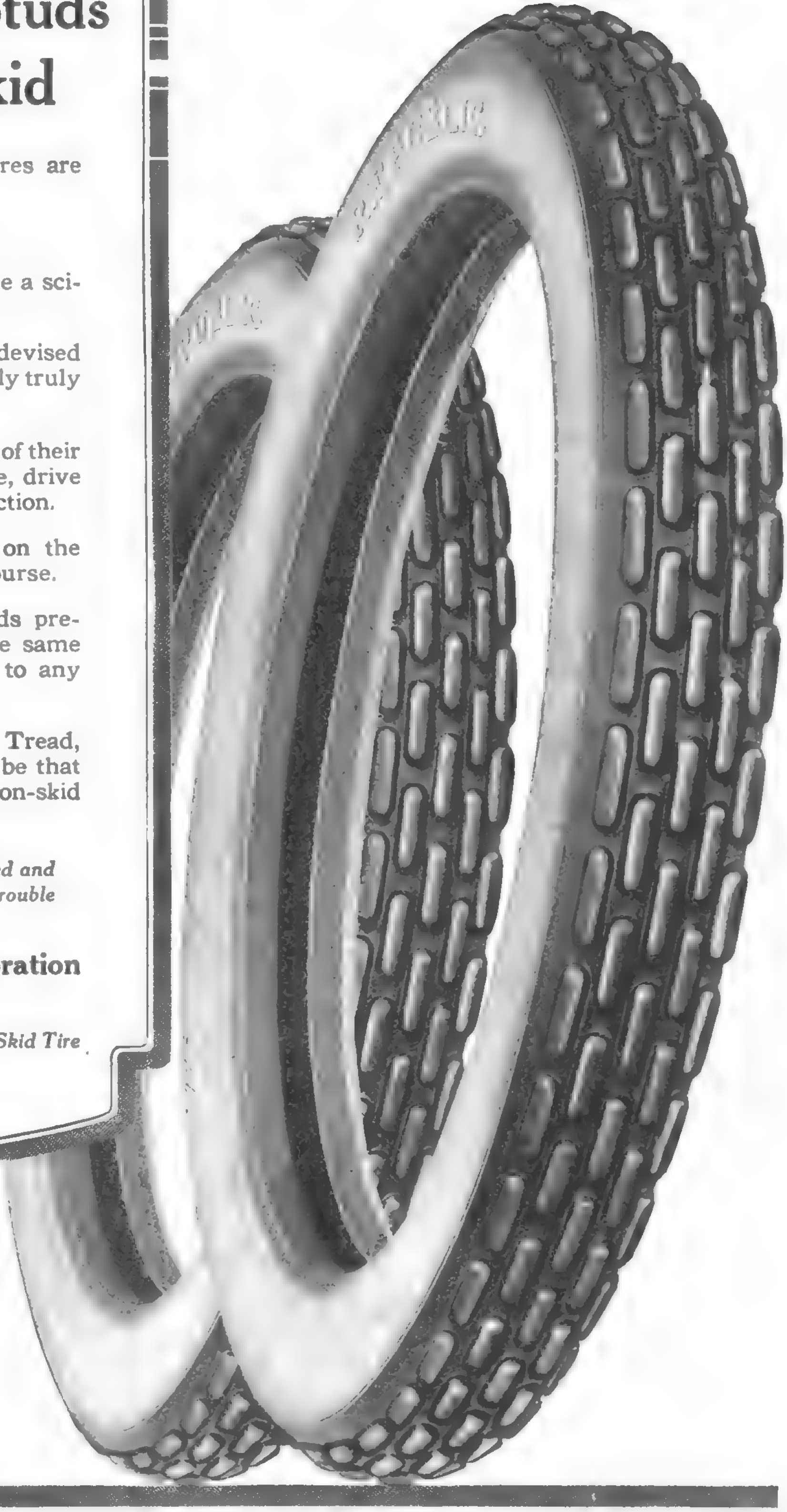

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Maximum Grip with
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Briefly, she told him what had happened. As word after word of her account fell upon Hampton's ears, his eyes widened, the stiffness of his bearing fell away, the glint of anger went out of his eyes, a look of wonder came into them. And when she had finished, Hampton did not hesitate. He turned quickly and put out his two hands, one to Lee, one to Burkitt.

"I was a chump, same as usual," he grunted. "Forget it if you can. I can't."

They went on more swiftly now, the four of them together, Judith insisting that that last sip of brandy had put new life into her. In a little, seeing that Judith did in fact have herself in hand, Bud Lee, with a hidden pressure of her hand, left them, hurrying on ahead, trying to reach Carson or some of the men in Pocket Valley and to get horses.

AS HE drew nearer the ranch Lee saw smoke rising from the north ridge. Again he could turn his thoughts a little to what lay in front of him, wondering what luck Carson had had in his double task of fighting fire and holding off the buyers.

At any rate, the Blue Lake stock had not been driven off. The bawling of the big herds told him that before his eyes caught a glimpse of the countless tossing horns. Then, dropping down into Pocket Valley from above, he found his own string of horses feeding quietly. Beyond, the cattle. At first he thought that the animals had been left to their own devices. He saw no rider anywhere.

Hurrying on, he shouted loudly. After he had called repeatedly, there floated to him from somewhere down on the lower flat an answering yell. And presently Carson himself came riding to meet him.

Carson's face was smeared with blood; he had one bruised, battered, discolored eye, swelling shut; but in his uninjured eye there was a triumphant gladness.

"We got the son-o'-guns on the run, Bud," he announced from afar. "Killed their pesky fires out before they got a good start, crippled a couple of 'em, countin' Benny, the cook, in on the deal, chased their deputy sheriff off with a flea in his ear, an' set tight, holdin' our own."

"Where'd you get the eye, Carson?" demanded Lee.

Carson grinned broadly, an evil grin of a distorted, battered face.

"You want to take a good look at ol' Poker Face," he chuckled. "He won't cheat no more games of crib for a coon's age. I jus' nacherally beat him all to hell, Bud."

"Where are the rest of the men?" Lee asked.

"Watchin' the fires an' seein' no more don't get started."

Then Lee told him of Judith. Carson's eye, the good eye, opened wide with interest. Carson's bruised lips sought to form for a whistle and managed to give them the air of a maidenly pout.

"He had the nerve!" he muttered. "Trevors had the nerve! Bud, we ought to make a little call on that gent."

Then, seeing Lee's face, Carson realized that anything he might have to remark on this score was superfluous. Lee had already thought of that.

They roped a couple of the wandering horses, improvised hackamores from the rope cut in two, and went to meet Judith.

Carson snatched eagerly at her hand and squeezed it and looked inexpressible things from his one useful eye. He gave his saddled horse to her, watched her and Lee ride on to the ranch, and sent Tommy to the old cabin for another rope, while he rounded up some more horses in a narrow cañon, horses for Burkitt and Hampton.

"You damn' fool," he said, growlingly, to Hampton, "look what you've done."

"Of course I'm a damn fool," replied Hampton, by now his old cheerful self. "I've apologized to Lee and Burkitt. I apologize to you. I'll tell you confidentially that I'm a sucker and a Come-on Charlie. I haven't got the brains of a jack-rabbit."

Carson went away grumbling. But for the first time he felt a vague respect for Pollock Hampton.

"He'll be a real man some day," thought Carson, "if the fool-killer don't pick him off first."

"You may come and see me this evening," Judith told Bud Lee as he left her to Marcia's arms. "I'll be eating and sleeping and taking baths until then. Thank you for the bacon—and the water—and——"

She smiled at him from Marcia's excited embrace. Bud Lee, the blood tingling through him, left her.

"Before I come to you, Judith Girl," he whispered to himself as he went, "I'll have to have a little talk with Bayne Trevors."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Tells Why Trevors Left the Country

BUD LEE, riding alone toward the Western Lumber Camp, turned in his saddle to glance back as he heard hoof-beats behind him. It was Carson, and the old cattleman was riding hard. Lee frowned. Then for an instant a smile softened his stern eyes.

"Good little old Carson," he muttered.

Carson came to his side, saying merely in his dry voice:

"Mind if I come along, Bud? You an' me have rid into one thing an' another more'n jus' once."

"This is my fight," said Lee coolly.

"Who said it wasn't?" demanded the other querulously. "Only you ain't got any call to be a hawg, Bud. Besides, I got a right to see if there's a fair break, ain't I? Say, look at them cow brutes back yonder! Don't it beat all how silage, when you use it right, shapes 'em up?"

Few enough words were said as the miles were flung behind them; few were needed. A swift glance showed Carson that Lee carried a revolver in his shirt; his own gun rode plainly in evidence in front of his hip. What little conversation rose between them was concerned with ranch matters. They spoke of success now with confidence. These two foremen alone could see the money in late winter and early spring from their cattle and horses to carry the Blue Lake venture over the rapids. Then there were the other resources of the diversified undertaking, the hogs, the prize stock, the olives, poultry, dairy products. And soon or late Western Lumber would pay the price for the timber tract, soon, if they saw that they had to pay it or lose the forests which they had so long counted upon. Lumber values were mounting every day.

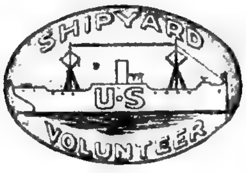
Neither man, when it chanced that Bayne Trevors's name was casually mentioned, suggested: "Why not go to the law?" For to them it was very clear that, once in the courts, the man who had played safe would laugh at them. Against Judith's oath that he had kidnaped her would stand Trevors's word that he had done nothing of the kind, coupled with his carefully established perjured alibi and the lying testimony of the physician who had visited Judith in the cave. This man and that might be rounded up, Shorty and Benny and Poker Face, and if any of them talked—which perhaps none of them would—at most they would say that they had no orders from anybody but Quinnion. And where was Quinnion, who stood as a buckler between Trevors and prosecution? And what buckler in all the world can ever stand between one man and another?

Now and then Carson sent a quick questioning glance toward Lee's inscrutable face; now and then he sighed, his thoughts his own. Bud Lee, knowing his companion as he did, shrewdly guessed that Carson was hoping that events might so befall that there would be an open, free-for-all fight and that he might not be forced to play the restless part of a mere onlooker. Bud Lee hoped otherwise.

"There's two ways to get a man," said Carson, meditatively, out of a long silence. "An' both is good ways: with a gun or with your hands."

"Yes," agreed Bud quietly, looking

Talk It Over With Your Men



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FOR THE WINNING OF THE WAR

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briefly to Carson for what might lie under the words.

"If it works out gun way," continued Carson, still with that thoughtful, half abstracted look in his eyes, "it don't hurt to remember, Bud, that he shoots left-handed an' from the hip."

Lee merely nodded. Carson did not look up from the bobbing ears of his horse as he continued:

"If it works out the other way an' it's just fists, it don't hurt to remember how Trevors put out Blackie Webb last year in Rocky Bend. Four-footed style, strikin' with his boot square in Blackie's belly."

TREVORS'S name was not again referred to even in the vaguest terms. The road in front of them, at last dropping down into the valley in which the lumber camp was, straightened out into a lane between stumps that ran to the clutter of frame buildings.

"Something doin' at the office," offered Carson, as they drew near. "Directors' meetin', likely."

Two automobiles stood in the road ten steps from the closed door of the unpretentious shack which bore the printed legend, "Office, Western Lumber Company." The big red touring-car certainly belonged to Melvin, the company's president. Carson looked curiously at Lee.

Bud dismounted, dropped his horse's reins, shifted the revolver from his shirt to his belt, where it was at once unhidden and loosely held, ready for a quick draw. Then he went up the three steps, Carson at his heels, his gun also unhidden and ready. From within came voices, a voice in protest, Bayne Trevors's voice ringing out, filled with mastery, a laugh. Lee set his hand to the door. Then, only because it was locked from within, did he knock sharply.

"Who is it?" came the sharp inquiry. But the man who made it and who was standing by the door, threw it open.

"What do you want?" he demanded again. "We're busy."

"I want to see Trevors," said Lee coolly.

"You can't. He——"

Lee shoved the man aside and strode through the door without hearing the astonished ejaculation which followed him. Carson, close at Lee's heels, his eyes glittering, stepped a little aside when once he was within the room and took his place with his back against the wall close to the door.

It was a big, bare, barn-like room, furnished simply with one long table and half a dozen chairs. Here were five men, all bearing the stamp of the city upon them, and Bayne Trevors. All except Trevors and the man who had opened the door were seated; Trevors, at the far end of the room, was standing, an arm flung out but now slowly dropping to his side.

His eyes met Lee's, ran quickly to Carson's, came back to Lee's and rested there steadily. Beyond the slow falling of his extended arm he did not move. The muscles of his face hardened, the look of triumph which just now had stood in his eyes changed slowly—as gradually as his hand came down to his side—and in its place came an expression that was twin to that in Bud Lee's eyes, just a look of inscrutability with a hint of watchfulness under it, and the hardness of agate. While a man might have drawn a deep breath into his lungs and expelled it neither Lee nor Trevors stirred.

"What the devil is this?" demanded Melvin from across the table. "Hold-up or what?" He rapped the table resoundingly.

"Shut up!" snapped Carson. "It's just a two-man play, Melvin: Lee an' Trevors."

"Oh," said Melvin, and sank back, making no further protest. He was no stranger to Carson or to Bud Lee, and he sensed what might lie between Lee and a man like Trevors. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he said carelessly, "I'm not the man to get in other men's way, and you know it, Carson. But you might tell your friend Bud Lee that Bayne Trevors is rather a big man influentially to mix things with. I've just resigned this morning and Trevors is our new president."

"Thanks," returned Carson dryly. "I don't think that'll make much difference though, Melvin. Mos' likely you'll have two presidents resignin' the same day."

Still Lee had taken no step forward. Trevors had not moved save that now he tossed away the cigar burning in his hand. At last Lee spoke.

"Trevors," he said, quietly, "maybe the law can't get you. But I can. For reasons which both you and I understand you are going to clear out of this part of the country."

"Am I?" asked Trevors without a jeer, without a hint of bravado, without a sign of fear or hatred or any emotion whatever. The look of his eyes did not alter, the poise of his big body did not shift, his hands, both at his sides again, might have been carved in bronze.

Then suddenly he laughed and threw out his arms in a wide gesture and again dropped them, saying shortly:

"You're playing the game the way I thought you would. You've got a gun. I am unarmed—begin your shooting and be damned to you!"

He even stepped forward, his eyes fearlessly upon Lee's, and settled his big frame comfortably in a chair by the table.

"Go ahead," he concluded. "I'm ready."

"That's as it should be!" Lee's voice was lower still, for the first time vibrant. His hard eyes brightened. With a quick jerk he had drawn the revolver from his belt and dropped it to the floor at Carson's feet.

But Carson, though he stooped for it quickly, did not shift his watchful eyes from Trevors. For Carson had known more fights in his life than he had years; he knew men, and looked to Trevors for just the sort of thing Trevors did.

As Lee stepped forward, Trevors snatched open the drawer of the table at his side, quick as light, and whipped out the weapon which lay there.

"Go slow, Trevors!" came old Carson's dry voice. "I've got you covered already, two-gun style."

Trevors, even with his grip frozen to his revolver, paused, and looking across the table saw the two guns in Carson's brown hands trained unwaveringly upon him, saw the deadly determination in Carson's eyes. Again he laughed, drawing back his empty hand.

"You yellow dog!" grunted Bud Lee, his tone one of supreme disgust. "You damned yellow dog!"

Trevors shrugged.

"You see, gentlemen—two to one, and odds all theirs."

"You lie!" spat out Carson. "It's one to one an' I see the game goes square." He stepped forward, removed the weapon from the table under Trevors's now suddenly changeful eyes, and went back to his place with his back to the wall.

"For God's sake!" cried the one nervous man there, the man who had opened the door. "This is murder! It must go no further."

Melvin smiled, a smile as cheerless as the gleam of wintry starlight on a bit of glass.

"Will you fight him, Trevors?" he asked. "With your hands?"

"Yes," answered Trevors. "Yes."

"Move back the table," commanded Melvin, on his feet in an instant. "And the chairs. Get them back."

THE table was dragged to the far end of the room; the chairs were piled upon it.

"Now," and Melvin's watch was in his hand, his voice coming with metallic coldness, "it's to a finish, is it? Three-minute rounds, fair fighting, no——"

But now at last Bayne Trevors's blood was up, his slow anger had kindled, he was moving his feet restlessly.

"Damn it," he shouted, "whose fight is this but mine and Lee's? If he wants a fight, let him come and get it; a man's fight and rules and rounds and time be damned! Am I to dance around here and sidestep and fence just for you to look on? Carson!"

"Well?" said Carson.

"Lee challenges me, doesn't he? Then I'm the man to name the sort of fight, am I not? Is that fair?"

"Meanin' jus' what?" asked Carson.

"Meaning that I am going to get him, get him any way I can! You let us fight this out our way, any way, and no interference!"

"Talk to Bud there," rejoined the old cattleman calmly. "It ain't my scrap."

"Then, Lee," snapped Trevors, "come on if you want such a fight as you'd get if you and I were alone in the mountains, with no man to watch, a fight where a man can use what weapons God gave him, any weapon he can lay his mind to, his eye to, his hand to! Or," and at last the sneer came, "do you want a pair of gloves and somebody to fan you?"

Carson shifted his glance to Bud Lee's face. Lee merely nodded.

"Then," cried Carson sternly, "go to it! No man steps in, an' you can fight it out like coyotes or mountain lions for all of me."

"Your word there will be no interference?" asked Trevors. "For you're just a fool and not a liar, Carson."

"My word," was the answer.

BAYNE TREVORS slipped out of his coat and vest, tossing them to the pile of chairs on the table. He loosened his soft collar about his throat and was ready. All of Bud Lee's simple preparations had been made when he threw his broad hat aside.

Then came the little pause which is forerunner to the first blow, when two men confront each other, measure each other, seek to read each other's purpose.

"It ought to be a pretty even break," muttered Melvin, his interest obvious, the interest of a sporting man who would travel a thousand miles to see a fight for a champion's belt. "Trevors has the weight by forty pounds; Lee has the reach by a hair; both quick footed; both hard; Lee, maybe, a little harder. Don't know. Even break. The sand will do it—sand or luck."

With ten feet between them they drew slowly together. Their hands came up, their fists showed glistening knuckles, jaws were set, feet moving cautiously. Then suddenly Bud Lee sprang in and struck.

Struck tentatively with his left hand that grazed Trevors's cheek and did no harm; struck terribly with his right hand that drove through the other man's guard and landed with the little sound of flesh on flesh on Trevors's chest. Trevors's grunt and his return blow came together; both men reeled back a half pace from the impact, both hung an instant upon an unsteady balance, both sprang forward. And as they met the second time, they battled furiously, clinging together, striking mercilessly, giving and taking with only the sound of scuffing bootheels and soft thuds and little coughing grunts breaking the silence. Now it was Bayne Trevors who gave back a

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stubborn step, striking right and left as he did so, now it was Bud Lee who was borne backward by the sheer weight of his opponent. Already, with not ten seconds gone, there was a gash on Lee's temple from which a thin stream of blood trickled; already Trevors's mouth was bleeding.

"Under his guard, Trevors!" shouted Melvin, on the table now, his face red, his eyes shining. "Under, under!"

"Remember, Bud! Remember!" cried Carson.

For men will cry out at such times though they know that those who struggle before them fight on with deaf ears.

"That's it, that's it!" Melvin clapped his two big hands and came perilously near falling from his point of vantage as Trevors's fists drove into Lee's body and Lee went reeling back. "Give him hell! A hundred dollars on Trevors!"

"Take you!" called Carson without withdrawing his eyes from the two forms reeling up and down, back and forth across the room.

"Done!" cried Melvin. "Trevors, a hundred dollars——"

He broke off, forgetful of his own words. The two men had met again, had clung to each other in a ludicrous embrace, had broken asunder, and Lee had struck so that his fist landing fair upon Trevors's chin had hurled the bigger man back and back, stumbling, falling—

But not fallen. For his back had found the wall, he had poised a moment, then as Lee came on, rushing at him like a man gone mad, Trevors had slipped aside and had struck back, for the critical moment gaining time to breathe. He spat, wiped his bloody mouth with the back of his hand, again eluded a rushing attack by ducking and stepping to one side. And ever, when he sought to save his own body, he struck back, grunting audibly with the effort.

THEY fought everywhere, up and down, back and forth, until every foot of the floor felt their heavy boots, until each of them was fighting, fighting with all of the force that lay in him, fighting with that swelling anger which grows at leaps and bounds when two men strive body to body, when the hot breath of one mingles with the hot breath of the other, when red rage looking out of one pair of eyes sees its reflection in the other. And again and again Melvin muttered, "An even break! By God, an even break!" And over and over did Carson's heart rise in his breast as he saw Bud Lee drive Trevors, and over and over did his heart sink when he saw Lee sway and reel under the sledge-hammer blows beating at face and body.

In Bud Lee's mind there had been but the one thought: This man had laid his hands upon Judith; this man must be punished and punished by none other in God's wide world than Bud Lee. Now there was no clear thought there, just the hot desire to beat at that which beat at him, to strike down that which strove to strike him down, to master his enemy, to see the great powerful body prone at his feet. Now he was fighting for that simplest, most potent reason in the world, just because he was fighting. And, though he knew that he had found a man as quick and hard and strong as himself, still he told himself that he must fight a winning fight—there was some good reason why he must fight a winning fight.

HIS whole body was bruised, battered, sore. A glancing blow now shot him through with pain. Trevors knew how to put his weight behind his blows too, and his weight was well over two hundred pounds. It was like being hammered with a two-hundred-pound sledge.

Give and take it was from the first blow, with none of the finesse of a boxers' match, with less thought of escaping punishment than of inflicting it. More than once had Bud Lee felt that he was falling only to catch his balance and come back at Trevors; more than once had Trevors gone reeling backward, smashing into the wall. Many a time did Melvin count his money won and lost. And Carson, crouching now, tense, eager, a little fearful, muttered to himself.

"They've both got the sand!" grunted Melvin. "Which one draws the luck?"

But luck stood by and did not enter into the battle that grew ever hotter as Bud Lee's and Trevors's gorge rose higher at every blow. It was to be simply the best man wins, and none of the six men who watched knew from the beginning until the end who the best man was. What tricks Trevors knew, he used, and they were met by what cunning lay in Bud Lee; what strength, what resistance, what power to endure was in each panting body was called upon to the last reserve.

Already the spring had gone out of their steps, they came at each other for the most part more slowly, more cautiously, but more determined not to give over. Faces glistening with sweat, grimy with the dust their pounding feet beat up from the floor, the roots of Lee's hair red where with a bloody hand he had pushed it back, Trevors's lips swollen and ugly, they fought on until the men who looked at them wondered just where lay the limits upon which each depended.

"Lee's tough," Carson whispered to himself. "Ridin' every day an' workin' . . . Trevors has been settin' in a chair. Bud'll wear him out. . . . My God! Bud, look out! Foot work."

Yes, foot work, but not as Carson

expected it, not the thing Bud Lee looked for when he sensed rather than read in Trevors's eyes that a fresh trick was coming. He was ready for a lifted boot, and, instead, Trevors, rushing down upon him, had thrown grappling arms about him, heedless of the fist smashing again into his cut lips. Trevors had doubled and twisted and got a grip about Lee's middle, was heaving at him, seeking to throw him. And then, as sudden about it as a flash of lightning, Trevors had thrown himself to one side, dragging at him, the two men had gone down; Trevors had seen the chance he sought and mightily, brutally, cursing as he jumped up for it, he drove the heel of his boot crushing down upon Lee's hand upon the floor.

From Lee's white lips burst an involuntary groan as it seemed to him that every bone in his hand had been crushed, from Carson a choking cry of rage, from Trevors a short laugh as he called out sharply:

"Hands off, Carson! Our fight—any way——"

Again they were on their feet, Trevors a second first, again rushing Lee, seeking to finish what he had begun. And Bud Lee, his face white and drawn, looking ghastly with the blood smears across it, moving swiftly but not swiftly enough, went down, Trevors's weight against him, Trevors's fist beating into his side just below the shoulder.

"Five hundred on Trevors!" shouted Melvin, rather through force of habit than because he expected a taker. Carson did not hear him.

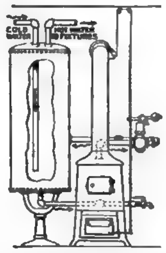
"At him, Bud, go at it!" he was crying over and over. "That's the las' dirty trick he's got. Get him, Buddie. Oh, for Gawd's sake, Buddie, go get him!"

Trevors was upon him again, but Lee had slipped aside, had even rolled over, was on his feet. Again Trevors bore down upon him, a new leaping fire in his eyes. Again, though barely in time, Bud Lee slipped away from him. He drew Trevors's harsh laugh after him and Trevors's questing, eager fists. Lee put up his arm, his right arm, guarding his face, and drew away, back and back. Carson was almost whimpering, calling whiningly:

"Stand up to him, Bud! Oh, go get him, Buddie!"

Still up and down the room they went, Trevors rushing at Lee, Lee taking what blows he must, striking out but little, seeking now only to pull himself together, to get his head clear of daze and dizziness. Stepping backward, he again got the wall at his shoulders, slipped to one side, strove only to get the empty room behind him, succeeded and let Trevors drive him, drive until again his back was to a wall.

"Run away, will you?" panted Trevors. "I've got you, damn you. Got you right."



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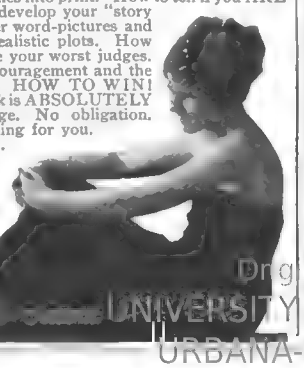

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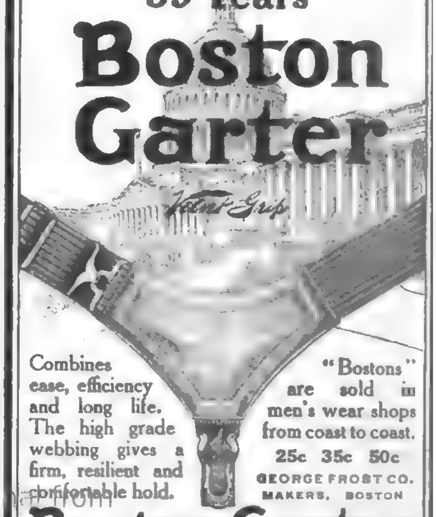

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Lee didn't answer. He was thinking dully that Bayne Trevors was near telling the truth, that Bud Lee was almost beaten—almost. That was as far as a gentleman ever went—just to that desperate "almost beaten." Not quite. No! not quite. Never that.

Both men were nearly spent; Carson saw that while he cursed softly in his corner; Melvin saw it and watched for the end, wondering just how it would come. Trevors should swing for the point of the jaw, put all that was in him into a final, smashing blow, beat through an insufficient guard, do it now, quickly. For both Carson and Melvin saw another thing, a thing which both had sensed at the outset: Bud Lee was harder than Bayne Trevors. Lee, slipping away at every step was getting something back which had nearly gone from him; Trevors was breathing in noisy jerks; save for the vital fact that he now had two hands to Bud Lee's one, Trevors was showing more signs of weariness than Lee.

"Bud'll get him—somehow," whispered Carson. "Good ol' Bud. Somehow."

What Carson and Melvin sensed Trevors knew. He saw that Lee was having less trouble in eluding him now, that Lee's feet were quicker, lighter than his, that Lee was beginning to strike back viciously at him, and when the blow landed, Trevors's big body rocked, shot through with pain. There came to him the thought which was Melvin's, but it came in Trevors's way: Now, quickly, before Lee was ready for it, must come the end. So, for the third time that day Bayne Trevors, with much at stake, resorted to "what weapons God gave him, what weapons he could lay his mind to, his eyes to, his hands to—his feet to." Resorting to the old trick which came up from South American ports in disreputable windjammers, which is known to the San Francisco waterfront, he raised a heavy boot, striking for Lee's stomach, seeking with one low, horrible blow to double up his already handicapped antagonist in writhing pain on the floor.

"An' I gave my word!" bellowed Carson, the sweat on his own tortured brow. "Oh, my Gawd."

But just that one brief instant pregnant with fate did Bayne Trevors lift his foot too late. For Bud Lee had expected this, never had forgotten it, had prayed within his soul that the man he fought would use it. Just by that fraction of time which has no name was he quicker than Trevors, and he knew it. Now, as he read the sinister purpose in Trevors's glaring eyes, as he glimpsed the raised boot as it left the floor, he lowered his own head, averted it ever so little, stooped—and his hand closed like locked iron about the calf of Trevors's leg. A stifled cry from the bulkier man, a little grunt of effort from Lee, Lee straining, heaving mightily, and Trevors went back, toppled, fought for his slipping balance and fell. As he went down Lee was upon him.

Lee's arm about his neck, Lee's weight flung upon him, Lee holding his body prone between a powerful pair of knees which rode him as they rode daily some struggling Blue Lake colt.

Now Bud's left arm, defying the agony of a broken hand, was around him, Lee's legs were about the frantically fighting body, and at last Lee's right hand went its sure way to the thick, bared, pulsing throat. Trevors's right arm was caught at his side, held there by the body upon his. His left hand beat at Lee's face, struck and battered again only to come back like a steam-driven piston to hammer again. But Bud Lee's pain-racked body clung on, his thumb and fingers sank and sank deeper into the corded muscles of the heaving throat, crooked like talons, white and hard and relentless.

Trevors's eyes were terrible, filled with hatred, red-flecked with rage. He sought, with a great sudden heave, to roll over. But he could not shake off the legs which were like stubborn tentacles wrapped about him, could not free his throat of the tensing clutch. He tore at the wrist, smote again at Lee's head, set his own hand to Lee's throat. But in an instant his hand was back at the hand worrying him, but he was unable to drag it away.

His face went white, flamed red, grew purplish. His eyes were bulging up at Lee's, his deep chest contracted spasmodically. Lee, summoning all of the force within him, drove thumb and fingers deeper.

"Got enough?" he panted.

For the last time Trevors strained with him and they rolled like death-locked mountain lions. But still Lee's left arm was about Trevors's neck, his legs about the tossing body, his hand at Trevors's throat. Trevors's breath caught, failed him.

Then and then only did a new look come into the bulging eyes. A look of more than fear, of utter, desperate terror. Trevors threw up his hand weakly, then let it fall so that it struck the floor heavily, a dead weight.

Lee's grip at the strangling throat relaxed. But he did not move his hand.

"Got enough?" he panted again.

The answer came brokenly, weakly, almost inarticulate. But then it did come and the men drawn close heard it:

"Yes."

"Sand did it!" grunted Melvin. "Just sand, Carson."

"You'll get out of the country?"

"Yes."

Bud Lee drew back and rose, going to the door swiftly, stooping for his hat, passing out. And as Bayne Trevors got unsteadily to his feet and sank slumping into the chair offered him, two big tears formed in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. The first tears in many a year, the tears of a strong man broken for the first time in his life.

"I'll stick aroun' an' see he moves on, Bud," Carson followed Lee to say. "Oh, he'll go. But I'll jus' tell him how the boys is headed this way by now an' it's tar an' feathers for him if he don't mosey right along. That's somethin' he couldn't stand right now. An', Bud——"

He put out his hand and locked Lee's in a grip that made the sore fingers wince. Then, swinging upon the heel of his boot, he went back to collect a hundred dollars from Melvin and help Bayne Trevors shape his plans.

But Bud Lee did not wait. He was on his horse, swaying a little, an arm caught in a rude sling, glad to be out in the late sunlight.

"Fog along, little horse," he was saying dully. "Fog right along. She's waiting, little horse. Judith is waiting! Think of that. That's right—fog right along."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Bud Lee—General Manager

AT THE old cabin above the lake Bud Lee dismounted. His hand in its rude sling was paining him terribly, demanding some sort of first-aid treatment. To-morrow he could take it to a doctor; perhaps in an hour or so he could get Tripp to look to it; just now he must do what he could for it himself with hot water and strips torn from an old shirt.

The hand treated first, it was slow, tedious business seeking to remove the traces of his recent encounter with Trevors; and, though he could wash his face and manage a change of clothes, there was nothing dapper about the result. But at length, shaking his head at the bruised face looking out at him from his bit of mirror, he went out to his horse and rode down the trail that led to the ranch headquarters. Judith was waiting for him—that was vastly more important than the fact that he had a crippled hand and a cut or so upon his face.

Night had descended, serene with stars. He wondered if the boys were back yet from the lumber camp. He had met them, as Carson had predicted he would, riding in a close-packed, silent, ominous body. He felt assured that they would find no work for them to do at the company's office, that Carson was right and Trevors would "be on his way." But he stopped at the bunk-house.

No, the boys hadn't come in yet. But there was a message for Lee, just received by the cook. It was from Greene, the forester, brief and to the point.

Greene had lost no time in finding the sheriff of the adjoining county at White Rock and in going with him to the cave. They had found Quinnion. He was dead, the manner of his death clearly indicated. For he lay at the foot of the cliffs straight below the cave's mouth, his face terribly torn and scratched by a mad woman's nails, the mad woman herself lying huddled and still close beside him. He had allowed the escape of her captive; she had accused him after the two of them had gone back to the cavern, had thrown herself upon him, tearing at his face, and the two had fallen. Mother and son? Lee shuddered, hoping within his heart that Judith had been mistaken. It was too horrible.

But, such is youth, such is love, Bud Lee promptly forgot both Chris Quinnion and Mad Ruth as he went through the lilacs to the house. He remembered how Marcia had flown once to Pollock Hampton when he had made a hero of himself, how again just to-day she had gone swiftly to him because he had made a fool of himself and because it seemed she loved him.

In due time there was going to be a wedding at Blue Lake Ranch. A wedding! Just one? Lee hurried on.

Yes, Judith was waiting for him. She was there in the living-room, curled up on a great couch, lifting her eyes expectantly as his step sounded on the veranda. A wonderfully gowned, transcendently lovely Judith, a Judith of bare white arms, round and warm and rich in their tender curves; a Judith softly, alluringly feminine even in the eyes of Bud Lee, no longer theorist; a Judith whose filmy gown clung lingeringly to her like a sun-shot mist, a Judith whose tender mouth was a red flower, whose eyes were Aphrodite's own, glorious dawn-gray, soft with the light shining in them, the unhidden light of love for the man who came toward her swiftly, the Judith he had first held in his arms and kissed.

He came in quickly, his heart singing. The color suddenly ran up hot and vivid in the girl's cheeks. Standing over her he put out his hand. But she slipped her own behind her.

"Good evening, Mr. Lee," said Judith brightly. "Really, you have taken your time in making your first call. Won't you sit down?"

"No," said Bud Lee gravely. "I'll take mine standing, please!"

"Like a man to be shot at dawn?" cried Judith. "Dear me, Mr. Lee, that sounds so tragic. What, pray, are you taking?"

"A new job," said Lee. "I've come to tell you that just being horse foreman doesn't suit me any longer. What you need and need right away is a general manager. That's what I want to be, *your* general manager, Judith. For life!"

Judith laughed softly, happily. She gave him her two hands and he drew her up to him. Her hands had flown out to him like two little homing birds, and she followed them—home.

"You'll find your work cut out for you, Mr. Lee," she told him.

"It's the kind of work I want," answered Bud Lee.

Then suddenly her arms went about his neck and tears sprang into her eyes and she set her lips to the cut he had sought to cover with his hair, and took his sore, swathed hand tenderly into her own two hands, laying it against her cheeks.

"Carson telephoned me," she whispered, her lips trembling all of a sudden. "He told me how Trevors fought . . . and how you fought! And he was half crying over the telephone, he was so proud of you. And I am proud of you! And—oh, Bud Lee, Bud Lee, I love you so!"

FROM without came the sound of the Blue Lake boys returning, Carson at their head. Riding close together they were singing, their voices floating through the night in an old cowboy song. Mrs. Simpson heard and ran out into the courtyard to listen. Marcia and Pollock Hampton, lost to all save each other in the shadows far down the veranda, heard, and Marcia clapped her hands. The voices were heard from afar, the strong voices of a score of men. The strange thing is that neither Judith nor Bud Lee heard; that neither had the vaguest consciousness just then that there were in all the world any other mortals than—Judith and Bud Lee.

THE END.

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THIS is what the Volunteers have after two years. There has been no expensive propaganda, no paid officers, no salaried workers of any kind. The whole thing has paid for itself. Despite the handicap of war, the inability of the Government to aid the schools now, each month brings new schools, new members.

It has become a permanent national organization. H. S. V. U. S. has become a trade-mark—a slogan.

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WHAT it becomes depends wholly upon the Volunteers, each regiment, each company, each corps, each boy and girl.

They must take real control of it. They must make it *theirs* in fact.

Every cadet corps must have its secretary, its representative. It must send regular reports to headquarters. It must correspond with the other corps and companies and regiments of its district, and arrange interschool competitions. It must send representatives to the National Competitive Reviews, and to the H. S. V. U. S. training-camps.

It must feel it its duty to send to headquarters suggestions and criticisms for the improvement of the work. It must take active part in the election of the officers of the organization.

Every Volunteer must show incessant initiative, incessant cooperation. The organization is theirs—theirs to make what they will: a national force, or a mere name.

When this appears, Major Steever's and Major Frink's Manual of the High-School Volunteer System of Training, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, will be ready for distribution. It is the result of long, careful work, many times interrupted and revised, and it finally puts in complete form, for instructor and student, the result of seven years' trial of the H. S. V. U. S. idea in high schools throughout the country.

Its publication is of the greatest importance to the schools that have already taken up the system, and to the hundreds of others that are looking for a plan of direct, democratic training for citizenship in the widest sense.

Its publication marks a turning-point in the growth of the organization. It puts to us the pointed question: Are we ready to build upon the foundation laid in the past two years?

With the "Official Handbook" of the High-School Volunteers in our hands, we must be prepared to work together as a unit henceforth to realize the possibilities that are before us.

The "Handbook" puts before every Volunteer a definite, uniform, national plan of activities. It gives every Volunteer a program. It unites us on a concrete platform. It gives us a purpose. What that purpose, that program is, what it expects of us, is conveyed in this foreword to the book:

"THIS little book appears in an hour when the men and women of a full score of nations are laying down their lives and fortunes that the world may give its answer to militarism.

"The final answer, however, is not spoken in the thundering guns of the battlefield; it comes from the lips of fathers and mothers and out of the molding touch of teachers, in the homes and schoolhouses and villages that dot our land, where Americans of the future are made.

"The final answer to militarism is better citizenship—a higher sense of responsibility, not only to our own country, but to the world. That can be built up only on the solid foundations of a higher sense of responsibility to ourselves, our community, our state, our nation, and only out of that raw material which is the youth of a nation—made healthy of body, clean and clear of mind, lovers of truth and justice, quick, willing and able to work with others for the betterment of life.

"In the High-School Volunteer idea, the outcome of seven years' work with Young America, you have the simplest, most direct and effective plan yet devised for laying the foundations of a better citizenship. Utilizing the apparatus afforded by the high-school system, with its students in the most impressionable age of youth; utilizing the play and game instincts of that youth in combination with certain features of military discipline, and adding the stimulus of interschool competitions and national organization, the plan affords an educational medium for teaching citizenship directly, and brings the work of each high school out into the arena of national effort.

"Two years ago this direct teaching of citizenship was called Wyoming's Answer to Militarism. The light of these burning days has revealed it as the world's answer to militarism. For American fathers and mothers and teachers and leaders this book and the effort which it represents should be a reassuring shaft of light in the dark hour of the present struggle."

TAM O' THE SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 57*)

out a letter. It bore the same address as that which had been written on the label.

Slowly she tore off the end of the envelop.

There was a single sheet of paper written in a boyish hand. Without any preliminary it ran:

"A sairgeant-pilot, feelin' sair,
  A spitefu' thing may do,
An' so I come to you once mair
  That I may say—an' true—
As you looked doon on me ane day,
  Now I look doon on you!

"You, fra your height of pride an' clan
  Heard your high spirit ca',
An' so you scorned the common man—
  I saw yeer sweet face fa';
But, losh! Im just that mighty high
  I can't see you at a'!"

It was signed "T." and the girl's eyes danced with joy. She shaded her eyes and looked up. The tiny airplane was turning and she waved her handkerchief frantically.

"A friend of yours?" asked the superintendent with ominous politeness.

"Ye-es—it's Tam, Mrs. Crane—I ran into him—he ran into me yesterday——"

"Tam?" even the severe superintendent was interested, "that remarkable man—I should like to see him. Everybody is talking about him just now. Was it a private letter or an official message from the aerodrome?"

"It was private," said the girl, very pink and a note of defiance in her voice, and the superintendent very wisely dropped the subject.

"I really don't know how to send him an appropriate answer," said Vera to her confidante and room-mate that evening. "I can't write poetry and I can't fly."

"I shouldn't answer it," said her sensible friend briskly. "After all, my dear, you don't want to start a flirtation with a sergeant—I mean, it's hardly the thing, is it?"

The little pajama'd figure sitting on the edge of the bed favored her friend with a cold stare.

"I certainly am not thinking of a flirtation," she said icily, "but if I were, I should as certainly be unaffected by the rank of my victim. In America we aren't quite so strong for pedigrees and families as you English people——"

"Irish," said the other gently.

Vera laughed as she curled up in the bed and drew her sheet up to her chin.

"It's queer how people hate being called English—even Tam——"

"Look here, Vera," said her companion hotly, "just leave that young man alone. And please get all those silly, romantic ideas out of your head."

A silence—then,

"I'm going to write to him, to-morrow," said a sleepy voice, and the rapid fire of her friend's protest was answered with a well-simulated snore.

Tam received the letter by messenger.

"Dear Mr. Tam (it ran):

"I know that is your Christian name, but I really do not know your other, so will you please excuse me? I am going into Amiens next Friday and if you have quite forgiven me, will you please meet me for lunch at the Café St. Pierre? And thank you so much for your very clever verse."

" 'Vera Laramore,' " repeated Tam. "A've no doot she's Scottish."

He trod air that week, literally and figuratively, for the work was heavy. The high winds which had kept the British squadrons to the ground, petered out to gentle breezes, and the air was alive with craft. Bombing raid, photographic reconnaissance and long-distance scouting kept the airmen busy. New squadrons appeared which had never been seen before on this front. The Franco-American unit came up from X, and did some very audible fraternizing with what was locally known as "Blackie's lot," a circumstance which ordinarily would have caused Tam's heart to rejoice.

But Tam was keeping clear of the mess-room just now, and he either sent an orderly with his messages or waited religiously on the mat. As for the officers, he avoided them unless (as was often the case) they sought him out.

Brandspeth brought one of the new men over to his bunk the night the American contingent arrived.

"I want you to meet an American officer, Tam," he yelled. "Don't be an ass—open the door."

He was on one side of the locked door and Tam was on the other.

Tam turned the key reluctantly and admitted the visitors.

"A'm no' wishin' to be unceevil, Mr. Brandspeth, but Captain Blackie will strafe ye if he finds ye here."

"Rubbish! I want you to meet Mr. Laramore."

Tam looked at the keen-faced young athlete and slowly extended his hand.

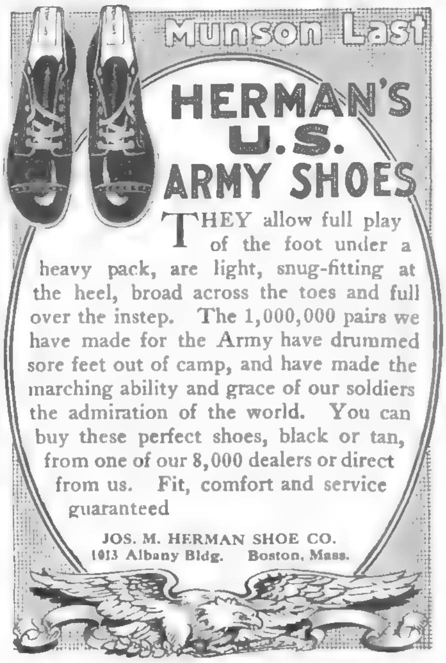
"I think you know my sister," said the smiling youth, "and certainly we all know you."

He gave the pilot a grip which would have crushed a hand of ordinary muscularity.

"A've run up against the young lady in ma travels," said Tam solemnly.

Laramore laughed. "I saw her for a moment to-day and she asked me to remind you of your appointment."

"An appointment—with a lady? Oh,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Tam!" said the shocked Brandspeth, producing from his overcoat pocket a siphon of soda, a large flask of amber-brown liquid and a bundle of cigars, and setting them upon the table. "Really, Tam is always making the strangest acquaintances."

"He never met anybody stranger than Vera—or better," said Laramore, with a little laugh. "Vera, I suppose, is worth a million dollars. She is a citizen of a neutral country. She can have the bulliest time any girl could desire, and yet she elects to come to France, drive a car over abominable roads which are more often than not under shell-fire, and sleep in a leaky old shack for forty cents a day."

Brandspeth was filling the glasses.

"You're a neutral, too—say when—I suppose you're not exactly a pauper and yet you risk breaking your neck for ten francs per. Help yourself to a cigar, Tam—I said *a* cigar."

"Try one o' mine, sir," said Tam coolly, and produced a box of Perfectos from under his bed; "ye may take one apiece and it's fair to tell ye A've coonted them."

They spent a moderate but joyous evening, but Tam, standing in the doorway of his "bunk," watched the figures of his guests receding into the darkness with a sense of depression. He had no social ambitions, he had no desire to be anything other than the man he was. If he looked forward to his return to civil life at the war's end, he did so with equanimity, though that return meant a life in soiled overalls amid the hum and clang of a factory shop.

He had none of that divine discontent which is half the equipment of Scottish youth. Rather did he possess ambition's surest antidote in a mild and kindly cynicism which stripped endeavor of its illusions.

It was on the Wednesday night after he had written a polite little note to the One Hundred and Thirty-first General Hospital accepting the invitation to lunch and had received one of Blackie's tentative permits to take a day's leave (Tam called them "D. V. Passes") that the blow fell.

"Angus," said Tam to his batman, "while A'm bravin' the terrors of the foorth dimension in the morn——"

"Is that the new scoutin' machine, sergeant?" demanded the interested batman.

"The foorth dimension, ma puir frien', is a tairm applied by philosophers of the Royal Flyin' Corps to the space between France an' heaven."

"Oh, you mean the hair!" said the disappointed servant.

"A mean the hair," replied Tam gravely, "not the hair that stands up when yeer petrol tank goes dry nor the hare yeer poachin' ancestors stole from the laird of the manor, but the hair ye breathe when ye're no' smokin'. An' while A'm away in the morn A want ye to go to Mr. Brandspeth's servant an' get ma new tunic. A'm goin' to a pairty at Amiens on Friday, an' A'm no' anxious to be walkin' doon the palm court of the Café St. Pierre in ma auld tunic."

"Anyway," said the batman, busily brushing that same "auld" tunic, "you wouldn't be walkin' into the Café St. Pierre."

"And why not?"

"Because," said the batman triumphantly, "that's one of the cafés reserved for officers only."

There was a silence, then: "Are ye sure o' that, Angus?"

"Sure, sergeant—I was in Amiens for three months."

Tam said nothing and presently began whistling softly.

He walked to his book-shelf, took down a thin, paper-covered volume and sank back on the bed.

"That will do, Angus," he said presently; "ca' me at five."

The barriers were up all round—they had been erected in the course of a short week. They penned him to his class, confined him to certain narrow roads from whence he might see all that was desirable but forbidden.

HE WAS so silent the next morning, when he joined the big squadron that was assembling on the flying field, that Blackie did not know he was there.

"Where's Tam? Oh, here you are. You know your position in the formation? Right point to cover the right of the American bombing squad. Mr. Sutton before you and Mr. Benson behind. You will get turning signals from me. Altitude twelve thousand—that will be two thousand feet above the bombers—no need to tell you anything. The objective is Bapaume and Achiet junctions——"

Tam answered shortly and climbed into his fuselage.

The squadron went up in twos, the fighting machines first, the heavier bombing airplanes last. For twenty minutes they maneuvered for position, and presently the leader's machine spluttered little balls of colored lights and the squadron moved eastward—a great diamond-shaped flock, filling the air and the earth with a tremulous roar of sound.

They reached their objectives without effective opposition. First, the junction to the north of Bapaume, then the web of sidings at Achiet smoked and flamed under the heavy bombardment. Quick splashes of light where the bombs exploded, great columns of gray smoke mushrooming up to the sky, then feeble licks of flame growing in intensity of brightness where the incendiary bombs, taking hold of stores and hutments, advertised the success of the raid.

The squadron swung for home.

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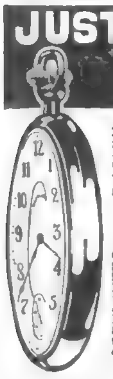

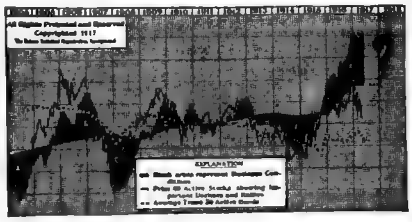

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Tam with one eye for his leader and one for the possible dangers on his flank, was a mere automaton. There was no opportunity for displaying initiative—he was a cog in the wheel.

Suddenly a new signal glowed from the leading machine and Tam threw a quick glance left and right and began to climb. The other fighters were rising steeply, though not at such an angle, that they could not see their leader, who was a little higher than they. Another signal and they flattened, and Tam saw all that he had guessed.

"Ma guidness!" said Tam, "the sky's stiff wi' busses!"

There must have been forty enemy machines between the squadron and home. So far as Tam could see there were eight separate formations and they were converging from three points of the compass.

The safety of the squadron depended upon the individual genius of the fighters. Tam swerved to the right and dipped to the attack, his machine guns spraying his nearest opponent. Sutton, ahead of him, was already engaged, and he guessed that Benson, in his rear, had his hands full.

Tam's nearest opponent went down sideways, his second funked the encounter and careered wildly away to his left and immediately lost position to attack, for when two forces are approaching one another at eighty miles an hour, failure to seize the psychological moment for striking your blow leaves you in one minute exactly three miles to the rear of your opponent. The first shock was over in exactly thirty-five seconds, and beneath the spot where the squadron had passed seven machines were diving or circling earthward, the majority of these in flames.

The second shock came three minutes later and again the squadron triumphed.

Then Tam, looking down, saw one of the bombing machines turn out of the line, and at the same time Blackie signaled, "Cover stragglers."

The squadron was now well behind the British lines, but they were south of the aerodrome, having changed direction to meet the attacks. Tam with a little leap of heart recognized in the distance a familiar triangular field of unsullied snow, searched for and found the rectangular block of tiny huts which formed No. 131 General Hospital and turned out of the line with a wild sense of exhilaration.

"She'll no' see me eat," he said, "but she shall see a graund ficht."

The bomber was swerving and dipping like a helpless wild duck seeking to shake off the three hawks that were now hovering over her.

"Let you be Laramore's machine, O Lord!" prayed Tam, and he prayed with the assurance that his prayer was already answered.

He came at the leading German and for a second the two machines streamed nickel at one another. Tam felt the wind of the bullets and knew his machine was struck. Then his enemy crumpled and fell. He did not wait to investigate. The bomber was firing up at his nearest opponent when Tam took the third in enfilade and saw the pilot's head disappear behind the protective armoring.

He swung round and saw the bombing machine diving straight for the earth with the German scout on his tail. Tam followed in a dizzy drop. Three thousand feet from earth the bombing machine turned a complete somersault and Tam's heart leaped into his mouth.

He banked over to follow the pursuing German, and in the brief space of time which intervened before his enemy could adjust his direction to cover pilot and gunner, Tam had both in line. His two guns trembled and flamed for four seconds and then the German dropped straight for earth and crashed in a flurry of smoke and flying débris.

Tam looked backward. The bomber had pancaked and was drifting to a landing; the squadron was out of sight. Tam glided to the broad field before the hospital.

"I knew it was you—I knew it was you!"

He looked down from the fusillage at the bright upturned face.

"Oh, aye, it was me," he admitted, "an' A'm michty glad ye was lookin', for A was throwin' stunts for ye."

He was on the ground now, loosening the collar of his leather jacket. He stepped clear of the obstructing planes of his machine and looked anxiously toward the gentle slopes of the ridge on which the bomber had landed.

"Thank the guid Lord," he said and sighed his relief.

He was making a careful inspection of his own machine preparatory to returning to the aerodrome when the girl came running across the field to say good-by.

"I can't tell you just how I feel—how grateful I am. My brother says you saved his life. He was in that other machine, you know."

"A knew it," said Tam. "'Twas a graund adventure, like you read aboot in books—'twas ma low, theatrical mind that wanted it so. Good-by, young lady."

"Till to-morrow—don't forget you're lunching with me at the Café St. Pierre."

Tam smiled gravely. "A'm afraid ye'll have to postpone that lunch," he said, "till——"

"Till to-morrow," she interrupted firmly, and Tam flew back to the aerodrome without explaining.

He was feeling the reaction of the morning's thrill, and when he landed he had no answer to make to the congratulations which were poured upon him.

He made his way to his hut. His batman was cleaning a pair of boots and stood stiffly as Tam entered.

"That'll do, Angus, ye may go," he said, and then saw the folded coat upon his bed. "Ah, ye got it back, did ye—well, A'll no' be needin' it."

He picked up the coat and frowned. "This is no' mine, Angus."

"Your tunic is in the box, sir—this is the one the officers had made for you. They wanted your other tunic for the measurements."

Tam looked at the man.

"Yon's an officer's tunic, Angus," he said; "an' why do ye say 'sir' to me?"

Angus beamed and saluted with a flourish.

"It's in General Orders this morning, sir—you've got a commission, an' Mr. Brandspeth says that the mess will be expectin' you to lunch at one-thirty."

Tam sat down on the bed, biting his lip.

"Get oot, Angus," he said huskily, "an'—stay you! Ye'll find a seegair in the box under the bed—an', Angus, A'm lunchin' oot to-morrow."

APRIL'S ISLE

By Mary Stewart Cutting

THROUGH the small leaves the warm wind's blowing,
Straight, straight into my heart!
All the fond memories of Life's sowing
Into new flowering start.

Gone the dark days of sorrow's giving!
Here, within April's Isle,
I know my dearest dead are living,
So near they seem the while.

And Love, once more a lightsome sprinter,
Runs up the blossoming way.
Oh, free, free of my years' long winter,
I am Youth's age to-day!

HEROES *and* RUNAWAYS

(*Continued from page* 40)

in that trench came. It was a triumph of organized distribution. As the men read further they learned how these fictitious disturbances had been suppressed:

"Because Italian troops refused to fire upon their brothers, regiments were hurried in from France. British and French have been sabering Italian women and children and riding down the men in the streets."

Italy has a long memory and there have been many Continental wars. If these peasant soldiers had had even a smattering of education they would have recognized the falsity of such stories, but Italy has never wasted money on the schooling of what we Americans call "the masses." If they had been told why they were fighting—if the German designs had been made clear to them, and the German treatment of women and children explained to them—if they had known what this war is all about they would never have been fooled by such fakes.

But they did not know. They were just unschooled, ignorant, homesick little peasant soldiers.

Later on it was said these bundles of papers had been dropped from Austrian aeroplanes inside the Italian lines. I take leave to doubt that. All the indications point to a distribution back of the lines by the agents of a comprehensive organization of traitors. Bear in mind that for a month or more negotiations had been going on for a stop-the-war movement by the soldiers themselves, by which on a certain day each should leave his dug-out and hammer his sword into a plowshare. These forged newspapers made it certain this Soviet-like scheme should succeed.

Treachery and Panic

"TOMORROW at dawn," said the Italians in No Man's Land one night, "we shall all go home."

"It is understood," said the Austrians.

Even yet the Italians can not believe that the Austrians wilfully deceived them. But during that night the Austrian regiments which fronted the Italians were quietly withdrawn and Germans filed into their empty trenches. When it was light enough to see next morning the Italians were wandering about, guns thrown to one side, fires burning in the open, when the German mass advanced. The charge was a confident one. Later on orders were found on some of the dead or captured Germans:

"No opposition need be feared at such-and-such points. Go forward as rapidly as possible and take all key positions."

It must not be understood that this happened on the entire front of the Second Army. Here and there the Italians resisted well, but as a general rule their key positions gave way without real defense. The Second Army was taken almost as a whole. Its failure forced the First and Third Armies to fall back at top speed, for otherwise they had been outflanked. In such a case a retreat soon becomes a rout.

There is no need to trace the hysteric movements of the flight which followed. Soldiers and civilians alike staggered along the roads and blundered through the fields under a rain "that came down like iron rods," as one man said. Soldiers were in open mutiny. I know one officer who congratulates himself that he was on leave at the time, "for my men shot all other officers of the company and would certainly have killed me." Officers drove wounded men out of railway carriages. Civilians were robbed and violated.

The Italian soldiers themselves sacked Udine. For weeks after the retreat the pillars of the quaint little towns in this part of Italy were plastered with posters announcing the names and rank of men who had been shot by court martial for various crimes of violence. It was a frenzied, orderless, gasping, murderous mob that pushed its way to safety, with the Austrian guns hammering upon it every hour. Gun-drivers cut the traces of their horses and galloped yelling through the throngs that filled the streets.

Yet there were instances of magnificent heroism, as if to point the way to the men who were to turn and fight so well a few days later. One defile through which the passage of troops might have been prevented by a pair of high-school girls and a machine-gun was not defended. A regiment of Bersaglieri fought its way out through the next defile, hopelessly cut off from contact, Austrians firing down upon them from the hills. "Peppino" Garibaldi and his regiment held a pass without artillery support. Time after time the Austrians shelled it until it did not seem possible a man could be left alive. Then they marched on the pass and the Garibaldians cheerfully drove them back with the bayonet.

General Diaz took command. Perhaps nine-tenths of the stories told of him are untrue and the other tenth can not be investigated at this time. But he handled the situation in a soldier-like way. His retreating army was whirled upon its heel and made to fight again. Offending men were executed off-hand. Officers found guilty of treason were shot literally in squads, if one may believe the stories that all Italy believes. There is one particularly picturesque tale of the masked men marching through city streets on their way to death—

"Not all of the men were masked," you are assured. "Just now and then, when the man was important and the Government feared he might be recognized."

Whatever may have been Italy's reasons for going to war—and they were not only good reasons but they were inescapable—they had not been passed on by Italy. A conscientious, patriotic, devotedly honest Government had been obliged to defeat the anti-war party in a guerrilla fight of council chamber and closet. The very night war was declared the German ambassador gave a dinner party to his intimates, when they rejoiced that—

"Italy will remain neutral. We will not give her all she wants, but she shall have *pareochio*—'a good deal.' "

The Ultimate Victory

VON BÜLOW'S *pareochio* almost carried the day. But it was the week the *Lusitania* was sunk, and D'Annunzio and others so stirred the Latin spirit that the party of neutrality dared not speak out. There has been no doubt that the anti-war party commanded a clear majority of the votes in the Chamber, but its members were being stoned in the streets. The declaration of war was ordered by a *viva voce* vote.

It had been a battle of politician against politician, in which both sides played the inner game in silence. In the absence of all knowledge, the men who later fought felt they had been pushed like pawns about a board.

But the day the Germans hammered back the Italian line and invaded Italy a new spirit made itself felt. Men and women who had been fearful suddenly became confident. The people who had been calling for peace now cried for war to the end. The traitorous propaganda was suddenly muffled. Cynics spoke of Latin emotionalism, and yet declared they seemed to see a nation growing under their eyes. The very men who had run away put the new spirit of Italy in words. Posters called on them to return to duty, and they formed themselves in squads. Then they marched through the streets, without officers, under improvised flags, chins up, eyes flaming. They sang a little song that ran like fire through the country. It may be roughly translated as follows:

"Yesterday we were deserters:
Then we knew not that Mother Italy needed us;
Today we return as conquerors."

POETRY *of the* WAR

SERBIA

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

HARK, from the East a keen and bitter cry—
New tears are flowing in the furrows of old sorrow.
On your wasted fields your dead drift like fallen leaves;
Only the Pale Harvester garners heavy sheaves.
How have you the courage to struggle toward to-morrow,
Serbia, Serbia, land that will not die?

I have stood for freedom—freedom can not perish.
I have stood for honor—honor must endure.
But my children starve, the children who should cherish
For the world's to-morrow my spirit flaming-pure.
You who sit in safety, you whose babes are fed,
You who by the peril of other men are free,
Listen to my living, ere the hour be sped,
Lest you hear forever the silence of my dead.
Serbia, Serbia, God hears. Do we?

YE THAT HAVE FAITH

By AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER WHO DIED AT GALLIPOLI

YE THAT have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight.
I saw the Morning break."

Reprinted from an English paper.

HOMES

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE lamplight's shaded rose
On couch and chair and wall,
The drowsy book let fall,
The children's heads, bent close
In some deep argument,
The kitten, sleepy-curled,
Sure of our good intent,
The hearth-fire's crackling glow;
His step that crisps the snow,
His laughing kiss, wind-cold. . . .

Only the very old
Gifts that the night-star brings,
Dear, homely evening things,
Dear things of all the world,
And yet my throat locks tight. . . .

Somewhere far off I know
Are ashes on red snow
That were a home last night.

LEST WE FORGET

By "SAPPER" R. BERNARD

A SIMMER'S day I gaed tae the wars
As proud as a lord;
I left my lass wi' een like staurs
At the wastmost ford.

The toon I socht was far awa'
Ower hill an' dale—
But oh, the bonnie sichts I saw
Gaun thro' the vale!

In Birkmyre Woods I stooped to where
Wild violets grew;
I saw a stream that had nae care
Come dancing thro'.

I saw a laverock leave its nest
An' seek the sky;
I saw a rose receive as guest
A butterfly.

I saw some bonnie sichts that day
Gaun tae the wars—
I saw my lass's een gae pray—
They shone like staurs!

A year's passed by, an' frae the wars
I hie me hame,
Roond Dirleton Loch an' grim Ben Scaurs—
The road I came.

The vale is fu' o' simmer soonds
As I gae in:
I hear a lintie gaun his roonds
Frae ha' tae whin.

I hear a sighing 'mongst the pine—
'Tis cannie breeze;
I hear the lowing of the kine
On yonder leas.

An' noo I pass a cottage door
Whaur bairnies play—
Lord God! that hurts me tae the core
This bonnie day.

Wheesht! That's my lass's voice ower there,
Across the river.
Her een like staurs I'll see nae mair—
I'm blind for ever!

DEATH AND THE FAIRIES

By PATRICK MACGILL

BEFORE I joined the Army
I lived in Donegal,
Where every night the Fairies
Would hold their carnival.

But now I'm out in Flanders,
Where men like wheat-ears fall,
And it's Death and not the Fairies
Who is holding carnival.

From "Soldier Songs," by Patrick MacGill,
by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

Smoke Five With Me

Here is the sweetest smoke that I ever knew, and I've smoked for over 40 years.

It was handed me once by a connoisseur, who told me where to get it. Later I had it made specially for me—made as a Panatela, the size of this picture, for a short, sweet smoke.

It is made solely from Havana leaf. So are many others. But I call this the finest-flavored leaf that ever came from Cuba.

All my friends think likewise. For nearly ten years I've supplied them. Last year I sold more than 2,000,000 cigars to over 21,000 customers and friends.

It occurs to me now that countless other men would be glad to share this discovery. I am going to let some of them do it. Not for profit so much as a hobby.

I will supply a few men, who love good cigars, at $5.50 per hundred, or $2.85 for fifty, mail or express prepaid. That's not far from my cost.

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The DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER

(Continued from page 29)

than sitting at a typewriter all day."

She felt a sudden contempt for that long-coveted desk and note-book.

"Yes, it is," he said abstractedly, watching her work. "I notice that all you girls who are stenographers or play the piano do mighty well. Your fingers are intelligent. Your occupation put with your experience should make you mighty fast."

She looked up sharply, wondering at the queer quality in his voice, but he had turned away.

That day she picked three crates of cherries, seventy-five cents' worth. She heard one of the women whom she had judged a sluggard say she had picked seven. Realizing this, Sadie recalled the young man's voice as he commented on her ability and an uneasy suspicion worried her.

The rest of the pickers cooked their own food on common stoves, Sadie ate at the Whitney table and that evening she discovered that Hornblow ate there, too. But he was at the far end, and between them were a half-dozen farm hands. Twice during that meal the girl saw Ezra's eyes on her, studying her while he talked to the men. Sadie helped with the dishes and learned much about her employer. He was alone; his mother had died before he went to the Agricultural College, and his father in the spring of his last year. He lived in the big gray house they could see through the trees. He was a good, steady boy with a great heart, and his only fault was working so hard that he often skipped his meals.

Sadie found herself hoping that he would not skip any more meals during her four weeks. Four weeks! She ached at the thought of the shortness of the time.

That night was a wonderful experience. A fading impression of white curtains waving a good-night blessing and a heavenly blank; no crash of the elevated to make her toss, no quick startings to half wakefulness, no cramped, tense postures while she slept, and, in the morning, no deadening desire to sleep again, no sense of vitality unrestored. She stretched and found her muscles sore. She remembered the look in Ezra Hornblow's eyes—the half-laughing look—and thrilled! Yet she dressed in an uncomfortable mood that made her forget the sun.

That morning, on her way to the orchard, a waddling gander hissed at her and she detoured in disorder. Disorder grew to confusion as she saw Hornblow laughing at her from the barn.

"City life has made you shy!" he called, and she went on, oppressed by an intuitive sense that he was thinking of her boasted childhood on the farm.

She shut her teeth and the blue of her eyes darkened.

"Well, I *will* be experienced!" she vowed to herself.

She spent a quarter of an hour with the best picker of all, watching his methods and that evening, blowing on the thumb where the shears had raised a blister, Sadie counted her tally. She had picked seven and a half crates. Almost two dollars' worth.

That night she dreamed of snipping irate geese from swaying branches with shears which it taxed her strength to lift. Also, of brown eyes laughing at her.

By the end of the first week Sadie Deere was second to none of the pickers for speed. Also, though she fought it, she was rapidly developing a dangerous admiration for Ezra Hornblow.

Heretofore, in Sadie's experience, men had occupied a negligible place. As a character in fiction, a nice, aspiring girl like Sadie should have looked up from her button counter to meet the wondering eyes of a young man whose financial rating was comparatively as high as the horse-power of his waiting twelve-cylinder roadster and who had come to match a cut-steel button for his sister. He should have forgotten his errand in the giddiness engendered by sight of such beauty in humble service. He should have taken her from the store, passing his chauffeur with a covert nod of dismissal, and gone to a meager lunch. She should have loved him for his simplicity, never knowing he was of North Shore extraction until he ushered her into his superb home and waited while the sister, who proved to be perfectly delightful, welcomed her with a kiss.

But no such thing ever happened to Sadie. So she had given up boys for the time being. She reasoned that when "Jessup's Home Taught" had been mastered, her new level would bring her in contact with the proper sort.

But now! At meal-times she listened with hungry ears for Ezra Hornblow's words; during the day she watched him, thrilled by his manner of authority, gentle but firm and assured. And by the beginning of the second week she was commencing to imagine herself living forever in cool, fruit-laden orchards, loved by a man like——

And that was as far as she ever permitted the vision to take shape in her own consciousness. In spite of all her imaginings Sadie had a regard for probability. She realized—with a heart-sinking that caused her to dismiss the thought hurriedly each time it presented itself—that Hornblow had deduced her misrepresentations from events which followed her coming. That forever forbade him taking her seriously; and as for Ezra—well, he was so superior to any man she had ever dreamed of, living a life of such great charm, that, with all her practise, she could not have dreamed up to the part of his beloved had she let herself try. And she must not try, Sadie told herself. She had an inherent dread of withered hopes.

Thwarted there, she opened a new existence forthwith. It helped quiet the discomfort she felt each time she told herself that to dream of Hornblow was futile.

"Was there mail for me?" she asked him one noon when he came in from the box with papers and letters.

"Not a mail," he said.

"Well, that man's getting mighty independent," Sadie laughed.

Ezra looked at her and that knowing light, which had not shown itself for days, flickered in his eyes again; then disappeared.

"I should think that a fellow who had the privilege of writing to as nice a girl as you are would see to it you didn't have to wait for letters."

Sadie blushed at the flattery.

"He's mighty busy down in Chicago."

"Well, next year you'll have to bring this friend of yours up to work for me. Would he like this hayseed life?"

"Like it?" she cried, her eyes snapping. "I guess a fellow who'll slave in a dirty, noisy city, skipping vacations and all, just so he can buy a farm some day would like it!"

"Oh, he's that sort, is he?" Hornblow asked.

But after Sadie had bet that he was and Hornblow had gone, her mouth drooped threateningly. The yearning, the hopelessness was unmistakable in her eyes.

One Sunday afternoon Ezra asked Sadie to ride in his car with him. "Business trip," he explained, "only a couple of hours."

They returned at four, and when Sadie thanked Hornblow she felt dangerously lonely. She went to her room, so quiet in the Sabbath hush, and rather too warm. She looked into the mirror and told herself that some day *they* would have a farm and a Ford and Sunday afternoon rides. That alluring picture plucked her spirits from their sagging for a time and she went to sit under a maple, Jessup open at Lesson VII, trying to make her eyes understand the paragraphs. Finally, a sob swam up from somewhere and she shut her lids to squeeze back the tears and lay down in the grass. Her make-believe lover was so intangible! Jessup and all it meant got in the way of any future there under the trees. All this was so sweet and peaceful; living here always, just a friend—no more—of Ezra Hornblow would be so heavenly—and it was all so far away, so very far. She went to sleep.

Later, Hornblow discovered her and

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain / This is the Paragon symbol for D. It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E •

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have Ed /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for A. Thus / will be Ad. Add another A at the end thus / and you will have a girl's name, Ada.

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and o will remain which is the Paragon symbol for O.

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, — would be Me.

Now continue the E across the M, so as to add D—thus and you will have Med. Now add the **large** circle O and you will have (medo), which is **meadow,** with the silent A and W omitted.

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passed cautiously on, but he did see the redness about lid and nostril and the rudimentary lesson in shorthand, as the unconscious fingers still held the book open. He entered his house and sat a long time, looking out at the distant waters of the bay, now and then smiling to himself.

One evening, Sadie sat with Hornblow on the porch of his tenant-house watching the lightning play across the sky, and his friendly talk was like flashes of light to her starved heart. Another evening, for an hour, she helped him check his accounts, her eyes intent on his handsome face. The woman who had been head of the packing-table became ill and left, and Ezra put Sadie in her place, where during those last rushing days, she was his right-hand helper.

In spite of her conviction that she must prevent it, a hope began to find root in Sadie's heart, a hope that Hornblow thus singled her out, not wholly because of her skill, but because she interested him. This hope fed on the fact that now and then she looked up to see him staring at her and that the laughter she had at first found in his eyes was no longer there. Then, at the end of one of the last trying afternoons he said to her, "I wish every girl who came up this road turned out to be as good help as you are."

Her hope wilted. "*Every* girl!" He saw in her only a female hand. His one wish was that others might be like her.

That moment marked a crisis, a turning-point. Somehow, when she arose next morning, Sadie's spirits did not rebound to the glory of life in the cool, fruit-laden orchards. She felt sodden, depressed. The morning was gray, too, and hurrying through breakfast, she did not see Ezra's worried eyes as they roved between the gathering clouds and her.

Rain came in the middle of the forenoon and the enforced idleness made Sadie as dreary as the day itself. Late in the afternoon the sun broke through, making jewels for the trees, and the washed wind blew out of the south, warm and comforting. Hornblow smiled at supper and after the meal said to Sadie: "Won't you play with me to-night? I'll take you to the movies in town or anywhere you like."

"Oh, I can't!" Sadie protested, afraid to allow herself the precious hour, knowing that it was only another taste of the dream that would not come true. "You see, I——"

"Oh, that chap won't care, will he?" Ezra broke in, smiling at her with a recurrence of the laughing light in his eye and a new quality in his manner. "You see, I handle the mail, going and coming; I don't think he has a right to care. I—don't think *you* really care. Won't you come along, just this chance? You'll be going soon——"

"Oh, don't!" she broke in hoarsely. "Don't! Don't!"—her voice weakening as she fled up the stairs.

Had his way of telling her that she had failed to deceive him on another count not been so dismaying, Sadie might have seen the want in his eyes, heard the earnest longing in his voice; but all she knew was that he had struck down her last house of cards, had dissipated her last air-castle; over and over she told herself that: he had found her out—he had found her out—until she slept.

After breakfast he approached, his face grave, and said: "Oh, say, now, I'm sorry. I'm such a bungler——"

But Sadie interrupted: "*Please*, Mr. Hornblow!"

"But I owe you an apology!"

"Don't—or I'll have to go away."

Troubled, he turned from her. Troubled, Sadie went on with her task. And still troubled, she entered on her last day in the cool orchard, no longer fruit-laden. In the blocks of trees which had borne earlier in the season, nourishing cover crops were already springing up, the last rows to be stripped of their fruit hung listless, like fagged toilers whose stint is over and who lop heartlessly before recommencing their tasks. The life seemed to have gone from the place. And surely, the spirit had gone from Sadie's heart.

The pickers were to dance that night in the big barn.

"Of course, you'll come," Ezra said to her. "You go in the morning. I want to talk to you before that time."

She mumbled an assent, though she doubted her courage. To be with him, to dance with him, would be far better than the best of her old dreams, but when, standing in her room debating with herself, the first music came from the phonograph across the way and the clatter of tongues gave way to a measured scraping of feet, she cried out:

"I can't go. He knows I'm a sham—a four-flusher. He wants to—he'll want to be kind to me, and make me stop lying—I couldn't stand it!"

So she flung herself on the bed and clutched the pillow in fevered fists and opened the wells of her grief.

She ached dully after giving vent to her emotion. She knew that she could never look at Ezra Hornblow again; knew that every memory of him was a wrench at her heart. She wanted to be away where he could never see her, to find refuge from the torment of regret that would come at sight of him.

She packed her bag by moonlight. She patted fondly the aprons she had worn through those weeks in the cool, fruit-laden orchards. She tucked Jessup away with a pang in her throat, for now that dream seemed as hopeless as the others. She put on her pumps and her mushroom hat, and paused at the head of the stairs to listen.

It was the last dance and the "contraption" that furnished the music was grinding out "Home, Sweet Home."

What a mockery to the girl, running away to Hindelbaum's! A home—a sweet home! She thought of the room against the elevated and wanted to be there quickly, to cling close to what she was, to stop tantalizing herself by these imaginings of what might have been.

She stumbled down the stairs and sprinted, her legs flying up the road to be out on the highway, trudging toward the town, before the dancers came from the barn.

Footsteps behind her; a voice calling her name. She turned a startled face over her shoulder and ran faster.

"Sadie!" he called. "Sadie, come back—Sadie!" But not until his hand reached out and shut down firmly on her shoulder did she stop.

"Don't! Oh, don't!" she begged, twisting to be free.

He shook her roughly and made her face him. "What are you doing?" he demanded breathlessly, his voice trembling.

"Go—going away!"

"Without letting me talk to you. Without letting me tell you what I've got to tell you, Sadie?"

She dropped the bag and lifted her hands to her face.

"Oh, please, don't!" she begged. "I know what it is! You're kind. I know I shouldn't have done it to you. I know you found me out. I'm only a fo—four—just a fo—four-flusher!"

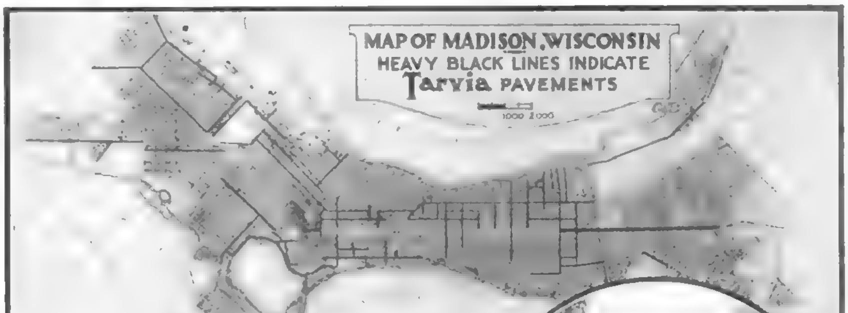
Then she was tight against him and his arms were stilling her shoulders and his face was in her hair, for he had knocked off her hat.

"Dear little four-flusher!" he whispered. "Dear Sadie Deere! Why, haven't you seen that I had to have you all along? Couldn't you know? And I wasn't sure until just the other day that it was all a game of pretend with you—you're such a good pretender. I thought maybe there *was* somebody else. I knew that with the other things you were only dreaming out loud because you wanted 'em so badly you couldn't do without them. Your summers picking cherries, growing up on a farm. I knew! I know all about Jessup, too, and you trying to be a stenographer. But the lover. You see, that meant so much to me I was afraid to decide. He was just a dream boy, too, wasn't he? Wasn't he, Sadie?"—shaking her gently. "And won't you change him for an alive one? For one who has a farm and who needs a Sadie? Can't you?"

She made a funny sound in her throat and though she would not look at him she wrapped her arms tightly about his neck. He kissed her hungrily.

"I'll never pretend again," she promised in a strained voice. "Never; honest!"

"We won't have to, sweetheart. It won't be necessary to pretend happiness. It's ours—right here!"



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(Upper picture)
Madison Street, Madison, Wisconsin, constructed with "Tarvia-X," penetration method, 1912
(Lower picture)
Regent Street, Madison, Wisconsin, constructed with Tarvia Topeka-Mix on old macadam base, 1915

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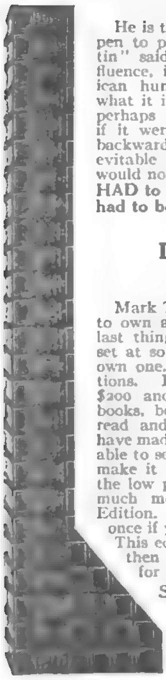

He is the greatest American who ever put pen to paper. The San Francisco "Bulletin" said only recently—"Without his influence, it is not too much to say, American humor would be far different from what it is. Millions have read his books—perhaps America itself would be different if it were not for his influence. Looking backward upon his period he seems an inevitable phenomenon. American history would not be complete without him. **There HAD to be a Mark Twain, just as there had to be an Abraham Lincoln."**

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The BUFFER

Continued from page 46

"I think it the only honest and decent thing you can do by your own," she flung his words back at him.

"There are other days coming—my own could wait—a little longer," he hesitated.

"For what, Joe?" Calhoun asked sharply.

"Tim, you don't understand. Remember, I've been with Grimes since I was a boy. I love the business. I helped to make it. If Grimes would just let me have a free hand, and run it like a partner——"

"That he'll never do," Calhoun laughed, in amused contempt. "He's bound to be the big boss!"

"I know it," Keys admitted.

"But don't," the words were wrung from him, "don't harass me any more to-night! There's a lot in what you say, Tim. I'll think it over!"

"Let me talk to him alone," Mrs. Keys signaled.

Calhoun took the hint and rose. "All right, Joe. You think about it to-night, and come to the hotel in the morning."

When Calhoun had gone, Caroline Keys went over to her husband and slipped down beside him, where he sat with his head in his hands. She put her arms around him and laid her smooth cheek against his. Her fragrance was as soothing as the scent of lilacs in spring.

"Joe, do you love me?"

"Yes, dear."

"How much?"

"All the world."

"That's the way I love you." It was their formula. "Then, won't you make the change for my sake?"

"Caroline, do you think it right?"

"Did I ever ask you to do what was not right? Think how happy we might be, with a little more, if you did not have to work so hard. We don't possess our own souls. We're in bondage to that horrible, profane old man. He comes between us and the joy of life!"

"You're not just to him, dear," Keys said, caressing her dark hair. "You don't like him."

"No, I don't," she sputtered, as viciously as only a loving woman can who sees her dear one in danger. "I hate him, and he hates me. He thinks he owns you—he tried his best to keep you from marrying me!"

"There, there, Caroline," Keys consoled, for she had come to tears. "I suppose you're right, dear. I know you are. I owe you most. My life belongs to you. But how shall I tell him?"

That was what kept Keys awake all night. It was that which made him linger over the breakfast he barely tasted. His wife, wise in her hour, said no more; she was not the woman to upset a hard-won victory by needless words. But before she kissed him good-by, she looked deep into his eyes, and, afterward, a moment, she held him very tight.

Old man Grimes met Keys at the front door. His red face was drawn into a scowl. His eyes glared angrily and his mouth was a bitter triangle.

"Can't you ever get down on time," Joe?" he complained. "Dunno how much trade we lost this morning. Seems to me you might have the interest of the business at heart. Harry's gone. I had to cuss him out this morning, and he quit cold. You ought to be here to 'tend to things!"

"Don't you think you could manage all right without me? You say so a dozen times a day."

"Certainly I could," snapped Grimes loftily, but with his small, fierce eyes following Keys's face. "I'd manage 'em better'n you do, but so long as you're supposed to look after 'em, I want you to be here on the job and not leave me to do the things you're paid to see to."

He stopped, out of breath, his gaze still curiously fixed on Keys, as if he were trying to draw a retort that he dreaded.

"If you feel that way," said Keys, striving to speak pleasantly, yet to make manifest his meaning, "Perhaps I'd better follow Henry's example and quit too."

"Then I'd tell you same as I told him," snarled Grimes, "to get to hell out of here if you're going! If you ain't, get busy!"

Grimes waited, arms akimbo, yet, even as he blustered his challenge, Keys seemed to sense an unease beneath the old man's proud defiance.

"I have an errand of my own to look after first," Keys explained, very gravely, "and then I'll come back and try to straighten out things—and—" he wanted to say the rest of it, but somehow the words stuck in his throat.

"Errand of your own? What business you got putting your personal affairs ahead of your work?"

"I'll tell you when I come back," said Keys gently.

He started to cross the street, but a nameless sound made him turn.

Grimes had followed him to the dirty, unpainted doorway. His face was a pasty white.

It was the first time that Keys had ever seen that red face pallid. The whole shapeless body of the man was shaking. One rough, dirty paw clutched the door-frame and the other tugged at the puffy throat from which the nameless sound came again.

As Keys's muscles tightened to spring back to aid, Grimes steadied himself with an effort. The blood poured back into his face, reddened his starting eyes.

"Go on about your business, damn you," he howled, "and get it over with!"

Grimes was himself again.

Keys crossed the street to the Palace Hotel, where he found Calhoun impatiently pacing the lobby.

"Made up your mind?" he called.

Keys slumped into one of the lobby chairs, and Calhoun perched on the edge of another beside him.

"Well, well?" he clamored.

Keys was staring through the open doorway at the frowsy, fussy figure of old man Grimes, whom he could see, still raging about the front of the store across the street.

"Tim," Keys said at last, "I don't know what I ought to do. Maybe I'm not doing right by my wife and the kids, but their time must come later. I can't quit the old man, Timmy; I can't! He needs me most!"

Keys would not argue, although Calhoun urged long and stubbornly, until Keys rose and left him. He had hardly entered the store before Grimes was upon him.

"I tell you what it is, Joe," he declared savagely, his face flaming, "I ain't going to pay you a big salary to loaf in hotel chairs, swapping yarns with drummers while the store is going to the devil. I'll be hanged if I pay you any salary. I don't give a cuss whether you stay here or not, but if you do, you've got to carry the load. You'll have to be an equal partner, that's what! By the Eternal, I'll have a lawyer draw up the papers to-day, and we'll see if you can't be made to 'tend to things!"

Keys stared in dumb wonder at the awful old man, scarcely believing the words his ears heard.

"I'm not going to spend all my life telling you what to do and how to do it!" Grimes urged on. "I'm going to take a trip to Hot Springs and rest my old bones. You ain't got a mite of gratitude, but I'll see if you can't be brought to time. I'm going to chuck the whole damn business, and you can run it, or let it go to pot—I don't care a cuss which!"

Keys stood speechless, his heart aching. He understood at last. Grimes, in his own sweet way, was hammering home with insults the concession Keys had never dreamed the old man could make—was making him an equal partner.

When Keys did find words, they were slow and husky, for the lump in his throat.

"I'll—I'll—do my best—partner!" he stammered. "Shake on it!"

The old man reared back in savage refusal. His eyes blazed in his fierce red face. Then, for an instant, the mask of pride and anger dropped, and, with a grip that made Keys wince, Grimes grasped the proffered hand.

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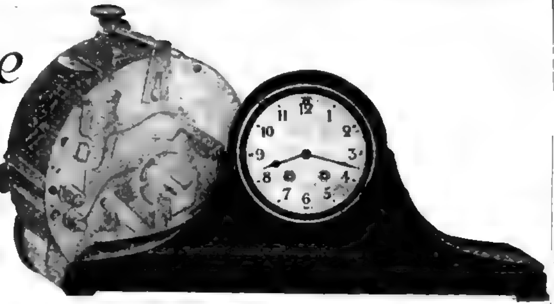

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The SKIPPER

By Howard Wheeler

ON APRIL 18, 1906, I stood at Ninth and Market Streets in San Francisco and watched a city in flames. I saw it. I tried to "get" it. I couldn't. It was too big.

Very recently I was along the battle fronts in Europe. I watched many things. I experienced exactly the same sensation—only magnified a thousand times—a sensation of utter mental helplessness. Impression after impression, one driving hard on the other, piling up, pressing down, until all effort to measure the colossal thing of which they were little bits was unconsciously abandoned—that was my experience. It seemed as though my mind was a camera, my eyes a shutter, the shutter blinking and blinking, recording picture after picture, unassorted, terrific. I found high inspiration in these impressions; awful depression.

When I came home, I had the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts now except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice. I got that much from what I saw.

The purpose in this article and in the ones that are to follow is simply to pass on those of my impressions which stand out most vividly. Taken together they will not be a connected narrative—simply the pictures as the mental camera caught them. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what they gave me.

FROM the place where I stood at the extreme right of the bridge, his figure stood out against the sky-line like the silhouette of a statue.

It was somewhere near to three o'clock in the morning. When I had climbed up to the bridge at about seven o'clock, the same figure was there on the deck over the chart-house. It was misty then, and raw. During the night the mist had disappeared; but the sky was still overcast. The sea was calm—long, rolling swells seemed to come out of nowhere and to go into nowhere.

The transport was in the submarine zone. How we knew it I do not know. No one told us. No unusual orders had been given. The routine of the ship had gone on all day as it had every day since our departure from America. Yet we all knew. Somehow at mess the conversation had turned to life-preservers. We had jollied the ship's doctor because he divulged the fact that he had brought with him one of the new-fangled life suits that carry with them food, water, stimulants, and other things designed to give health and comfort after a sudden plunge into icy water. But I for one had entered into the teasing of the doctor conscious of a certain hollow feeling in the region of my stomach, with an indefinite yearning toward a life suit. All the rest of us had only the canvas arrangements passed out to us the day we got aboard. Each had his own at the side of his chair, hanging over the back of his chair, or loosely thrown over his shoulders.

There was nothing unusual in that. The skipper's orders from the first were that we were never to be without our life-preservers. But, somehow, on that day the life-preservers and the boat-drill and the abandon-ship drills and the skipper's orders and all the things that had gone into the routine of life aboard ship had taken on a new significance and gravity with which I had not been impressed before.

The whole ship felt as I did, I think. Courage was at no lower ebb. Spirits were still high. But I recall that there was much discussion of the skipper: what a "fine, manly chap he was;" what "a fine figure of a naval officer." "He sure knows his business," was a criticism that occurred, it seemed to me afterwards, with remarkable frequency. I think it was all because at last we understood that there *was* danger, and that we were all helpless to guard against it; that this splendid chap who "knew his business" was all that stood between us and that danger.

The order for "no smoking" runs through an American transport in these days, at early dusk. There is the boatswain's whistle, one "last drag"—and a long night ahead. It may be that it isn't the same on all transports, but on our boat the "no smoking" order meant just that. A few of us there were at first who imagined that "no smoking" meant no smoking—with reservations. An arrest, five minutes in the captain's cabin, and these few understood for the rest of the journey that "no smoking" meant no smoking—just that.

So as the days and the nights passed we had become used to the most rigid sort of discipline, and had come to understand it. To us had come at least partial comprehension of the load of responsibility that rested on the shoulders of the clean-cut young chap who was so often up there on the roof of the chart-house. Without talking about it much, as I remember, we had all come to a mutual agreement that since it was up to him alone to get us through, the least we could do was to help him as far as we could by prompt and unquestioning obedience.

As a ship-load of three thousand five hundred real Americans, once we had come to that frame of mind, we had somehow stopped worrying about, or at least discussing, the possibilities and the probabilities of being sunk by mine or submarine. A cheerful sort of fatalism had settled over the ship. I found it below decks as well as in the officers' quarters. If anything happened, it would happen. That was our frame of mind; and if anything happened we would have to rely on the skipper; and the skipper was a fine chap who knew his business.

To-night was our first night in the submarine zone, and as I say I do not know how we knew it except as we could compute the distance by the number of days out. It seems to me now that there was an unusual snap and eagerness in the work of the ship's crew. I think I was not the only one who took a renewed interest in the practise of the guns. Those young fellows in the gun crew assumed a larger importance. There was less reading aboard the ship and more banter.

After mess we went out on deck for the after-supper smoke, the last one until morning. Almost every night there had been singing. There was a fat reserve officer from the South somewhere who had brought along a ukulele. Almost every night he and a few of his friends had given concerts made up of bits of every song they could remember. To-night there was a bigger crowd than usual around the ukulele. We were all very gay and devil-may-care. Between a couple of the songs some one came off watch with the information that we had run into a cold current from the north and that we were running through water that was 38 degrees cold. I think it was 38 degrees. The officer with the ukulele and a big bass voice struck up "What the Hell Do We Care," and the crowd joined in.

From that we went into "Poor Old Kaiser Bill," which goes something like this:

Your Uncle Sam he's got the cavalry,
He's got the infantry,
He's got the artillery.
And so, be heck, we're off for Germany.
Poor old Kaiser Bill!

There were three more verses to this, and we went through them all. In fact, we went through all the songs that had been popular aboard ship—"Over There," "The Yellow Ribbon," "Tipperary," and the others. For what reason I don't know, the song that was most popular all the way across is this one:

Take your arm down, you naughty boy!
Take your arm down, you naughty boy!
You were out last night in the pale moonlight,
I saw you, I saw you,
With your arm round a pretty girl,
Your head was in a whirl,
And you told me that you never kissed a girl before.
Take your arm down, you naughty boy!

I found them singing that same song on the front a few weeks later. There is something about the swing of it that takes the rough edges off of nerves. On this night we sang it many times. It lends itself easily to "the barber-shop stuff," and maybe, after all, that is the reason for its popularity.

By nine o'clock the deck was deserted except for the sentries, the men at the guns, and a few officers who had not gone below and who stood now leaning over the rail, some of them talking in low tones, others like myself merely postponing from minute to minute the time when they should turn in. Without lights, with nothing to smoke or read, and with the prospect of a night in one's clothes, the resolution to go below is a long time in forming.

For no reason except that I was wide-awake and a bit restless, I went up on the bridge. The figure that stood there on the roof of the chart-house immediately after mess was still there. It seemed to me that the skipper had not moved. I watched him for some minutes. Except for the shifting of his head as he swept the narrow circle of the water, he might indeed have been a statue. Other ships in our convoy were barely discernible. There was nothing out there to hold a man's interest. Yet I knew, somehow, that in that man up there every faculty was alert, every nerve drawn for instant action.

Hour after hour, night after night, it had been the same with him. Once he had told me that he did not smoke, that he used no liquor. He drank no coffee. He did not tell me why, but now I understood. To-morrow, perhaps, he would snatch a little sleep—an hour now, fifteen minutes another time, and so on through the day. Then would come his long vigil.

I turned in at last. When I awoke I thought it must be close to morning. In my room it was as black as the inside of an inkwell. I adjusted my life-belt, got into my overcoat, and went on deck. There I could make out the hands of my watch. It was barely three o'clock. The gun crew had shifted. Lookouts had been relieved. I mounted to the bridge. It was still there, the silhouette of that solitary man—this "fine chap" who "knew his business."

Down below him, sleeping, were over three thousand men who relied upon him to take them through to the place where they themselves had a job to do. His job was to get them there. He was taking no chances. I imagine that it was all prosaic to him—all in the day's work.

Many a time I have joined a group who have consumed an hour or more in damning the administration of our naval affairs and deploring the grade of the navy's personnel. It is one of the privileges in a democracy for citizens to do this. For myself, I am one citizen who has been taught this: that it may be very silly to condemn flatly and indiscriminately without a fund of information and experience relative to what one is setting out to condemn. I think it is possible to be taught something even by the silhouette of a man outlined against a dreary sky in the middle of the ocean at three o'clock in the morning.

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AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Passenger Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
				3¼x4½	25.35	122	Salisbury		32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	$1295	$1295		$1295		$1920	
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	122	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	1595	1595		1595	$2150	2150	
									32x3½										
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	own	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1195	$1095			1395	
				3⅛x4½	15.63	106			30x3½										
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	Al-Chal.	3x4½	21.60	114		FF	32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal.							
AMERICAN SIX.												W'house							
Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Atw. Kent	1695	1695	1645	1695			
ANDERSON,				3¼x4¼									1475	1475	1475	1525			
Rock Hill, S. C.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	25.25	120	Columb.	FF	33x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1925				2165	$2750
APPERSON				3½x5	30				34x4		Rayfield			2200		2200			
Kokomo, Ind.	2	6-8	Own	3¼x5	34	130	Own	DF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Bijur		2550		2550		3400	
			Cont.	3¼x4½	23.4	120		¾F	34x4			Remy		1345	1345			1595	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	131		FF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1395		1685		1985	2450
AUSTIN,																			
Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	5000		5000	5250
			G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	32	114	Peru		31x4		Zenith		995	995	995				
BELL, York, Pa.	2	4	Cont.	3¾x5	36	114	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	1145	1145	1145				
									32x4										
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5½	22	121		¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
				3½x5		114									895				
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4-6	Lycom.	3 x4¼	20	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			1055				
BOUR-DAVIS,																			
Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x5¼	29.4	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy			1850				[illegible]
BREWSTER,																			
New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	7200	7700	7700		8400	8400	8500
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.187x5⅛	16.25	104	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	825		825				
				3¾x4¾	18.2	106			31x4				795		795			1185	
				3¾x4¾	27.3	118		¾F	34x4							1495		2175	
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	Own	3¾x4¾	27.3	124	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1265	1265		1695	1845	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5		116	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.		Delco			875				
CADILLAC,						125			35x5										
Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3⅛x5⅛	31.25	132	Timken	FF	34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2805	2805		2805		3650	4145
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS,																			
Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS,						117			32x4										
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	122	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1365	1475	1365	1450	1625	1850	2925
CHANDLER,																			
Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
				3.687x4	21.7	102	Own		30x3½	Grav.			620		635		1060	1060	
CHEVROLET,				3.687x5¼	21.7	108	Own		33x4	Vac.			935		935			1475	
New York City	3	4-8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	120	Own	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		1385	1385				
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	2395	2395		2395	2495	2795	
												Ward							
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Leonard		1595	1450			1995	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285			2250	
COMMONWEALTH, formerly																			
Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995				
CRAWFORD,																			
Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART,																			
Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	935	995	935		1295	1395	
CUNNINGHAM,						132							4250	4250	4250	4250	5500	5500	5500
Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4750	4750	4750	4750			6000
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3250	3250	3250	3250			
				3¼x4½	25.35	119	Hyatt	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1185	1185	1185		1850	
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	125	Bock	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1785	1785	1785		2100	
DISPATCH,																			
Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1250		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER,																			
Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995			1375	
DOBLE STEAM CAR,																			
Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	35x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty				3750			
DODGE BROTHERS,									32x3½										
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stewart	No. East		885	885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	132	Timken	FF	33x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
									30x3½										
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	105½	Walker	¾F	31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		865	865		1265	1265	
DOUGLAS 8, (formerly																			
Drummond) Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	124	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2000	2000	2000	2100			
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¾x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch		295						
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	116	Salisbury	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1285			1795	
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	2	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		1095	1095			1625	
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4¼	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
EMPIRE,			Teetor	3⅛x5	24	115	Peru	SF	33x4				1165		1125				
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4-6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.6	120	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1360	1345	1375		1685	
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
F. I. A. T.,																			
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5⅛x6¼	42	140	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Zenith	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	6500
									30x3		Holley								
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Kingston		435		450		560	695	
FRANKLIN,																			
Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2200	2250	2250			3050	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich	1	4	G. B. & S	3¾x4¼	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1495	1495			1795	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4½	21.6	114	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1055	1055	1055		1575	1595	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto							
HAL TWELVE,																			
Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3600	3750	3600	3600		4750	5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4¼	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.	Zenith	Wagner	750	985					
						106			31x4										
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	115	Peru	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	950	1090	1080				
		6				121			34x4						1850				
		6		3½x5	29.4	127			35x4½			Leece		1950		1950	2535	2585	
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	3	12	Own	2¾x5	36.3	127	Own	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Neville		2910		2785	3335	3385	
			Own	3x4¼	28.8				34x4		Stewart				1485				
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	116	Own	SB	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Splitdorf			1285				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN,																			
Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¾x3¾	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						
HUDSON SUPER SIX,									32x4½										3150
Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		2050		1950		2750	3400
HUPMOBILE,																			
Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x5½	[illegible]	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1250		1250				
INTERSTATE,																			
Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	950	1025	1000				

(Continued on page 87)

Continued from page 86	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
														$1495					
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	1575	$1495	$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5⅛	35	126	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875	1875	1875		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur		2375		1995		2750	$3500
									32x4½		Ball &								
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur							
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy		2085	2085	2085	$1935	1935	
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		2850		2450	2850	3000	
KLINE KAR,																			
Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1495	1495	1495			2220	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		1095	1095	1095			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON,						116			32x4					1385					
Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	29.4	122	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1585		1585	1545	1885	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,			Own	4¼x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3⅞x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX,																			
Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3500	3500	3500	4600	4600	4650
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
		4	Own	3⅛x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾F	30x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	830						
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Falls	3⅛x4¼	23.44	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1050	1050	1050	1080		1650	
MARION-HANDLEY,																			
Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5½	33.75	136	Own	¾F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur		3550	3500	3550		5150	5250
MAXWELL,									30x3½			Simms-							
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅝x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾F	31x4	Grav.	K. D.	Huff		745	745		1095	1095	
MERCER,						115					Ball &								
Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	132	Own	FF	32x4½	Vac.	Ball	W'house	3750	3850	3850				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	605		695				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Splitdorf	1250	1280	1250		1850	1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3¾x5	22.5	118			34x4			Wagner-		1650	1650			2280	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Auto-Lite		1985		1985			
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR,																			
Columbus, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1295				
MONROE, (Wm. Small Co.,		4	Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Vac.			565	635				965	
Inc.,) Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Own	3¼x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾F	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		995	995			1850	
		6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	19.85	114	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Tillotson	Wagner			1295				
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	125	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1785		1785			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1985		1985	2950	2950	
MOORE 30.																			
Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	695	695	695				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3½	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3600	4000	4000
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x4¾	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL,			Own	3½x5¼	29.4							W'house		2150		2150	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2⅞x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2750		2750	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	Own	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	1050		1050		1550	1550	
											Johnson								
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Ball &	Remy	1195		1195		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Delco		1495		1495			
OLYMPIAN,																			
Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x4½	17	112	Own	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1085			1340	1565	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	104	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	780	840					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	106	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			795			1240	
		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		915	930				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1115	1130		1420	1620	
		6	Own	3½x5½	29.4	125	Amer.	FF	34x4½					3300	3300	3300			4350
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136	Amer.	FF	35x5					3950		3950	3600		5000
Cleveland, Ohio	3	6	Own	4x5½	40	142	Amer.	FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		5300		5300		6300	6300
			Own	3x5	43.2	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3950	3950	3950	5300		5500
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.2	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4300			5850
						117													
			Rutenber	3½x5	23.4				32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
											Ball &								
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball	Auto-Lite	2490	2340		2340	2850	2990	3690
												Ward-							
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125		FF	32x4½	Vac.		Leonard			5000				
			Own	4x5½	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4½x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3½x5	23.4	120	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1295	1295				
PREMIER,									32x4										
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285		3285	
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	875	875	875				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4⅛x4½	27.2	120		SF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson			1225	1225				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4–6	Own	3.563x5⅛	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1550		1550			
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER,		4	Dusenb'g	4 x6	25.4	128			32x4½				2950	2950		3250		3750	
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2350	2250		2475		3250	
												Ward-							
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Leonard		1850		1850			
SAYERS SIX,																			
Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco			1395				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		445						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6–8	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		995	995			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,		4	Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾F	30x3½		Zenith	Remy		935					
Detroit, Mich.		6	Northway	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4		Marvel	Remy	1195		1195				
	3	8	Ferro	2⅝x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1285					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	LeRoy	3½x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	A.-Chal.		900	850				
SIMPLEX,									36x4½		New-	Eismann	chassis						
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4⅜x6¾	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1950					
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2450	2450		2450	3500	3500	4000
STANLEY STEAMER,												Aplco							
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Ltg.		2750		2800			
STATES,		4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac		Dyneto	895	895	895				
Kalmasoo, Mich.	2	6	Own	3 x4½	30	112	Adams	FF	31x4	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	995	995	995			995	
STEARNS,				3¾x5⅝	22.5	119			34x4		Schebler			1785	1785	2175	2400	2535	3350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4–8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		2575		2575	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT																			
SIX, Moline, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1585	1650	1585			2085	
				3½x5	19.26	112			32x3½		Schebler				895				
STUDEBAKER,				3½x5	29.4	119			32x4		Ball & Ball	Wagner-				1295			
Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3⅞x5	36.04	126	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Remy					1695		
						120													
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	4	Own	4⅜x6	30.6	130	Own	¾F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550	2650		2750			
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1340	1340	1340		1900	1885	2450
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy				1595			
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1890	1940	1940	2790	2790	
						124½						Leece							
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¾	28.9	137½	Own	Own	35x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		5000		5000	6050	6050	6200
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	120	Own	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1365		1365		2045	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1525	2175		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				2000		2700	2800
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¾x5¼	33.75	128	Own	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	2950	2950	2950	3000	3950	4200	3950
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Own	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3500	3500	3500	3500	4500	4750	4500
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	2⅞x4	[illegible]	124	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Perkins	3½x4	18	104		FF	28x3	Grav.	Carter	Disco	405						

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	$2400 to $4600
"ACME," Acme Motor Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 4	1900 to 3900
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2900 and 3850
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	985
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2475 to 3875
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	2050
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1950 to 4600
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1220 to 2150
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear D.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"BETHLEHEM" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼ to 2¼	1245 to 2565
"BOURNE MAGNETIC," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., New York City. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3500 to 4200
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2650
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	½	825 and 850
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2450 to 3750
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Bellevue Ohio, 1 model. With body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	885
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear D.	1	1340 to 1490
"CONESTOGA," Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancaster, Pa. 2 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb.&1½	1050 to 1450
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4500
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 7000
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1850 to 3600
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	950 to 2365
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1490 to 4900
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models.	1 to 5	2000 to 4750
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete Internal chain D.	¾	1150 to 1250
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2685
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	4000
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4400
"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type.	1	600
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive on both axles thru center differential.	3	4600
"FULTON," Fulton Motor Truck Co., Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. 1 model chassis only. Internal gear drive.	1½	1420
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1700 to 3300
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	2100 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1425 to 2050
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 6	On application
"GRANT," The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 3 models. 2 models chassis only. 1 model with body. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1020 to 1885
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2350 to 4200
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2850 to 4600
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	840 to 875
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Truck Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1750
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HERCULES" Hercules Truck Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2800 to 4750
"HEWITT-LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"HORNER," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1½ to 5	2600 to 4750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis D.	1½ to 7	2600 to 6500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	$1385 and $1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1800 to 4200
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear D.	¾ to 2	1450 and 2550
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1385 to 4350
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2100 to 4900
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼	1150 to 1550
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	½	700
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive.	3 and 5	[illegible] to 5000

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N.Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 5	1950 to 4450
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1900 to 3050
"LITTLE GIANT," Little Giant Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2550 to 4750
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5500
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	4000 and 5000
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	1085
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	¾ to 5	1650 to 4540
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2050 to 5000
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"NILES," Niles Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"NOBLE" Noble Motor Truck Co., Kendallville, Ind. 1 model, chassis with cab. Worm drive.	2	2300
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear D.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"OVERLAND" Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O. 2 models. With or without bodies.	800 and 1200 lb.	785 to 930
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2650 to 5400
"PANHARD," Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 and 1½	985 and 1185
"PARAGAN," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 to 6	4000 to 5200
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1¼	995 and 1350
"RELIANCE," Raliance Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 4 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	1¼ to 5	1295 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1175 and 1800
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Mich., 7 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	895 to 4500
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	2 to 5	2800 to 4500
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895 to 985
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 5800
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	3000 to 4600
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2950 to 4700
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear D.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4600
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	2000 to 4750
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"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2990 to $5500
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	850 to 2295
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	945 and 1300
"SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
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"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	1600 and 1700
"TWIN CITY-FOUR WEEL DRIVE" Twin City-Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 2 models.	3½x5	4250 to 5250
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive.	1 to 6	1850 to 4500
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"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm	1½ to 3	2000 to 3400
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corp'n, Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	940 to 3500
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 14 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	½	845 to 1835
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and four wheel drive.	3 to 7½	4500 to 5000
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus, etc., special. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 5	2300 to 5000
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain D.	1 to 5	1800 to 4300
"WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	¾ to 5	On application
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INTERNED SWITZERLAND

A letter from Albert Frapwell, a New York business man, who volunteered for war work with the Y. M. C. A. He was detailed for several months as purchasing agent for the Association in Switzerland. His letter gives a first-hand impression of conditions in one of the few remaining neutral nations.—The Editor.

POOR Switzerland is not very gay these days. Though not in the war, the troubles of a nation at war are to some extent hers. Coal is very short—so short that the hotels can not allow guests to have baths except on Saturdays. The rooms are poorly heated. All offices must close at four-thirty or be liable to a fine of five hundred francs. Germany is the only country that can supply any coal, and she offers it all bound up in red tape, demanding a return in food and subscriptions to her war loans. She says: "If you give the Allies any food or lumber we will close your factories and freeze your homes." On the other hand, the Allies say: "If you don't supply us with what you can, we won't give you anything." We are most happy that America gave wheat and corn without any request in return.

Switzerland is not, however, badly off for food. Sugar is given out most carefully in metal containers that hold a little more than a teaspoonful. The country is also short of butter and in some places of cheese—which is hard to understand: unless she is sending cheese to Germany, Switzerland should have enough of all the milk products. Rice, butter, sugar, macaroni and bread are sold only on cards. All bread is at least one day old when sold, is dark and heavy, but really not very bad. A small amount of flour is also allowed to each person.

A sad sight in Switzerland now is the number of people who have no work to do. There are thirteen thousand beds in the town of Lucerne; the average number occupied for the last four years is thirteen hundred. One of the shopkeepers told me he had made but one good sale this year, and that was to me—I had spent about ten dollars. Many of the stores are closed.

All the warring nations are using Switzerland as a health resort, and almost every town has some seriously ill prisoners, sent here by their captors for a chance to recover. Each nation pays the board of these interned prisoners at the low rate of four or five francs for a private and five or six for an officer. Some camps have been built for them; but the Government does not like this method. The Association is trying to do work for these men similar to that in the prison camps.

I am very sure that few people in America know how the Swiss regard our entrance into the war. This is particularly true of the Swiss German. In my opinion, one of the best things we could do would be to publish a paper in German, in which we explain American ideals. To-day the Swiss German reads only a German paper, which may be printed in Germany or be a pro-German Swiss paper, and he has the notion that the Yankee is after land or money. The German Swiss is less pro-German, though, than at the beginning of the war, and he was never positively so. Underneath, he has German sympathy, but this is now overshadowed by a realization of what Prussianism would do to Switzerland. He is practically a neutral. The French Swiss is, if possible, more French than a Frenchman, while the Italian Swiss is a quiet individual who would like to see Italy win but will not exert himself overmuch to say so.

LET me tell you about some work which the Swiss are doing which does not bear the name Christian but is a most Christlike work. Germany has been sending through Switzerland—I suppose under an agreement with the nations concerned—all the "undesirable" citizens living in the territory of the Allies which Germany now holds. They are all old men and women, children, and sick persons of all ages. This has been going on since the beginning of the war. They enter Switzerland at Schaffhausen or Basle and then proceed south through several of the principal cities. My first sight of them was in Zurich.

We were advised to be at the railroad station at six-thirty. When we arrived we found one of the tracks guarded by soldiers. On one side stood a large group of young nurses. Two cars were backed against the bumper in the station, and on the platform were a coffee-stand and several flat trucks with wash-basins and pitchers filled with water. Several soldiers stood behind the coffee-stand and the trucks. In a corner were many large baskets, carefully covered, each filled with sandwiches, fruit, etc. The train was backed slowly up to the two cars and the girls boarded the train. In a few minutes they came back loaded down with babies.

Each child was carefully carried to one of the two cars, which had already been prepared. All the seats had been removed, double windows had been put in, and benches placed. On these were large basins filled with warm water. Every child was bathed, then fitted out with clean clothes and given a good meal. Some of the clothes were new, some the mended clothes of a group which had passed through before. All over Switzerland women have been buying and making clothes and sending them to the cities, and the women in Zurich have the added task of mending the mendable clothes.

You can not imagine the condition of these children. They have been cooped up for many hours in a train filled to standing room where the sanitary conditions are far from adequate. In many cases the dirt has to be removed with the back of a knife. Every day the girls are made ill. In many cases these children are even dangerous to handle. Indeed, several of the girls have contracted contagious diseases, and two have died. Still the work goes on six days in the week.

Imagine the mental suffering of the older people—uprooted in a few minutes, crowded into a train, and transported many miles, usually with only such things as they can carry in a large handkerchief, and transported many miles, not knowing where they are going or how they are to get support. One woman who journeyed through Zurich was a hundred years old. When the train arrives all these people are given an opportunity to go to the trucks and clean up. The soldiers give them towels, soap and brushes, and if in need of clothes, they are fitted out as well as the supply will allow. Then the sandwiches are handed about by soldiers, and the coffee is served at the stand. Before the train starts from the station the baskets of fruit are given away, each grown-up receives a paper written in French, and the children get toys. These people, rushed away from all they love, without food or almost anything, find in this little country a new interpretation of the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We had exciting times in Zurich in the early winter—perhaps the work of German interests. Many of the factories here devote part time to the manufacture of munition parts, and they have been attacked by the so-called pacifists. Many of these pacifists are deserters from the Swiss and other armies. They correspond to the rough element of any town, and many of them are a mild brand of anarchists. They are easily led by excited speakers and have been worked up to cause considerable disorder. Groups of over one thousand attacked the munition factories and broke the windows and tried to intimidate the workers. They argue that if Switzerland did not send munitions to the belligerents the war would end, not reflecting that the amount produced there might be compared to a drop in an ocean.

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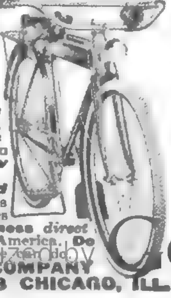


The WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 53*)

staring—as he had stared at her on that former occasion—as King Polydectes had stared until he turned to stone at the Gorgon's bloody head—was the paralysis of sheer horror. Horror of what she was, and meant, and saw; of her wanton defilement of a lovely thing. And, as on that other occasion, it was not until her: "Oh, don't go on standing there! Go! Go away!" that he could leave her. He went then, without a word.

She sat, just as she had been sitting when he came into the room, holding one bare arm in the other hand. She stayed like that, stonily still, for a moment after he had gone out; then suddenly and viciously dug into the soft flesh of that arm until the nails brought blood. Another moment and she relaxed, caressed the wound with her mouth and sucked the blood away. Her eyes were smoldering but she smiled a curious, sullen, defiant sort of smile.

I do not think she can fairly be called perverse. Love and pain are messages that run along parallel wires, and, in many, if not most, quite normally constituted people, strange inductivities are set up between them. That craving in her for pain and struggle was a fundamental want in her which Hugh had never satisfied. Never, since their first accidental encounter, had he exerted any force upon her. Again and again, through the weeks before their marriage and the months that followed it, she had tried—only half-conscious, I suppose, that that was what she was trying for—to provoke him to do something violent to her, to use his strength against which she should struggle in vain. She knew he had it; it maddened her that he would not use it. If ever he had beaten her, choked her, taken hold of her even, hard enough to bruise, her love for him would have become a whole-souled, complete, satisfactory thing. Giving it up, at last, as hopeless, her love for him, while it persisted, became a rankling, unsatisfied, contemptuous thing. And the contempt accumulated.

Mrs. Corbett was all wrong, of course, in her interpretation of Helena's motive in throwing Jean, as she said, at Hugh's head. The notion of trapping Hugh into a compromising situation which would give her the whip-hand in dictating the terms of a divorce, was one which Helena, to do her justice, would never have entertained for a moment. Her real motive, which Mrs. Corbett would hardly have understood had it been explained to her, was, substantially what she had just avowed to Hugh. Watching the pair, reflecting upon the sort of use they made of the opportunities she gave them, gave that contempt of hers something to feed upon.

She had not plotted out the consequences further than that. She had no intention of springing her mine on Hugh, certainly not when he came in to-night. Their quarrel had been as surprising to her as to him. Only surprises didn't affect her in the same way. Her mood, created by the paper she had read that afternoon and by the telephone call after she got home, was dangerously explosive. His mood had exploded it. The materials of which she had made their quarrel were nothing to her. She had begun it quite at random.

She was, in a word, a much simpler person than he. It was her temperamental habit to let herself go, just as it was his to hold himself in. And she was as incapable of understanding his inhibitions as he was of understanding her excesses.

Well, she had done it now. And she guessed it was just as well that she had. She was glad of it. This was about what that defiant, sullen smile of hers meant. She'd given him his last chance. If he wouldn't resent a vile insult like that to his precious Jean, he would never resent anything. He had gone away, she tried to tell herself—though not, I think, with very genuine conviction—like a whipped dog. It suited her mood, anyhow, to think so.

She had an extraordinarily pleasurable sense of satisfaction and well-being. She wanted to do something. Something exciting. What was it she had meant to do?

Her eyes fell on the telephone pad. She had, for five minutes, forgotten all about that. She would go, of course.

She dressed in the plainest suit she had, a pair of stout boots and an untrimmed beaver hat. She inquired if her husband had gone out, and, on being told that he had, said that she wasn't coming down to dinner. He was out tramping the streets, she supposed. Thinking! It amused her to find that she was in good humor with him again.

With a smile a little rueful, a little impatient, a little mischievous, she scrawled, without sitting down at her desk, a note to him.

"I didn't mean it, of course. Not that that makes any difference, I suppose."

This she took into his bedroom and laid on his pillow.

Then slipping on a storm-coat, she went out, walked over to State Street, and took the street-car, on the way to her *rendezvous*.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Intrigue

WHEN she got down-town, the sight of a lunch-room reminded her that she was hungry. So she went into it, ordered an oyster stew, sat down in one of the wide-armed chairs, and ate. She hadn't been in one of those places in years. It had romantic associations, too. A man in love with her had once threatened to kill her in one of these nice, clean, white-tiled lunch rooms. They had come in about four o'clock one wet winter afternoon, when the place was pretty well deserted, for the warmth of it, and a chance to sit down and talk—as they had done, in whispers.

She couldn't have been more than nineteen when that happened—the better part of ten years ago. And yet it seemed more real to her to-night than the house she had just left; than those rich, complacent Corbetts whose name she bore, whose secure, upholstered life she had, in a dream, been living. What a dream!

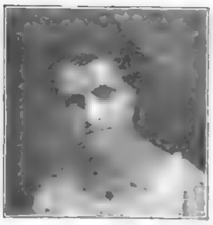
She paid her punched check—twenty cents—at the cashier's desk. And, after going out and walking a block or two—it had begun to snow—boarded the car that would take her to her destination. It was not crowded yet, but it had been recently; had the familiar smell.

She had a long ride before her and she settled to enjoy it. Her fellow passengers interested her—stimulated her curiosity. The savor of them excited her; a man with a beard, a woman with her head in a shawl, a Yiddish newspaper, a conversation in Czech between a man and woman in the seat behind her. The effect upon her was that of going back to meat upon one who has, for a reluctant while, been a vegetarian. After the car got out of the down-town district and threaded its way to its eventual thoroughfare, her gaze was constantly out the window. The foreign-language signs on the shops greeted her as old friends. She experienced the thrill—not of an adventurer, but of one returning, after long wanderings, home.

She did not leave the car at the corner her drug-store was on (it was on the far side of the street and the car stopped on the near), but rode by and took a preliminary look at it from the window.

It was a dingy old wooden building with a ridge roof, the gable facing the main thoroughfare. Through the half-glazed doors, she caught a glimpse, as she went by, of a glowing stove out in the middle of it. The upper story was flamboyantly painted with a doctor's sign, advertising X-ray cures for a catholic catalog of complaints.

She cast a sharp glance into the recessed doorway which gave access to the doctor's quarters, to see if any one were lurking there. She couldn't be sure, through the snow, but she thought not. At the next corner, she got out and walked back briskly, and with no overt pauses for looking about, but with an eye which missed no geographic or human detail of the scene, either



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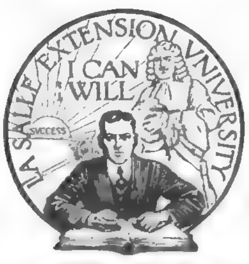

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Everybody's Magazine **New York City**

upon the opposite side of the street or upon her own. She saw no suspicious appearances anywhere.

It may be remarked that there wasn't one flutter of fear about her. Whatever else one may think about her, it is impossible to deny her courage.

Entering the store, she found one old woman customer being waited upon by the solitary clerk. She was buying a precious little bottle of ear-oil, guaranteed, it appeared, as a sure cure for deafness.

Helena asked for the telephone directory, and on having it pointed out to her, busied herself with it until the old woman went out. When the clerk came back, she said: "I am looking for a man named Galicz."

The clerk pointed to the telephone booth and she went into it, to find that it had another door opening into the prescription department behind the screen. He came round the other way.

"The man you want," he said, "is in the doctor's place up-stairs. You can go through this door," he nodded toward it, but made no move to open it for her, "and down the hall to the stairs, without going outside."

She obeyed this direction implicitly once more. The hall and the stairs were sufficiently lighted, and she made her way, without misadventure, to a door on the second story that had the doctor's name painted on it, and the invitation "Walk in," which she did, thereby ringing a little bell.

Two or three patients were miserably waiting in this reception-room, staring blankly at some terrifying and highly colored diagrams that hung on the walls; but the doctor, summoned by the bell, appeared immediately from the inner room. He was a brisk, bearded and spectacled gentleman in a frock coat and a skull-cap. Evidently he knew who she was, for he said: "You have an appointment, haven't you?" And, taking her assent for granted, he led her out the door she had come in by, and down the hall, to a room at the end of the building, indicated the door to her, and then went back as he had come.

She opened it, still without hesitation, and went in. She found herself, rather surprisingly, in a comfortably furnished room, carpeted, a solid drop-leaf table in the middle, with an old-fashioned hanging lamp above it, a shelf with books along one wall, a folding-bed davenport and a wash-stand, a base-burner stove, and, between it and the center table, an easy chair with a man in it.

He had been reading a newspaper and smoking a pipe before she opened the door, and he looked deliberately around at her before he got up. He was collarless and in his socks. A fortuitous growth of black beard, two weeks old or so, covered his face. His eyes were a bright Irish blue. On the whole, she liked his looks. It would be hard to say how old he was. In his early thirties, she guessed.

"You're Helena, then," he said.

His pronunciation of her name was on the right note. Hugh and his friends had always stressed the first syllable. She liked his voice, too, though the tone of it had been by no means ingratiating; not quite hostile perhaps. Non-committal, anyhow.

She looked at him thoughtfully for perhaps a dozen seconds before she answered. "Yes, I'm Helena," she said, pronouncing the name as he had, "but I don't know you. You're no one I've ever seen before."

"That's true," he assented. "I've never seen you, either. But I knew your father."

A frown of undisguised suspicion creased itself sharply between her brows. "I knew every one he did," she said, shortly, "from the time I was ten years old until they took him away from me."

"I knew him in prison," the man answered her. "My name's Frank Gilrain. I can convince you of the truth of that—if you're willing to be convinced. If you don't want to be, go now."

They stayed as they were, looking steadily at each other for a moment longer. Then, suddenly, rather giddily, one might have thought, she sat down in a chair. "Tell me about him," she commanded.

He took his time about beginning; relighted his pipe, and, after standing before her for a minute or two, twisted his easy chair around so that it faced her, and seated himself. From the moment he began to talk, she did not doubt that he was telling the truth.

"You wrote him some letters at first," he said, "but I think he never answered them."

"No," she said. "From the time they took him away, until they wrote me that he was dead, and that I could have the body, I heard nothing from him."

"He died of pneumonia," Gilrain said.

She nodded assent to that too. That was what her letter had said.

"He wasn't so unhappy there." This was after a silence; Helena staring, a thousand fathoms deep in revery, at the glowing stove doors; the man watching her with half-shut eyes through the smoke of his pipe. "He was a sort of philosopher. Said he was dead already when he came there, and so had nothing to worry about. He'd lived his life, he said, and given it.

"He had one bad time, but it didn't last long. He was a trusty almost from the first. One could see with half an eye that there was no harm in him. And when they found out what an education he had—what a power of languages he knew, they thought they

Former Newsboy Heads Million Dollar Business

Says He Owes His Success to a Simple Discovery Which Is Within Reach of Any Alert Man or Woman

A FEW years ago, this young man was one of Chicago's newsboys and stood on the corner, rain or shine, summer and winter, selling papers.

Today at twenty-six this same young man, born of Russian parents, sits behind a big mahogany desk and directs the production of a million dollar business. He is an officer and director of the company. He has a hundred people under him. His income is the envy of all his friends. He drives his own high powered automobile—plays golf and enjoys all the pleasures and other rewards which come with success.

And the best part of it all is that he did it without pull or fame. Not a member of the organization of which he is a leader had ever seen or heard of him before he came there asking for a job, about two years ago.

All that he is—all that he has done—has been accomplished solely because of the results he has produced—he had to earn his way from the word go, and he started as a newsboy.

And yet the quality that made this friendless ex-newsboy succeed, as only few have succeeded with ten times his advantages, is a quality that any man or woman can easily acquire.

Early in life this man, in studying people who were successful, discovered that the one trait which brings success invariably—the one trait without which no man can succeed—is a strong super-developed will.

So, instead of studying narrow technical courses, in this trade or that, this youngster decided that the quickest way to success lay in developing his will power. He set out to find a method to accomplish this, for it seemed to him that if other faculties, such as the memory, could be trained, so could the will. Finally he came upon a book which it seemed must have been written expressly for him—it was called "Power of Will" and was by that master scientist, Frank Channing Haddock. Before coming to study "Power of Will"—my friend investigated this field of training thoroughly—he learned all he could about "Power of Will" and the author.

Among other things he learned that at that time 25,000 people had followed this line of training (today there are over 225,000). He learned that such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut. Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Post Master General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and many others of equal prominence were among the users—but the most crowning, indisputable tribute to "Power of Will" were the remarkable results which he found its users had attained from its use.

One is that of a man who was $5,000 in debt three years before and who since had accumulated $200,000 without speculating and was then earning $1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, the great efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will-power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the publisher that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Dr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $150 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will-power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this remarkable book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercises for will-power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

"Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the $3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing. Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life—just as it did for the newsboy and for hundreds of others. Do not hesitate.

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saw a kind of special use for him—interpreter. And that was all right with him. But they wanted him besides, to read the letters that came in, in foreign languages, to some of the prisoners, and the answers they wrote back, to see that there was no harm in 'em.

"That put him beside himself with rage. He defied them. Started raising hell, so that they gave him the solitary. He starved himself until they had to put him in the hospital, and after that they eased up on him. He had no trouble after that. They gave him a job over in the printing-office—there's where I got to know him—and he was there for the rest of his life."

He paused there with the deliberate purpose, one might have guessed, of giving her a chance to ask him what he himself had been in prison for. But nothing could have been further from her mind than that question. Indeed, she had no questions to ask at all, it seemed. She sat motionless, deep in thought, her dark eyes glowing, her brows drawn flat, a spot of color, bright enough to be visible even by the lamplight, in the olive cheek that was turned toward it. A perilously beautiful thing to look at, she was just then.

Evidently Gilrain found her so, for he turned abruptly away from her.

"We all liked him," he went on again, "and he seemed to like all of us, in his dreamy way. But he must have taken a special liking to me, for he talked to me, toward the last, as he did to none of the others. It was two years I knew him before he ever spoke of you, before I knew he had a daughter. But when he broke loose at last, he talked to me of little else; what a companion and a help you'd been to him. And, at the last, he said to me: 'If ever you're in trouble again, Frank, and can find where my Helena is, ask her to help you. Tell her you were my friend, and she'll do it.' "

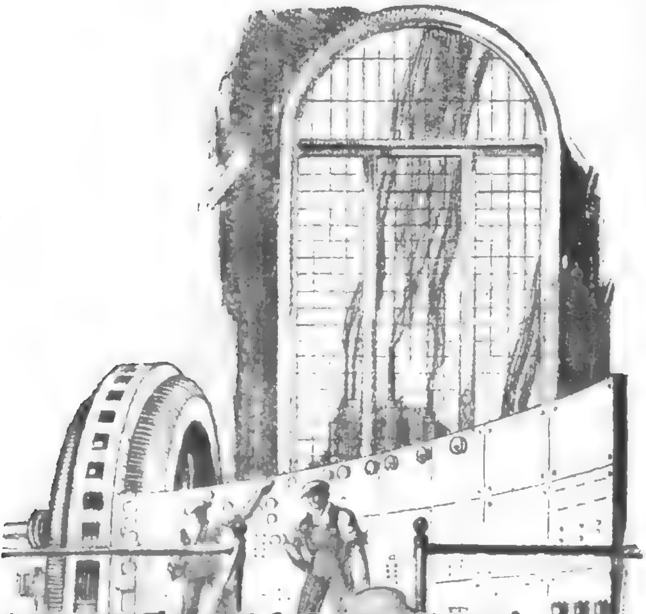
The only response he got to that note was a sudden impatient shift of her body in the chair. He had finished speaking without looking round at her. He was, for the moment, profoundly disconcerted, and he concealed the fact by continuing to stare, in meditative silence, through his pipe smoke, at the stove door. At last he went on.

"Well, I am in trouble now. And I have found you."

With an air of rousing herself from a dream, she said: "I suppose you mean you're in trouble with the police. What do they want you for?"

"I don't know what the charge will be," he answered, "except that it won't be what they really want me for. They'll frame something on me that suits their purposes. They'll take damned good care not to let the *real* cat out of the bag. And they've got me here," he went on, his voice thinning to a sudden snarl of rage, "like a rat

(*Continued on page 99*)



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in a corner. All of my holes stopped; all my friends watched; a trap ready to spring on me wherever I turn. I haven't dared stir out of this damned room for four days. If the doc, here, hasn't crossed me, they don't know where I am. But what good's that, if I can't move hand or foot?"

"What is it," Helena asked quietly, "that they really want you for?"

His momentary silence after that question was asked, the deliberate way in which he rose from his chair and came around before her, gave his sudden snatching of her two wrists, and the agonizing grip he put upon them, the astonishing force of a thunder-clap.

"Now you answer some questions first," he commanded. "Yes, stand up, if you like!" for she was silently struggling with him. She hadn't screamed. He'd taken a chance on that.

"What are you, in the first place? Are you Anton Galicz's daughter? Or are you that damned millionaire's wife?"

"Let go my wrists," she panted.

As suddenly as he had seized them, he did. And, with a superb insolence, thrust his own hands into his trousers pockets.

Her eyes were blazing, green as a black leopard's. And his, also afire, devoured her face. He was the first to speak.

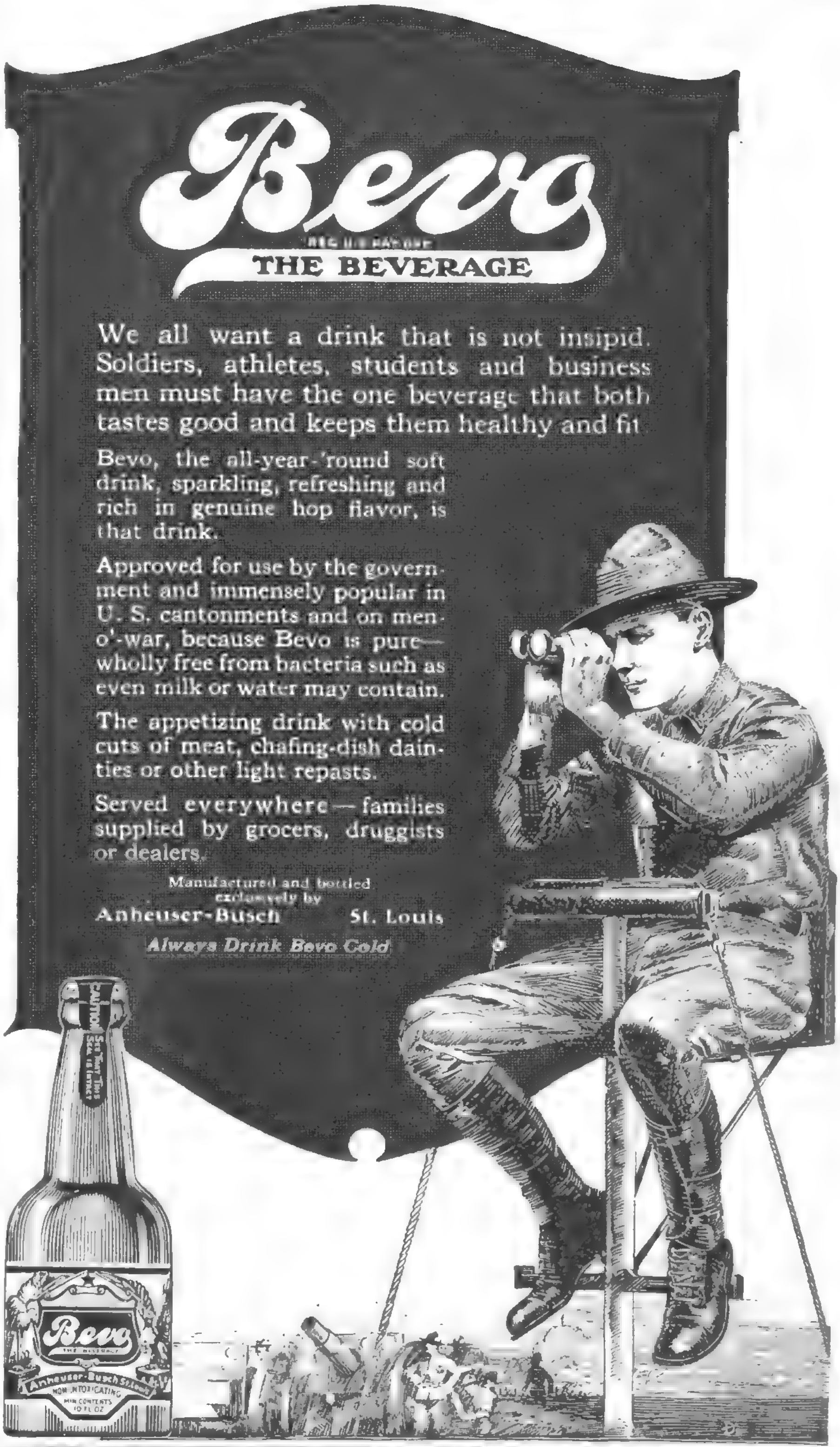
"It was James Lea told me to try you; said he couldn't answer for you any more, now you were married to a capitalist who was getting fat on war munitions. We agreed to try the old name to see whether you'd answer to it."

"Well, I did, didn't I?"

He nodded. "That's good as far as it goes. But what have you come for? Are you a rich lady out for a lark? Looking for a little harmless excitement to laugh with your friends about at your next dinner-party? That's not what you'll get from me, I promise you that. Or have you come out to make good?"

"You know little enough of me," she said. "But I know less of you. I know you've lied to me. Anton Galicz never gave you that message—to seek out 'his Helena' if you were in trouble and she'd help you for her old father's sake. He wasn't a sentimentalist while he lived, and he didn't change to one on his death-bed. But that doesn't matter to me. I'm not a sentimentalist either. I'll make good, if the good is there to make. You tell me, without lying to me this time, what you've really done that they want you for, and if I like, I'll help you. If I don't, I won't. We'll start from there."

She was, as she confronted him there, blazing, utterly unintimidated by his flash of violence, the most beautiful, the most exciting, altogether the most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desirable woman he had ever come to grips with. And his experience with them had been long, varied, but nearly always victorious. His fist clenched inside his pockets, and his jaw set. Suddenly he turned away from her.

"You're the real thing anyhow. I'll give you that," he said. Then, "Don't you read the papers? What are the capitalists doing—your own household pet among the rest? Getting rich out of the war. And getting ready to rivet their yoke on our necks so tight we'll never get it off. Making a bluff that the United States will get drawn into it, for an excuse for an army. What do they want an army for? To collect what they've loaned the Allies? That's part of it, but not half. When they'll really want the army is when the war's over. They'll want it to turn on us. To tell us workers, when they get ready to reduce wages again and starve us out, 'Now strike and be damned!' They want those machine guns they're talking about for our streets. It's plain for the blind to see. You can see it. You've heard them talking it.

"Now do you ask what we're doing? They haven't their army yet. They're in our power; that's where they are. They're afraid of us. They can't do without us. They're paying big wages. What they call big wages. How long will they go on doing that after they've got us where they want us? Now's our time to call a halt. They're afraid, already. Now's the time to put the terror into them. To show them what we can do. It won't take much. Dynamite a few more of their war plants. Burn a few more of their war harvests. Show them who their master is, *now*, before they get their army and their machine guns."

"That's talk," she said, sharply. "Good talk, but old. I've been talking it myself, for months. I read a paper, this afternoon, at a perfectly polite tea, that had all that in it, though it was written long before the war. Talk is easy, and not very dangerous."

"It's not talking I've been." The open derision in her voice stung him to that response, but he stopped there with a black scowl of suspicion. She met it with a smile.

"What have you been doing? And what are you planning to do? That's what I want to know. And I won't lift a hand for you until you tell me."

"I will tell you. I'm going to trust you. But I warn you first. If you think this is a parlor game you're playing, fast and loose, to take up for excitement and drop when you've had enough, get up and go home now, while you've the chance. I've never killed a woman yet, but I'll kill you if you welch."

"Don't talk like a romantic fool!" she commanded. "Go ahead and tell me—if you've anything to tell."

"There's the strike out at the Acme place; that's the first. They were making three-inch shells out there; and they haven't turned a wheel for two weeks. Then there was the fire at the Peerless, and another at the Salisbury plant; and there was an explosion out at the Wadsworth Watch Factory, where they were making shrapnel firing-heads. That wasn't in the papers and you may not have heard of it. It didn't come off just as we meant it to, but it was enough to put the fear into them.

"That's the beginning. And it's just nothing at all compared to what I have got right in my hands ready to do, if these bloody English secret service agents hadn't drawn the net on me. It was all in my hands, I tell you, ready to spring! Plans all worked out; the stuff all cached; the men all promised. And now I'm stopped; tied hand and foot."

"What is it?" she asked. "Money?"

He nodded sourly. "I've got it," he said, "but I can't get it. Oh, that's not what I've come to you for! It isn't pin-money I want. It's thousands."

"What kind of money?"

"Capitalist money," he grinned. "One of the big respectable brokers, here in town."

"A German?"

"What does that matter? You're an internationalist, aren't you? What if the poor boob does think he's serving his damned Kaiser? He isn't in the long run. Once the revolution starts, it'll spread all over the world."

"He's suspected, I suppose, and afraid to pay you."

HE DID not answer at once. "That's not the worst," he finally said, glumly. "If he thinks they've really got me, if he makes up his mind to write me off as a loss, because I'm too hot to handle—don't you see what he'll do? He'll beat them to it. He'll inform on me—to clear his own skirts. This fake doctor out here, who owes him money, will give me up. That may happen any time. I've been waiting for it."

He laughed and showed her a small automatic revolver that had been in his pocket. "If that had been a man's step I heard coming along the hall with him just now, I'd have had this out."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I want you to get me out of here—clean. Where that yellow-livered Dutch swine hasn't got his thumb on me. Where I can talk turkey to him—show him that the string isn't played out yet. Put me where I can have two or three days free to turn round, before they can get the shadows on me again. That's what I want. Will you do it?"

He was standing before her when he asked that question. She, half sitting back against the edge of the table, gripping it tight with both hands, was looking up at him. The color was high in her cheeks again, and her breathing quick—visibly so—through her parted lips.

It may have been the familiar informality of the pose, the fact that she had let him come so close without altering it; the look, still defiant—not friendly, but almost smiling—about her upturned face; it was something, at any rate, that he himself did not understand, and certainly made no effort to analyze, that took possession of him. For, a full minute after he had asked that question, she having given him no indication whatever what her answer would be, he seized her suddenly in his arms and tried to pull her up into an embrace.

She fought him off furiously and, breaking away—the struggle lasted no more than a very few seconds, struck him, with all the force of her open hand, across the face.

"You fool!" she panted. But she smiled. Then, while he still stood staring, as much amazed at himself as at her—"Sit down there," she commanded, with a nod toward the chair, and without waiting to see that she was obeyed, she herself sat down in another one, erect, intent on her own thoughts—businesslike almost; altogether as if that momentary interlude between them had never been played.

"Yes, I'll help you," she said. "I can do all you ask me to; maybe more. I want a little time to think."

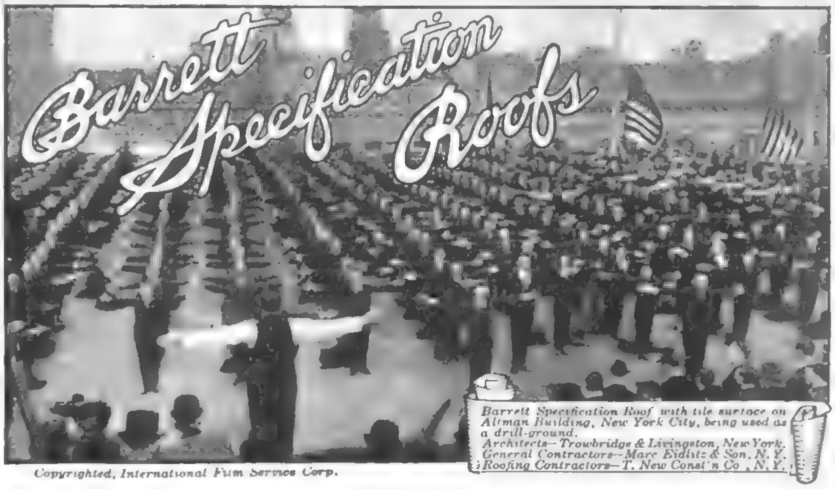
Evidently, though, she didn't want long, for almost immediately she began: "You're to spend to-morrow making yourself presentable. Get your clothes pressed. Do it yourself if you have to. Polish your shoes; that's important. Shave, shampoo your head, get some proper shirts and collars, and a hand-bag—some sort of decent-looking hand-bag."

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked with a humorous touch of scorn. "Take me home with you?"

"Yes," she said. "That's exactly what I'm going to do."

"Hm!" he grunted dubiously. "How about your husband?"

She smiled a curious sort of smile. "He doesn't matter," she said. "It's the servants I'm thinking of." After a moment's pause: "You're to be an old friend of mine. I'll tell you who you are when I've made up my mind about it. There's time enough for that. You're getting into Chicago to-morrow afternoon from the Coast. I'll tell my husband, to-morrow morning, if I see him, that I'm expecting you. Otherwise, I'll call him up and tell him. And I'll order my car to take me down to the Northwestern Station, late in the afternoon, to meet you."



Barrett Specification Roof with tile surface on Altman Building, New York City, being used as a drill-ground.
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Roofing Contractors—T. New Const'n Co., N. Y.

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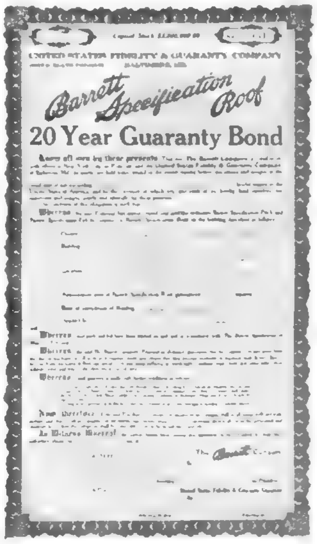
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"I can't hang around a railroad station," he said.

But she ignored the interruption. "I'll tell my chauffeur," she went on, "that the train's likely to be late, and that he's to wait. Then I'll come out here. I'll come into the drug-store at exactly six o'clock—it will be dark enough then. You'll be ready with your bag packed and your overcoat on. I'll buy something in the store and go out and stop the first through-route car that will go back to the Northwestern Station. I'll manage to stand on the step for a second, asking the conductor a question or something, so that he'll start the car before he shuts the door. Then you can come out and jump on. If there's a shadow on you, you've a pretty good chance to drop him. He won't be able to get that car, and there aren't any taxis around here."

"He won't try to follow," said Gilrain. "He'll see the valise and telephone the men at the railway stations to pick me up."

"They'll watch the ticket-windows and the train-gates," said Helena, "and we won't go that way at all. We'll go in the side door and through into the cab-entrance, where my car will be waiting all the time. My chauffeur will drive up the minute he sees me. He'll think your train has just come in, so it will look all right to him. There! Do you see anything the matter with that?"

It was not a real question; just a flourish of triumph at the end of a good performance. An invitation for applause. But after he had been looking at her in silent cogitation for a while, she repeated, "*Do* you see anything wrong with it?"

"It's all right, I suppose, if your husband will stand for it. He'll ask a lot of damned awkward questions, of course. But we can manage that, like enough."

"He'll ask no questions," she assured him curtly. "Why shouldn't he stand for it? Do you think I've been giving an account of myself to him all these years, like a concubine in a harem? I've had guests before."

He stared at her with a new look. "You have, have you!" he exclaimed coarsely, and made as if to laugh. But it was almost ludicrous the way the sudden cold intensity of her gaze checked that laugh before it had fairly begun. His haste to withdraw the implication in it amounted to a scramble.

"It's great, of course," he said. "It's made to order, completely. Once I can get word to Bertsch——"

"Hermann Bertsch, the Board of Trade man?" she asked.

He nodded. "I'll make him sing a different tune," he concluded.

She smiled. "I think I can manage that. I'll tell you to-morrow, when I've thought it out. We've done enough for to-night. Now I'm going home."

She rose so quickly on the words and began her preparation for the street, that she was half into her ulster before he could get 'round the table to help her, and then she managed, without seeming to try, to evade his hands. Her arms free once more, she whipped round and faced him, her own hands warily busy with her buttons. Again her upturned face challenged him insolently.

"Anything else?" she asked.

"Look here!" he commanded. "I want to know—and I mean to know—before you go out of here—what you're doing all this *for*. What your game is. You've got some game, that's plain enough. And by God——"

But in the face of her smile, he couldn't go on with that. His bluster sank away into silence.

"Why shouldn't I do it?" she asked. "I'm as good a revolutionist—as you." And then, swiftly, "You've got it all straight, haven't you? Clean and presentable, with an overcoat and a handbag, and your shoes polished, to-morrow night at six. Six by the correct time. Good night."

He dropped back into his chair after she had shut the door behind her, and wiped the sweat off his forehead with his sleeve.

What a woman! What a devil of a woman!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Hugh Faces His Love for Jean

WHERE Jean and the Corbetts both went wrong about Hugh was in judging his scale of values. The family's idea of him was pretty well expressed by his mother when she told Constance he made her think of a ghost. They attributed his detachment from them, his way of coming back now and then, looking on at their doings and listening to their talk, like one no more concerned in it than an unearthly visitant would be, to his unfortunate marriage. He had simply acquiesced, they thought, in the inevitable. He saw there was no good trying to break out of his domestic world—or hell, as Mrs. Corbett bluntly put it. He wasn't the sort to whine or bid for sympathy, so he just shut up and took his medicine. They respected his reticence and felt sorry for him.

Jean, avoiding that error, fell into one of her own. She saw, plainly enough, even in her first visit with him, that he was not pitiable. He was emphatically not, in her eyes, a man dumbly resigned to an unhappy fate; he wasn't making the best of a bad job. At first she smiled confidently to herself, but later fell into a state of acute exasperation at the way the family sighed about him. She boiled whenever they spoke in a comfortably superior way about "poor old Hugh," or contemplated his blighted possibilities. He wasn't a failure, and he had his own reasons for knowing it. Any one with eyes ought to be able to see that! If he had made a mess of his life wouldn't he be the first person in the world to feel it? Wasn't this liability to error in the opposite direction? To conceiving himself a failure when really he was not? Of course it was!

She was right so far. Where she went wrong was in the inference she went on to draw from a perfectly correct observation. Because she found him unbeaten, confident, elastic as of old, she assumed that his audacious marriage had, in accordance with her hopes, turned out well.

The truth was that his marriage was neither the blighting thing the family took it to be, nor the well-fitted keystone that Jean, perceiving how well the arch stood up, believed it. It was, and had been, ever since the partial reconciliation a few weeks after the Corbett fire, unimportant. "I believe a metallurgist is all I am, really," he had said to Allison Smith. "It's enough when one is as good as you are," had been Smith's answer. Not true, of course, but true enough to have served as a working hypothesis for three years.

Just as he admitted his failure as a humanitarian, as a prophet of a new industrial order, as a social philosopher, so he admitted his failure as a lover. He did not try to account for it, nor even think of it as accountable. Where the failure of one of his alloys to exhibit the qualities he had expected of it was a matter of the most vivid interest, subject of endless experiment, the failure of this human alloy was dismissed with the reflection that it was, most likely, his own fault.

He had told Helena once, in one of the very earliest talks they had together, that the common ground people needed for friendship—that was what he had been talking about then—was their instincts. What mattered between them was the sort of things they did without thinking—in unforeseen or difficult situations. Well, it seemed that with him, love as well as friendship needed that sort of common ground, and it was precisely here that she failed him. Her sudden flares of suspicion, her readiness to attribute mean motives, to impute bad faith; her evasions; the dishonesty, not of her intentions, but of the very fiber of her mind, chilled him beyond the power of her beauty and her passion to warm. When she would let him like her he could love her, satisfactorily enough. When she assailed him, taunted him, turned one of her rages loose upon him, he went off to his laboratory and let her alone for a while.

It was not an ideal relation, certainly, but, he fancied, not uncommon. At

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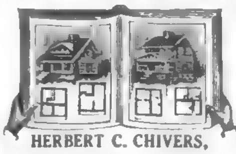

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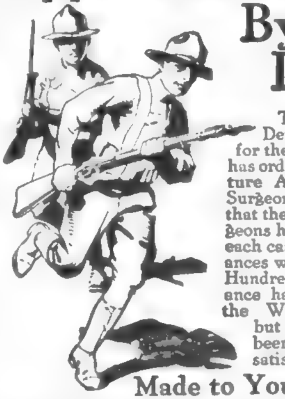

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all events it was nothing to whimper about, let alone erect into a tragedy.

It would have been a tragedy, of course, but for the laboratory. This was the factor which Jean, as well as the Corbetts, had failed to evaluate. In this domain his energy and his imagination found a full and satisfying expression. His two assistants, Taylor and Brigham, both thoroughly trained metallurgists of the professorial type, regarded him with awe, with a sort of childlike wonder. They *were* children to him. He saw at a glance, glints of undiscovered truth in the data they spent laborious days and nights collecting for him, that were beyond their comprehension even when he attempted to explain them. Over some constitutional diagram of theirs in three dimensions, representing a series of incredible alloys, his eyes would light up with as vast a surmise as that which held those Spanish adventurers silent upon a peak in Darien. Both of them had grown through a period of incredulous skepticism about him; both had come to work for him under the impression that he was a mere rich amateur, whose hobby would afford them a heaven-sent opportunity for the pursuit of their own researches.

Taylor had spoken of him once as a crazy alchemist. Eventually both of them compensated for this phase of hostile doubt with an absolutely slavish devotion. At his command, either of them, without a word of protest, would have embarked upon a series of experiments looking to the transmutation of iron pyrites into true gold.

AND it was no wonder; for he had not only the imagination, but the technique of a genius. His resources were endless. Any fact that he wanted, no matter how apparently indeterminable, he could devise the means for tracking down. And about these methods, too, there was often a sort of inspired simplicity that made them laugh like schoolboys.

That was his real world. Until the day when Jean came, for the first time, to lunch, and asked him to explain America and the war to her, he never fully left it. That was why his mother spoke of him as a ghost. That was why his wife's rages, her contempt, her flirtations with other men, came and went, and left no marks upon him for Jean's eyes to see. Even the reverberations of civilization's supreme struggle against a fanatical and barbarous kultur, though they troubled him somewhat, came to his ears but faintly—inside his fence.

What happened when Jean came back to him, with memories of that struggle visible in her eyes, with her questions and her confidence that he would be able to supply the answers to them, Jean a woman, but with all her old unquestioning affection for him revealing itself as candidly as the child's affection had done—what happened to Hugh then can be stated in the simplest and tritest of phrases. He fell in love with her.

It was as natural as that a hungry man, invited to a feast, should eat. What is, I think, not much more surprising, though perhaps less easily explicable, is that he should have fallen in love with her without being aware that that was what he was doing.

There was, to begin with, nothing about the process to suggest comparison with his only other experience of the same sort—his affair with Helena. That had been an agonizing thing, full of doubts and struggles, racking enigmas, irreconcilable desires and revulsions. He had been like a child, driven by some mysterious but unescapable authority, to an adventure into the dark—a dark peopled with hobgoblins as well as with enticing mysteries. He had not dreamed that falling in love would be like that; but he had found that it was. His experience now, with Jean, was much more like the old dream of his than his first experience with reality had been. In the absence of that first experience, he would have been quicker to identify the second.

A stream may run very swiftly and yet smoothly down an unobstructed channel. It is the opposing rocks that make the turmoil and the tumult. Well, in the channel he and Jean had slipped into so easily, there were no warning rocks, no jealousies, no misunderstandings, no oppositions of will or intent; no questions even. Indeed, the very essence of their relation was a kind of fathomless confidence and security.

He had, to be sure, dreaded her return from England—a surprisingly strong emotion that had been. His memory of her had kept itself warm during the whole three years of her absence; had remained something singularly perfect, something with a quite unique charm about it. And the prospect of her return had, apparently, presented him with a dilemma. Either—and more probably—she would have changed to some one else, nice enough no doubt, but so different as to take all the life out of that treasured memory of his; or else, being the same, she would offer him the old undisguised affection. In which case, Helena—It was all too easy to foresee what his wife would do in a situation like that.

As you know, the event had falsified both of these forebodings. Jean came back amazingly unchanged. The actuality of her simply grafted itself upon the stem of the memory, and went on growing as if it had never been severed. And Helena, amazingly, watered the plant.

It was characteristic of his way with his wife that he made no effort to understand her motive in this. He merely charged himself with having done her an injustice and liked her better for it. And then, as I have said, let himself slip into the current without the least notion how swift it was or whither it would carry him.

There is this to be said for him: individual morality, its problems and its paradoxes, had never been a field of speculation for him. He'd always taken conventional rules and labels pretty much for granted. For a married man to let himself fall in love with another woman was, simply, disreputable. Decent people didn't do things like that. Therefore, he wasn't falling in love with Jean.

THEY had passed none of the conventional danger signals. They didn't hold hands. He had never kissed her. He had never even hinted to her that his marriage was anything but successful and satisfactory. He had never been jealous of any of the men — beginning with Carter — who tried to make love to her; never tried to lessen the amount of time she gave to the social life her grandmother had launched her in, or to war-relief work, in order to get more of her time to himself.

What had he done then? Ridden with her for an hour three or four mornings a week; taken her to the orchestra concerts pretty often, when it happened that Helena didn't want to go and that Jean herself had the evening free. Come home in the afternoon, sometimes, to find her at tea with Helena, and walked home with her afterward.

On the surface that was all. Of what lay beneath that surface, he was brought to realization, literally and truly for the first time, by that outbreak of Helena's on the night when he came home with the suggestion that they drop in on his father and mother to cheer them up a bit now Carter had gone to war. When she said to him, "You're sentimental over Carter because Jean wouldn't marry him. You *knew* she wouldn't," she shocked him into the beginning of understanding. Because, so far, what she said was true. He had not been jealous of Carter, because he had known all the while, with a confident though inexplicable certainty, that he had nothing to be jealous of. He had time to get as far as that before the blind rage shut down on him.

It was hours later before he began thinking again.

He spent those hours tramping the streets at random, his mind a chaos. But around eleven o'clock he found himself standing before the great St. Gaudens Lincoln, in Lincoln Park, and in that majestic presence he got himself in hand again; not through any self-conscious moralizings concerning the deeds or words of its great original,

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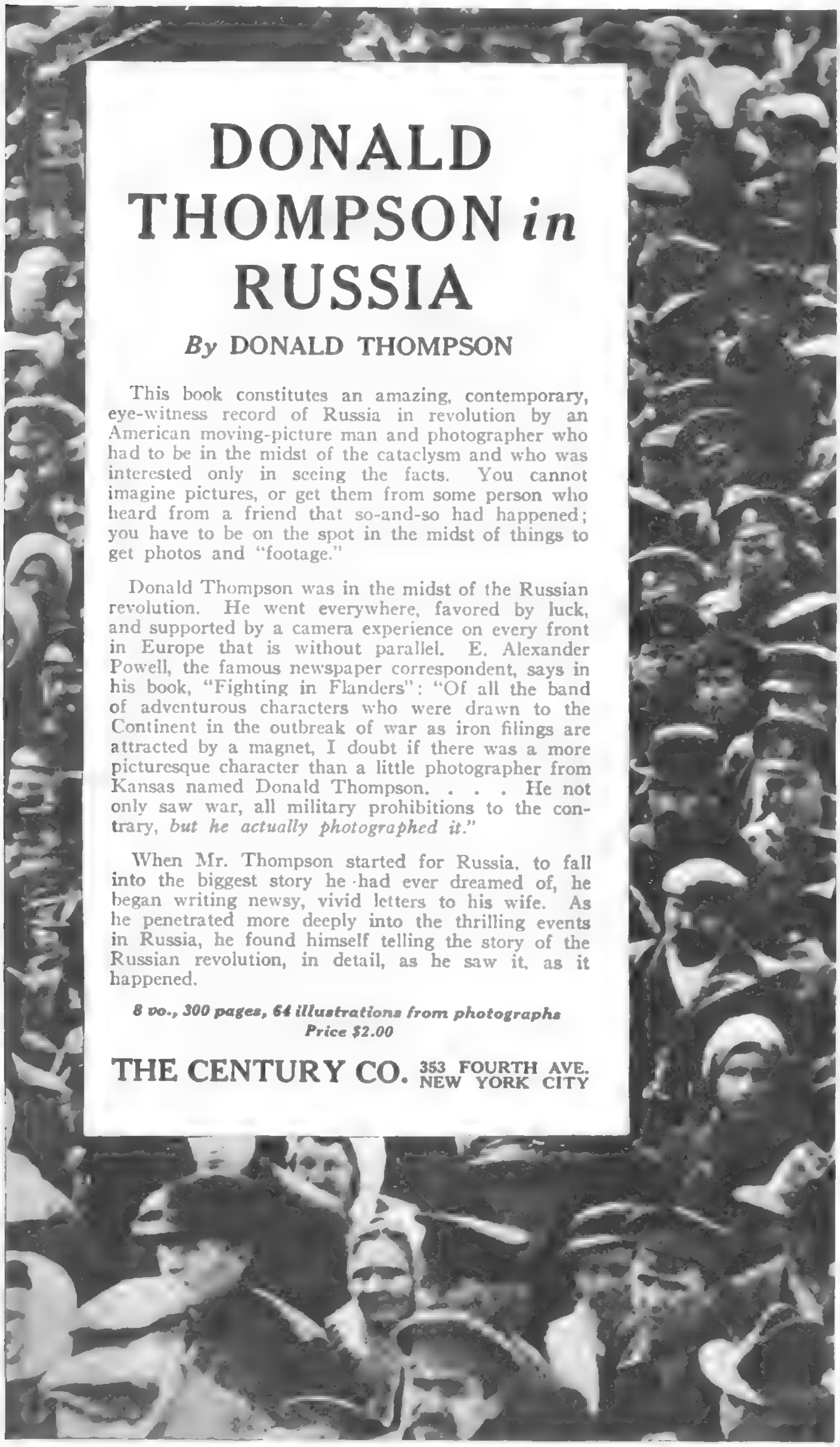

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merely through the noble beauty of the thing itself. It quieted and steadied him, somehow, just as a phrase of Beethoven would have done; reestablished the scale of things; made of his rage a mere outburst of childish petulance. Now he could think again.

And he must think, because, some time before morning, he must have come to a decision as to what he would do. Already he perceived that there was a situation that he could not deal with by merely retreating from it. There was no possibility, here, of another withdrawal "inside his fence."

How often he had done that! From his family, from the men he ought to have kept for friends, from his humanitarian experiments at Riverdale, from his grandfather's trust, from his wife. Oftenest of all from her. Countless times from her. What was the matter with him? Cowardice? Or a kind of a monstrous self-sufficiency?

Well, for the present that didn't matter. Coward or not, this time he must see it through.

He was in love with Jean. The rising and blowing away of the fog of his rage against his wife, left that fact confronting him as the cliffs of Cornwall confront, now and again, a mariner who has lost his reckoning. How had he managed to stay blind to it so long? Had he really been blind to it? Why, she was the light of his life! She was food and drink to him! Manna in the wilderness. Wherever he turned, he turned to her. Whatever he did was done with some sort of unconscious reference to her. The whole fabric of his life was woven with the gold threads of her. The pattern of it remained pretty much what it had been before, but the texture had changed.

Looking back he could see where one day had drawn a line across it; the day Jean had come to lunch. That Swede—whatever his name was—that Helena had been going on with at the time, was there. And talked free-trade. And then Helena had carried him off and left them alone. And on his asking how long it had been since they had seen each other, she had answered—just as the little Jean who had been Anne's bridesmaid would have done—that it was three years and three months. It was as if the sun had come out!

What sort of self-hypnosis had he resorted to that he did not see then—that very day—what it was that had happened to him? Well, he had come out of his trance at last.

He was still confused, bewildered. The problem he must wrestle with and find some sort of solution for before morning, had not even got itself stated yet; but one fact shone out above the welter, like a beam from a lighthouse: he was in love with Jean. Helena's final taunt—as much of it as was aimed at him—troubled him not at all. It had been her contemptuous notion all along that there was something submasculine about his feelings toward the girl. That his relation with her was something less than real; a philander, in the manner of Rousseau. Well, that was simply one of Helena's mistakes.

There was nothing incomplete, nothing left out of his love for Jean. The whole of him went into it: spirit, mind and body. There was nothing of him now that was not crying out for her, aching for her. And it wasn't anything new, this sensational, bodily want of her. It had been there all along. Only, transmuted somehow, in a phase he hadn't recognized.

What an ignorant fool he'd been! Love was one of the elemental facts of life—and what did he know about it! He'd been content to deal with it in the fractional currency of romance; traditional sentiments, their mintage worn away with much handling, and very likely counterfeit to begin with. One of these precious bits of coinage he had been contentedly jingling was the adjective "brotherly." Had his sister Constance, whom he loved as much as, in the way of mere affection, it was possible to love anybody, ever changed the rhythm of his heart one beat? Had it ever thrilled him *not* to take one of Anne's hands in his!

There was time for all that, but not to-night. He was in love with Jean. What was he going to do about it?

He brought up at his laboratory at last—it was mere instinct in him to turn thither—and shut himself up in the library, the room where he had brought Jean one day and shown her his little samples of Corbettite. He took off his wet boots and set them to dry; got into slippers and a shabby old coat, lighted a pipe, and sat down, soberly and unhurriedly, because he had half a dozen hours yet before morning to think it out.

All the way out Chicago Avenue he had trudged to one refrain: Jean mustn't know. This was his starting-point—his axiom.

It was going to hurt horribly to keep her in ignorance. Well, that would be his penalty. Honor prescribed it. When you stated the case in general terms, that became clear enough. Here was a married man, in love with an innocent young girl. It would be a matter of mere elementary decency in him to guard that secret from her; to make—without flinching—any sacrifice that the guarding of it called for. She had given him her affection freely, in good faith; confidently. He had betrayed her confidence; embezzled the trust fund. Their friendship was bankrupt. That was bad enough. But to try to involve her in the fraud!

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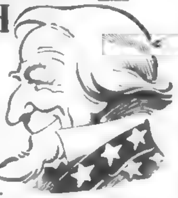

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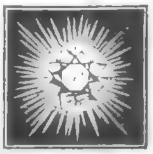

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nowhere. What was he going to *do?*

Let their friendship go by default? End, without explanation, their morning rides—their concerts—their little excursions? Leave her wondering, dumbly, what the matter was?

But she would not wonder dumbly. She'd come and ask him what the matter was. Go away then without a word—disappear? *Leave her to Helena's mercies!* Helena, with that flicker in her veiled green eyes!

No, by God, not that! Not a chance of that! She must be warned to keep away from Helena. And at once! He must see her to-morrow and warn her somehow—tell her something that would serve.

Well, there was the first step decided upon. He would see her to-morrow—to-morrow morning. He knew where she was. He always knew where she was; from day to day, from hour to hour, almost. She had gone up this afternoon to Lake Forest.

To-morrow was Philip's birthday (Constance's oldest boy, he was), and he was having a party whose specifications he had been allowed to draw for himself. The house in Lake Forest was opened up for the occasion, and six or eight small boy friends of his, including his younger brother Francis, invited, from Friday afternoon to Sunday morning. There was plenty of snow up there for forts and battles, a gorgeous slide down the ravine road, a pond to skate on, and larks in the big empty house; trimmings in the way of a birthday cake and a candy-bag and so on. Miss Muirhead, their governess, a strapping middle-aged, out-of-door sort of English woman, had volunteered to convoy the party. Philip, who adored Jean, had invited her to come. Not casually; seriously, after deep thought. And Jean, appreciating how fine a compliment it was, had accepted, wholeheartedly. She had gone up, with the others, on the four-twenty train this afternoon. Hugh knew all about it.

He hunted out a time-table and looked up morning trains. There was a fast one at eight o'clock. Another point settled. He'd take that train and walk the mile or more that it was out to Frank's. He'd find the party. No trouble about that; they'd be making noise enough. Sledding down the ravine road, they'd be, most likely. Or trying their luck with snow-shoes.

And Jean would be there among them, with snow in her tumbled hair, breathless. She would see him coming, and bright as her eyes would be, they would still brighten—change, somehow, with welcome at the sight of him. That welcoming glance of hers had never failed him; never, from the very first day.

With another look she'd see that something serious had brought him there. That clairvoyant understanding of his moods had never failed, either. He wouldn't have to say that he must speak to her alone on a matter of importance. In all his misery, he grinned over the notion of saying anything like that to Jean. No, she'd rescue him from Philip and Francis, who'd be clambering all over him like young bears, and manage, somehow, without any fuss, to carry him off, somewhere, where they could be by themselves. And then she might say: "What is it, Hugh?" Or she might—and it would be more like her—just contentedly wait for him to begin, when and how he would.

It was all clear enough up to there. But then——

It was too clear, that was the trouble. He could see her face—the lovely clear profile of it. She'd have dropped down beside him, somewhere. And looking at it, all his excuses, lies, elaborations, melted of their own absurdity.

It was no use. He couldn't do it—to-night. To-morrow, when he had found her, when they were alone together, then he'd have to do it. Perhaps, from somewhere, he'd get—help. From her own dear self, very likely. From her straight-looking clear eyes, which never suspected baseness or disloyalty. He couldn't, in the light of them, dishonor her with the avowal of an illicit love. The moment, then, should serve its own need.

HE DREW in a great breath of relief and his body relaxed in its chair. For that night's remaining hours he simply let himself dream. Looking over, like Moses on Pisgah, at the green land he was not to enter.

An episode from earlier in the evening came to his mind. Back when the fog of his rage had lain thickest on him, he had encountered, somewhere in Lincoln Park, Rodney Aldrich and his wife. He had marked them for a pair of lovers before he recognized them, and, the sight being unfriendly to his mood, he would have gone by without looking at them. But Rodney stopped him with forcible friendliness, and made him talk a minute. At the time nothing they said had really got through to his mind at all. Now, though, there came to him the memory of a certain intense satisfaction in Rodney's voice when he said—in answer to a perfunctory question of Hugh's, it must have been—"No, she's back with me—for the present, anyhow." And from Rose, with a sort of satisfactory richness in her voice, "Oh, yes, I do skate. But I'm not this winter."

Looking back, now, he understood. They were going to have another baby. They already had two, hadn't they? And had been married just as long as he. And were still lovers. And yet, a year ago, his friends had been pitying poor old Rodney over the failure of his marriage, and wondering what he'd bought that house for.

Was there, in Time's resources, the possibility of a transformation of life like that for him? Not a possibility, perhaps, but material for to-night's dream.

THERE was snow in her hair when he found her; snow in her woolly green sweater, on her short green corduroy skirt, on her leggings. She must have been rolling in it. She was all alone, in a dead winter silence as well as solitude—not a boy nor a sound of one in the landscape, anywhere—when he, where the road rounded a projecting clump of hemlock, came upon her. She was approaching him across the virgin snow, but, ludicrously, backward and seriously preoccupied with her tracks, taking great care to put her toes down first, and as the snow in the road had muffled his footfalls, she remained unaware of his presence there until, irresistibly, he laughed out at her.

Then, "Hugh!" she cried. She had started, but managed to preserve her balance, with outstretched arms, like a rope-walker, and she did not turn; remained rooted where she was. To his, "What in the world are you doing?" she answered a deep-throated little laugh of her own. "Wait," she commanded. "Let me think." But while she thought she explained: "I'm a German spy, and I've drugged the secret-service men and escaped from the dungeon—that's the cellar—where they are. They'll come out of the drug—" there was a reference here to her wrist-watch—"in fifteen minutes. And track me down. They've already done it once, much too easily. They were disappointed in me. So I changed to another pair of shoes—Constance's—to make different tracks, and tried again. This time I want to make it worth their while."

Then she laughed again. "Come over here and pick me up and carry me somewhere. Can you?"

"Yes," he said.

She untied her sweater belt, dropped it on the snow and trampled upon it. "There must be marks of a struggle," she explained as he came to her. Then she held up her arms for him.

He picked her up just as he would a small child. "Where shall I take you?" he asked.

Her answer was breathless—came with a gasp: "I don't care: you're carrying me off."

All the way across the field, he carrying her with great swift strides, neither of them spoke another word. Just as he started with her, she shifted her position in his arms a little, settled herself closer and relaxed, as a child does when the arms are familiar and strong. His heart gave a great throb at that.

At the wooded edge of the field, the declivity into the ravine was steep, but not quite precipitous.

"I think I can get down here with you all right," he said very evenly. "But if you'd rather not chance it——"

"I'm not afraid," she said.

And, gathering her a little tighter in his arms, he plunged down the descent with her. As an athletic feat it taxed even his great strength. But at that it was not as hard as he wanted it to be. The exultant rhythm that was beating in his veins challenged the impossible.

Coming out on one of the lower reaches of the ravine road, he did not pause, but strode on with her, out upon the snow-buried beach; floundering, now, knee deep and, beyond concealment, breathless.

But he did not stop until he reached the lee of a little breakwater. It was here, years ago, on a sun-drenched summer morning, that they two had built a castle in the sand, while the nightmare that he had brought down there with him, receded—almost blew away.

He stopped, but he did not put her down; nor did she make the expected movement to release herself; lay as she was, quite still. Looking down into her face, he saw that her eyes were shut, and there were two tears welling up from under the closed lids. And at that, the whole of his heart came out in a muffled outcry upon her name.

"Jean!"

Her eyes sprang open, wide with wonder, and searched his face. There was awe in them but not fear. Then,

"Put me down—now," she said.

She steadied herself a moment—clearly this was a physical necessity—after he had set her upon her feet. But she was not faint. The color had come flaming into her face.

"I meant it," she said laboriously, "just as part of the game, when I called you. But it wasn't quite honest, because I had time to think before you took me up, that it would have done just as well if I had walked behind, following in your tracks. Only, I wanted you to carry me." Then, getting control of a sob, "but I didn't know it would be like this."

"No," he said. "I didn't know, either."

An ivory-colored timber of the breakwater projected through the snow. She sat down on it and buried her face in her hands. "I'm not crying—really," she said, at his exclamation of remorse. "It's just—excitement, I guess." Then, "We can—talk about it a little—can't we?"

"That's what I came out to do."

He dropped down beside her on the beam. "I found it out last night. In a quarrel I had with Helena. Over something detestable she said about you. I wanted to kill her for it. And then I knew. I don't know why

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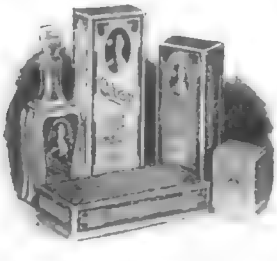

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haven't known all along. I have, in a way, of course."

She looked round at him with a quaintly rueful smile. "I have, too," she said. "Of course I have, or I wouldn't have spent so much time arguing to myself that I wasn't." She drew in a long, tremulous breath. "Well, I'm glad we know now," she added. "Both of us. It would be worse if one of us knew and the other didn't."

"I meant to keep you from finding out," he said. "I spent hours last night thinking up cock-and-bull stories that would warn you to keep away from Helena and explain my going away——"

There came from her a little in-drawn gasp of pain at that.

"Oh, my dear!" he said.

"It's all right," she reassured him. "I didn't mean to flinch like that." Then she managed another smile. "In a way," she explained, "it's a good thing it's us it has happened to. We'll both—stand it."

After a silence, she asked a question. "Had Helena seen? Was that why she was angry? I suppose I must have blinded myself to that, too. I thought, all along, she liked us to be together."

"She did," said Hugh. "For her own reasons. It was an expression of contempt, really. She threw us together, so she explained last night, with the idea that we weren't capable of feeling anything beyond what she could afford to be amused about."

"That was one of Helena's mistakes, wasn't it?" the girl said dryly.

There was another pretty long silence after that. It was Jean who broke it.

"I'll do anything you want me to," she said. "Nothing I could give would be giving. I'm given already, you see. All of me. All there is. If it's right for one of us to go away, why, that one will go. And if it's right for us to be together, why, we'll be together. The main thing is for us to do what we mean to do. Not cheat ourselves because we want to so much, in little picking, stealing ways. I suppose while we're deciding what we really mean to do, we'll have to be apart."

He uttered a half-suppressed groan of pain. "Yes," he said. "With you close to me like this, I can't think of anything—I don't know anything but——"

She pulled off her woolen glove and slipped her cold little hand into his, and somehow it pulled him together again. He bent down and pressed his lips into the palm of it. "I've never even touched it before outside the regular polite ways. But, oh, my dear, you've no idea how many times I *haven't* done it."

She smiled dissent to that. "I've known every time, I think," she said.

Suddenly he pulled her up into his

arms, bent down and found her lips, in a long embrace.

At the conclusion of it she slipped back to her seat beside him. "I'm glad that happened," she said presently. "I suppose, if we have to, we can—live on it for a while. Years. Or forever, maybe. Though I can't manage to believe that, can you? But it's settled one thing, anyway. We can't go on—half together and half apart."

"Yes, it's settled that," he said.

But it was surprising, after that, how easily and quietly they slipped into talk, one of her hands in his once more. There was no tragic note about it, though it was their separation they mostly talked about.

Jean, it happened, could go away very accountably, without any fuss, and without awakening any surmise. Both her mother and grandmother were getting restive, the older woman to escape the cold, and the younger to go back to her husband. Their two desires intersected at San Antonio, and both of them had spoken tentatively to Jean about the project. All it needed was her own enthusiastic approbation of it.

"That's as good as California," she said. "If it was New York, we'd always be riding back and forth for little glimpses of each other. And it's got to be a real separation to do any good. And you can't go away. You've got to stay and discover Corbettite."

"It's a funny thing," he said. "I quit the laboratory yesterday afternoon more discouraged about it than I've been in six months; went home with the idea that I was just about ready to give up; thought that about the best thing I could do was to follow Carter over to France. Well, it's certain that I haven't thought about it since, because it was as soon as I got home that Helena and I had our row. But I've got an idea now. I had it last night when I went back to the laboratory. I know, because I remember slamming the door on it. I've a notion it's a real clue. It must have just followed along, somehow, in the trail of the other discovery."

She laughed happily at that. Then, "I don't know why I'm not crying," she said. "I would be, if it was anybody but you that I was in love with and was going to have to—do without—for a while."

Voices of the long-forgotten secret-service men now became audible up on the crest of the bluff, and presently, here and there, a head peered over. They'd been baffled by the tracks, it seemed, and had resorted to drag-net methods.

"We'll surrender," Hugh called up to young Francis. "Though I'd have got her away in my submarine if it hadn't been for the ice. You stay up there and I'll bring her up by the road."

He agreed with her about the

"I was startled at the least sound"

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strangeness of the paradox she had been talking about when the boys appeared. He felt the same way about it. Curiously happy, content, elated, secure—even in the face of their parting.

"I don't know anything about love," he said. "I suppose it must be a thing one can study and get to be an authority about. But there must be two kinds of it, anyway. One that can only hurt. And one that can only—bless. Even—even, Jean, darling, when we give it up."

They were around the corner by now, at the foot of the ravine road. The whole pack of little boys was audibly coming down, pell-mell, but they were still a turn or two of the road away from them.

"Once more?" he asked. "They aren't here yet."

"It doesn't matter. This is good-by." So their lips met once more.

*The next instalment of "**The White Arc**" will appear in the June number.*

GROGGY JOHN BARLEYCORN

By **Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.**

STOUT old John Barleycorn has been masquerading as a composite of Chief Comforter in Life's Feast, Little Eva, and Smiling May, the Red Cross nurse, for many scores of centuries. But the hour has finally struck for his unmasking. The farce is played out, the lights are burning low, and the company is tired. Tired of deception. Tired of mummery, tired of subterfuge and evasion.

They demand, like the guests in Poe's gruesome tale, to see the actual lineaments and scrutinize the uncloaked person of the Red Domino—be he friend or fiend, angel or devil.

And science, deliberately and imperturbably, has stepped forward, raised the mask, and plucked aside the mantle.

As a result, King Alcohol is now on trial for his life throughout the civilized world. The evidence against him is piling higher and higher. His friends are deserting him one by one, and within the next fifty years there may be few indeed so poor in spirit and mind as to do him reverence.

Now, while human beings have been drinking alcohol for scores of centuries, it is only within the last thirty years or less, that any attempt has been made to investigate alcohol in the strictly scientific sense of the term.

Of course, we have long known, in a general way, that excessive drinking produces a deleterious effect upon the human organism. We knew that it was the sole cause of alcoholic dementia, delirium tremens, "hob-nailed" liver, gout, "spleen," brittle arteries and laboring heart, ulcerated stomach, epilepsy, and many other serious and fatal conditions.

We knew it was one of the chief causes of poverty, of crime, and of debauchery, and that it caused a certain and definite physical deterioration, a deterioration which was transmitted to the children—or more correctly—according to the laws of heredity—to the grandchildren.

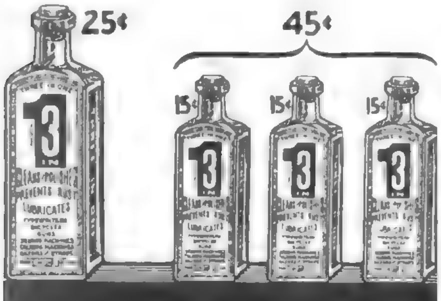
But, thirty years ago, in the great physiological laboratories of Europe, men of science, with instruments of absolute precision, instruments that could not be wheedled, brow-beaten nor coerced into giving an unfair decision, prove that, not only is alcohol a poison in large doses, but that it is almost equally poisonous in small doses—if the small doses are continued for a sufficient length of time.

The scientists proved that the pathological and physiological effects of alcohol are cumulative, that if it is persistently used, even in small doses, harm is increasingly manifested—muscular powers are weakened, mental ability is decreased, coordination is impaired, and the destruction of tissues and protoplasm is hastened.

Then life insurance statisticians, examining hundreds of thousands of mortality records, demonstrated, by the cold logic of figures, that life is shortened in a definitely measurable degree, that incapacity from sickness is inevitably increased, and that the ability to recover from injuries and sickness is invariably decreased.

Efficiency experts, also, using the tests suggested by physiologists as a basis for computing work-output, showed that even moderate drinking—such as the average man has always regarded heretofore as not only harmless, but helpful—decreases speed, lessens endurance, contracts work output, and increases the number of accidents and the size of the scrap pile.

This is one of the most important, the most fascinating, the most far-reaching chapters in the Golden Book of Knowledge. And ultimately, it will have a more profound influence upon the life, health and happiness of humanity, and of the humanity that is to come, than any other single issue ever fought out since man first lost his tail and the ability to wag his ears.



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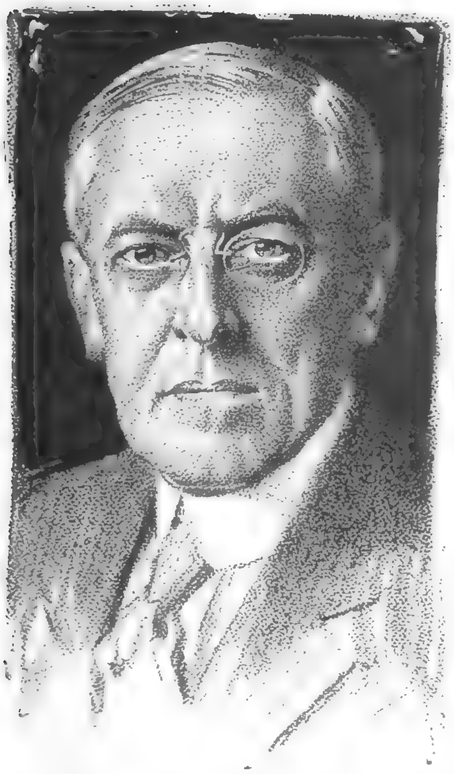

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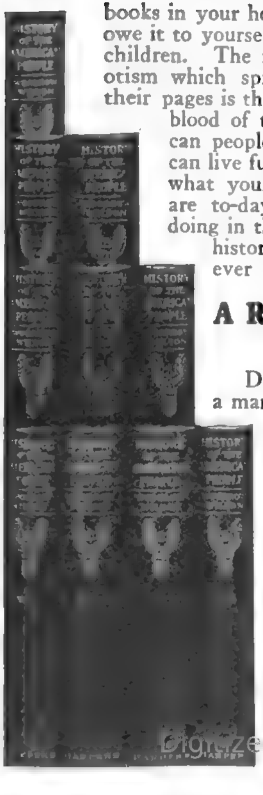

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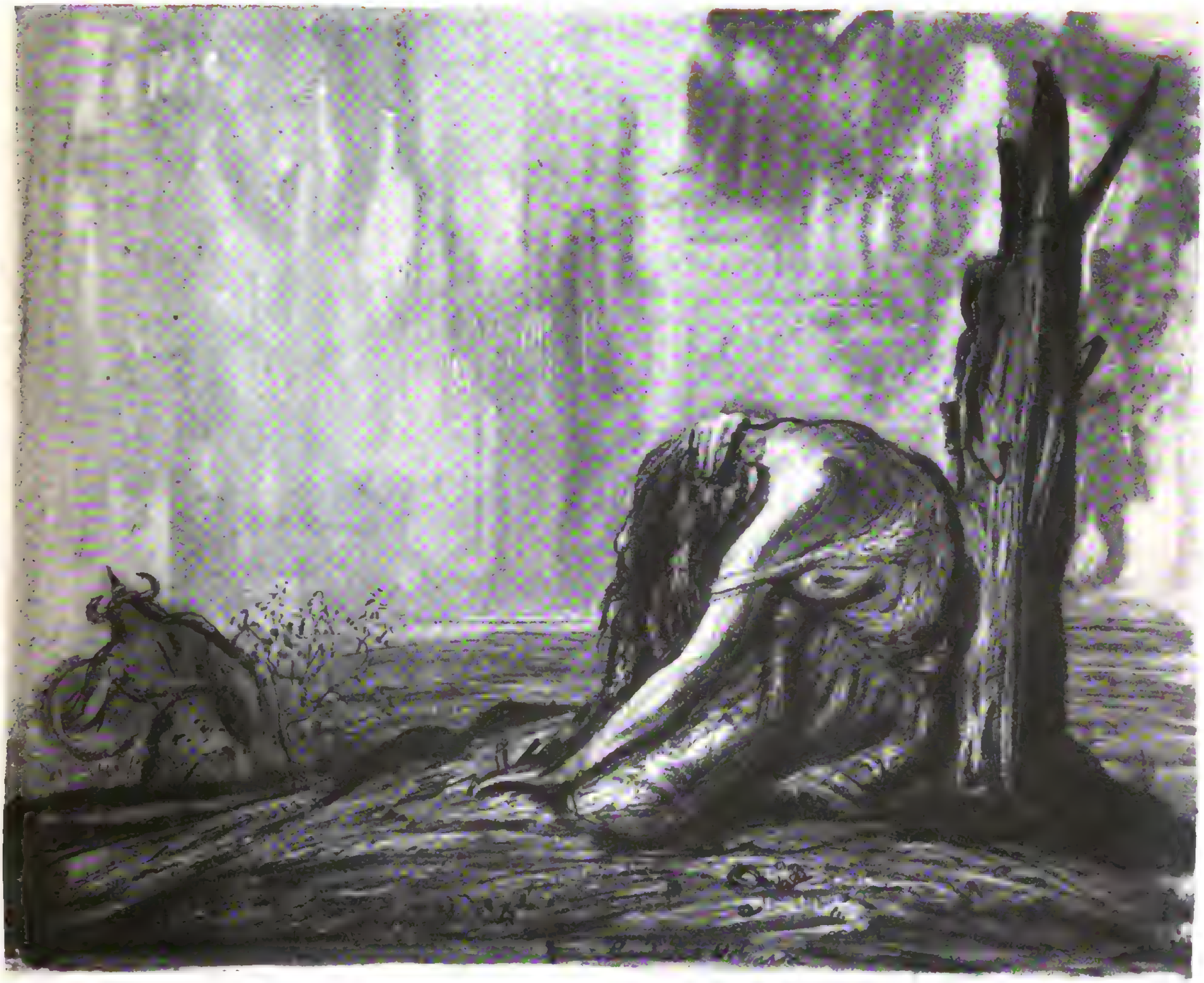
She came as a bride of eighteen to reign over a people. They were eager to welcome her to their hearts, but somehow the King failed to be at the pier when her ship arrived, and thus began a hatred that changed the destiny of nations.

The palace that received her was dingy—she, the daughter of an emperor. The best people of her adopted country were beneath her. The ladies of her court she subjected to "social militarism" until, in their bitterness they spoke of her as "Frau Verboten." But she signed her name

Sophie, Queen of Greece
Princess of Prussia

The amazing story of the Kaiser's sister, than whom "democratic civilization has no greater enemy," is told in the May *Delineator* by Demetra Vaka. The author, herself a Greek, returned to her native land to try to save the King his crown. What she learned when she penetrated the web of Prussianism is told with vivid intimacy in the May issue of *The Delineator*. On sale April tenth.

THE DELINEATOR



LOUVAIN

Cartoon by Boardman Robinson

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Everybody's Magazine

NUMBER SIX JUNE 1918 VOLUME XXXVIII

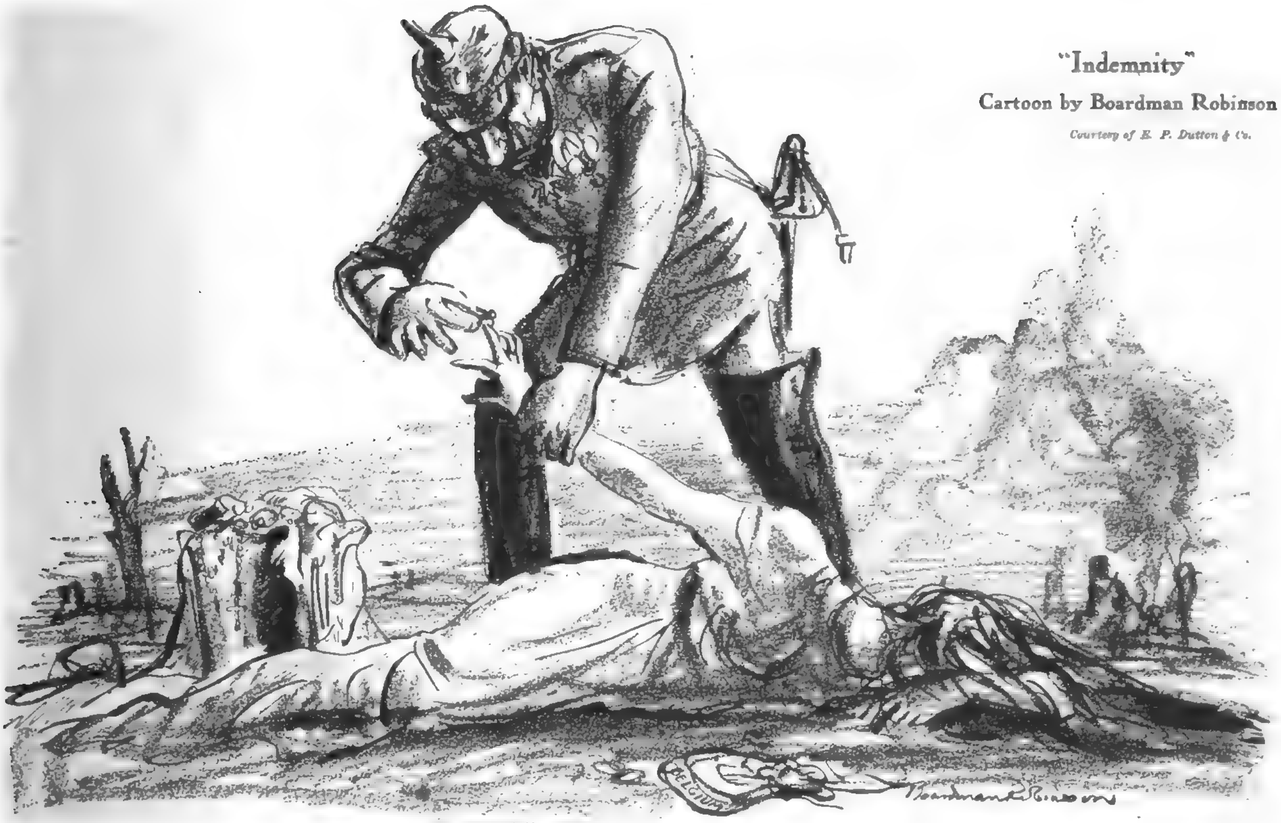
BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

UNDER *the* GERMAN HEEL



"Indemnity"

Cartoon by Boardman Robinson

Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

THIS is the fifth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913 to our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—a picture of the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that Reign of Terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

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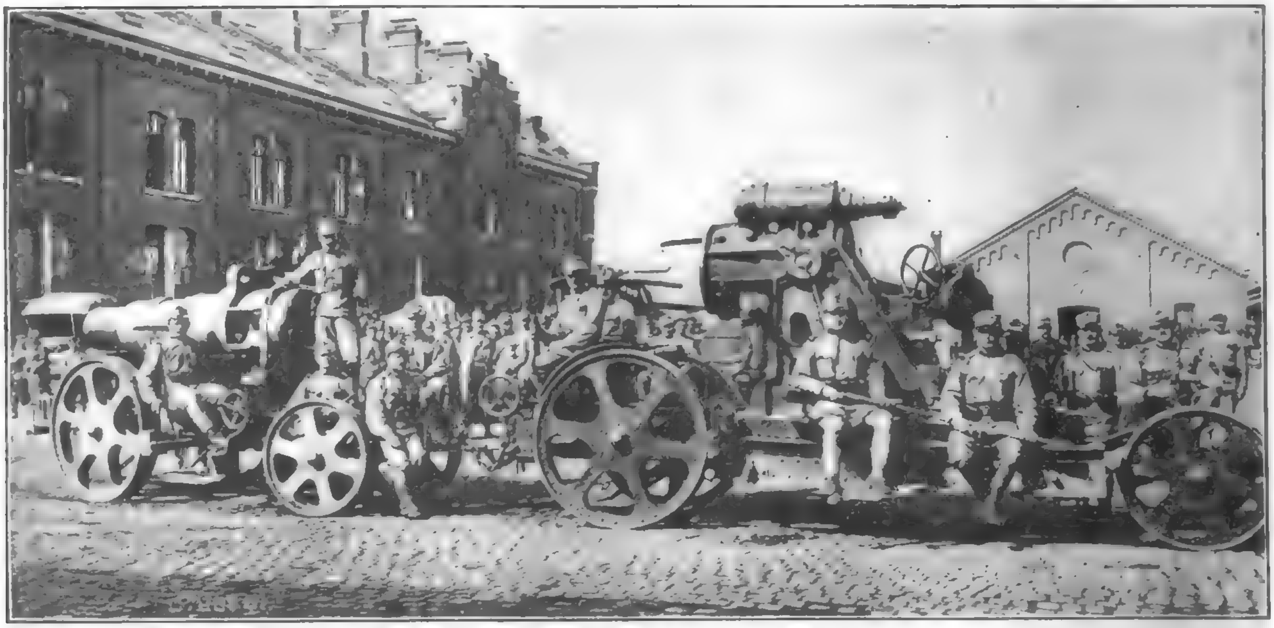


Photograph from Bain News Service

Austrian siege-guns in the streets of Brussels.

XXXIV

AUGUST, that terrible August, passed away in the floods of its beautiful sunshine, and its days of blue and gold gradually merged into the silvery light of September. It seemed like mockery to the heavy hearts in Belgium; the customary rains would have been more in harmony with the general spirit.

The Belgians, proud as they were of the resistance of their army, which had fallen back within the fortifications of Antwerp, were depressed and humiliated by the daily spectacle of German troops in their city, of German proclamations on their walls. The soldiers were everywhere, trudging by in those uncouth heavy boots, into which their trousers were so clumsily thrust. Huge motors would sweep by, flying the imperial standard, followed by great autobusses heavily loaded with baggage, busses that but a month before had been bowling up and down Unter den Linden. The hotels were turned over to German officers; in the dining-room of the Palace Hotel they were eating and drinking every evening.

The army was evidently moving up to the siege of Antwerp. We heard of a wonderful new cannon—our first account of the "Glorioso," the "Big Bertha," the famous "forty-two centimeter." Some claimed to have seen them going down the boulevards, manned by soldiers in strange uniforms and curious caps, but they may have been the guns borrowed from the Austrians. . . .

We were without news except the statements posted now and then on the walls by the military authorities, and about these the Belgians would gather, and after reading them, turn away with sneering incredulity. We knew that the Germans were marching on Paris and we expected each morning to hear that they had got there. There were reports that Charleroi had been passed on the way south; the guns could be heard no longer in the outskirts of the city. The uhlans, a word that connoted all fearful, shuddering things, were said to be within forty kilometers of Paris. There were always rumors of coming relief. One evening came the Countess S——, reporting a large English army at Vilvorde, which, she said, would be in Brussels in the morning.

Within three days the reported English army had swelled to one hundred thousand in number and had advanced to Laeken, in the northern suburbs of Brussels; and battles were already in progress on the plains west of the city; they could be seen from the Palais de Justice! A gentleman of my acquaintance came breathlessly to the Legation to say that he himself had seen a cavalry charge from the ramp of the great structure. He said if we hurried we might see it. Out then we rushed and gazed far over those plains toward the west, in the warm, glittering September haze; but we saw no cavalry charge, no battle, nothing. I asked the *agent de police*, standing there gloomily in his *kêpi* and cape. He had seen nothing. I asked him why the crowd assembled there every day.

"There is absolutely nothing to see, *Monsieur le Ministre*," he said in regret. "In times of peace, everybody in Brussels stays at home without ever looking at this beautiful panorama, but since the war the ramp of the terrace is always filled with a big crowd." . . .

Then we began to note a new phenomenon, new at least in Brussels—women begging in the street. Hunger, another of war's companions, had come to town. I had the visit of a group of citizens asking me to have food imported from England. But how was I or any one to import it? Burgomaster Max asked Villalobar, the Spanish Minister, and me to come to see him, and we went. He wished us to be patrons of a relief committee that was being organized to provide food for the poor of the city; the situation was desperate. We agreed to act as patrons of the committee of distinguished Belgian citizens at the head of which was Mr. Ernest Solvay, the kindly old Belgian millionaire who has made an immense fortune by the "Solvay Process," which he invented.

I have but the haziest notion of what the "Solvay Process" is, for scientific processes are but mysteries to me, but I did know that he had devoted his fortune in great measure to the poor, had endowed institutions; the popular school in the Parc Léopold bore his name. He was a modest little man of simple manner and attire, with a kindly gray-bearded face and blue eyes that were filled with sympathy and pity. He was at the head of the committee that met that first morning in September there in the Burgomaster's cabinet at the Hôtel de Ville. He and other wealthy men had given liberally and were to provide food for the poor of the city. Villalobar and I were there in our capacity as patrons, and another notice was soon posted on the walls of Brussels announcing this new charity,—or this new justice, or attempt at justice. . . .

General von Lüttwitz had told us one afternoon, Villalobar and me, that a new Governor-General was coming, some famous victorious pasha from Turkey; he would install a civil government and show Belgians how to govern. A civil government! The Germans were to have passed through Brussels in three days; and they had been there for three weeks, gradually spreading out over all the Ministries and very much at home. And now they were going to install a civil administration. It had a somewhat too permanent, if not ominous, sound!

Brussels was perturbed, for his coming and the manner of it might have its effect on the fate of Belgium. There was a word on everybody's lips that no one dared to pronounce; did it mean—did it mean—annexation?

The victorious pasha duly arrived, to be followed later by whole regiments of functionaries. It was the old Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz. I had word that the Field-Marshal would call on me formally on Thursday, the third, in the afternoon. So, then, on that day, promptly at four, his Excellency Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz Pasha, in blue Bismarckian uniform and decorations, a little squat black helmet, wearing an enormous sword, arrived with his staff in two big gray automobiles with great excitement in the Rue de Trèves. The Pasha, a big man and old, had a heavy, mottled, much-scarred face and wore large round spectacles; he expressed himself in excellent French, and thanked me for my work in charge of the German Legation. He said something of his experiences in Turkey, remained but a few minutes, smiled, bowed, and was gone.

It was on that occasion that I met a man with whom I was to have much to do for the next two and a half years, a tall, exceedingly handsome man in a smart uniform with white trimmings, with a smiling, intelligent face, blue eyes, and the manner of a man of the world, Baron von der Lancken-Wakenitz. He could speak I know not how many languages beside his own, though he did not like to speak English, and he always conversed in that French he had so perfectly mastered during his ten years' service as Counselor in the German Embassy at Paris. He had come to Brussels to occupy an important post in the Government of Occupation that was about to be established. We exchanged but few words that day, for the call was brief, but we were destined during the succeeding two and a half years to become better acquainted and to exchange many words, the occasional asperity of which not all the delicate nuances of the French language could soften or shade away.

The bulletin next morning bore the proclamation in which the Field-Marshal proclaimed his accession to the seat of power in the little kingdom. The people gathered about in sad, silent groups, reading the announcement of their fate. Many of them with scraps of paper and bits of lead-pencils almost surreptitiously copied it down. The proclamation stated that the German armies were advancing victoriously in France, and then proceeded to threaten the population with dire consequences if any act inimical to the German cause were committed. And then there was the declaration of a new and amazing doctrine, new in our times, at least, and in the western world, namely, that the innocent should be punished as well as the guilty!

"C'est la dure nécessité de la guerre que les punitions d'actes hostiles frappent en dehors des coupables aussi des innocents." (It is the stern necessity of war that the punishment for hostile acts fall not only on the guilty but on the innocent as well.)

The sinister threat needed no commentary after Louvain, Dinant, Aerschot, and a hundred other towns to the east, still smoking at that moment under their ruins. The people read it in silence; but took what comfort they could in another phrase:

"Citoyens Belges: Je ne demande à personne de renier ses sentiments patriotiques."

("Citizens of Belgium:" the proclamation continued, "I ask no one to renounce his patriotic sentiments.")

Nor did they miss the implications of another feature, one little word, and that an insignificant preposition, suddenly swollen with an immense importance, pregnant with a deep meaning. That was the preposition "in"—Governor-General *in* Belgium, then, and not Governor-General *of* Belgium! Men stood perhaps more erect, they were not required to renounce any of their patriotic sentiments, and the land was not annexed!

But it would not have been Brussels had not the people had their fun out of it. That old and unconquerable Flemish and Walloon sense of humor, that remarkable resilience of spirit which is innate in the Belgian character. Somewhere on a wall of the lower town, the notice had been put up so high that it

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Brussels children playing at war.

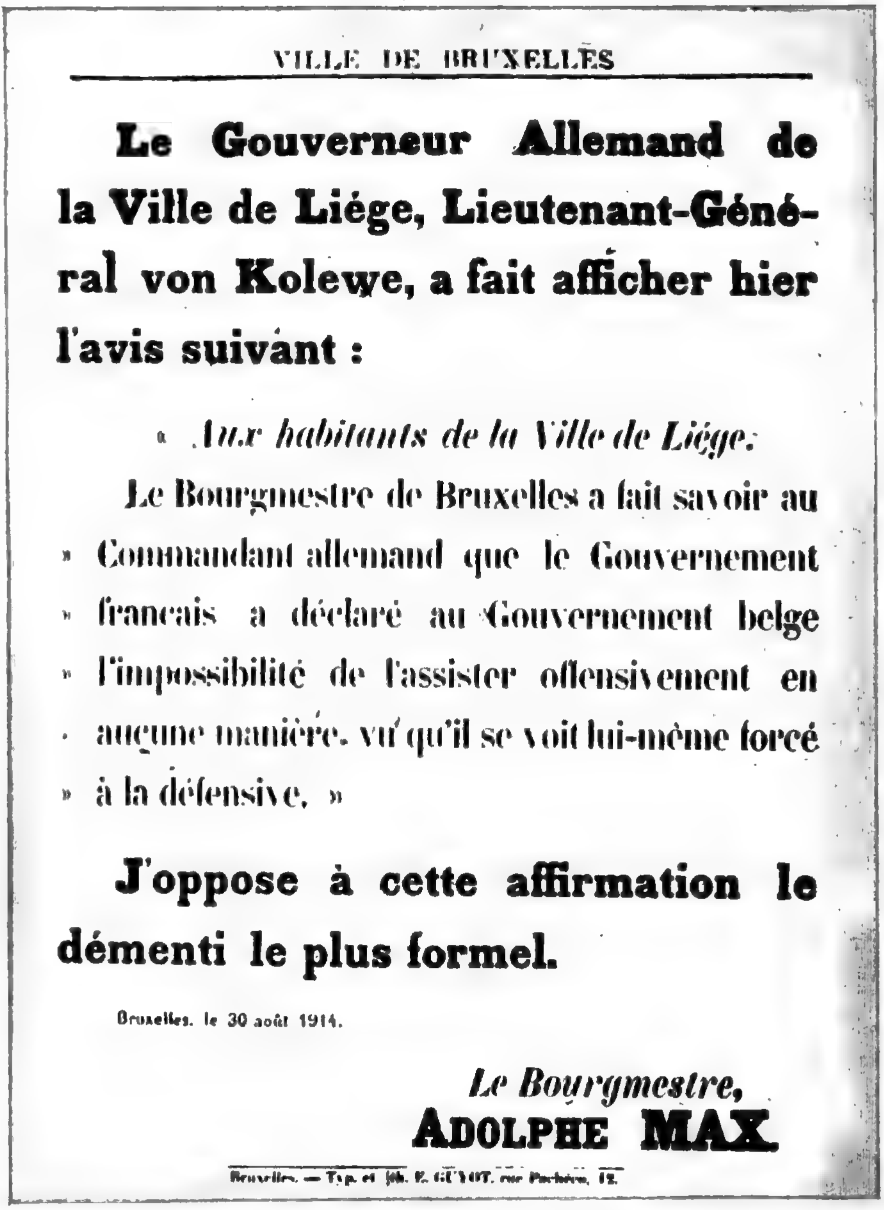
could not be read by the passers-by, and a buxom woman of the people, a "*bonne Bruxelloise*," with the naïveté that is also a part of the Brussels nature, brought from her shop a ladder and mounted upon it to read it for the benefit of the crowd. But her voice was not strong enough, and a man, some droll wag, climbed up in her stead and read the proclamation with running comment on its statements and then held out his hands in benediction, and said:

"*Et maintenant, mes enfants, je vous bénis; avec ça* (waving a hand at the proclamation) *et six cents vous aurez un verre de bière dans tous les cabarets de Bruxelles.*" (And now, my children, I bless you; with that and three cents you can get a glass of beer in any public house in Brussels.)

It was as much respect as the Germans ever inspired in Belgium.

XXXV

AFFICHES (proclamations, notices, or bulletins), indeed, played as large a part in the life of Brussels just then as had newspapers before the war. They might not always provide news, but they could provide sensation, and if written by the proper hand, send a thrill through the community. On the morning of the last day of August the crowds that pressed eagerly up to the walls where the *affiches* were posted, were held, necks craned forward, eyes peering, thrilled by one of the most stupendous sensations the city had ever known. For there was a white poster with black characters, its text vibrating with the passion of the man who had written it. It was the Burgomaster himself, who, with the consecrated phrase the French use when they wish to give the effect of the short and ugly word they are too polite to use, had pricked the German pride:



VILLE DE BRUXELLES

Le Gouverneur Allemand de la Ville de Liége, Lieutenant-Général von Kolewe, a fait afficher hier l'avis suivant :

« *Aux habitants de la Ville de Liége:*

Le Bourgmestre de Bruxelles a fait savoir au
» Commandant allemand que le Gouvernement
» français a déclaré au Gouvernement belge
» l'impossibilité de l'assister offensivement en
» aucune manière, vu qu'il se voit lui-même forcé
» à la défensive. »

J'oppose à cette affirmation le démenti le plus formel.

Bruxelles, le 30 août 1914.

Le Bourgmestre,
ADOLPHE MAX.

Bruxelles. — Typ. et lith. E. GUYOT, rue Pachéco, 12.

Burgomaster Max's categorical denial.

(See translation on this page.)

CITY OF BRUSSELS

The German Governor of the City of Liège, Lieutenant-General von Kolewe, has caused to be published the following notice!

"To the inhabitants of the City of Liège:

"The Burgomaster of Brussels has informed the German Commander that the French Government has notified the Belgian Government of the impossibility of assisting it offensively in any manner in view of the fact that it finds itself compelled to take the defensive."

This affirmation I categorically deny.
The Burgomaster,
Adolphe Max.
Brussels, August 30, 1914.

It was the very thing to catch the crowd. Brussels was delighted, and celebrated its dashing and daring burgomaster. Then, a few hours later, there was another *affiche* on the walls:

IMPORTANT NOTICE

It is strictly forbidden also to the municipality of the city to publish notices without having received my special permission.
The Military Governor,
Baron von Lüttwitz, Major-General.
Brussels, August 31, 1914.

The town was swept by laughter. The Burgomaster, already popular, became an idol.

Brussels was to spend much of its time thenceforth in reading the *affiches* on its walls, even if it did make it a point of patriotic honor not to believe a word it read when they were German, for, to the proclamations and decrees and orders and *avis* that grew more and more numerous as time went on, there were added "*Nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand*" (News published by the German Government)—great white posters on all the walls in three languages, German, Flemish, and French. *Les nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand* were edited by I know not what cunning hand over there in the *ministères*, where the vast organization with clumsy thoroughness was getting itself installed, but the task could not have been more subtly performed if Machiavelli himself had been in charge, and wished to poison the wells of public information. I do not know that the statements were deliberately false; they may have told nothing but the truth, but they did not tell the whole truth, and they were most artistically contrived to depress and discourage; a kind of dismal dose of despair. We read in them that von Kluck was before Paris, and we waited daily, almost hourly, for the announcement of the fall of the French capital; we read of the departure of the Government for Bordeaux and of Gallieni's famous phrase, when asked if they proposed to defend Paris: "*Je remplirai cette mission jusqu'au bout*" (I shall fulfil this duty to the end).

We followed in imagination from day to day the progress toward Paris of those armies we had seen sweep through Brussels, the very same, no doubt, which, in a tragic moment, Sir John French's scouts saw looming before them a few days after. The very mystery added to the terror of the thought; the very uncertainty made us all the more certain. Every day, over at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, General von Lüttwitz, with the impersonal calmness of the Fates themselves, would tell me of the progress of their armies, nearer by so many kilometers every day; nearer and nearer Paris, day by day, and at last one day he remarked simply:

"We shall enter Paris tomorrow."

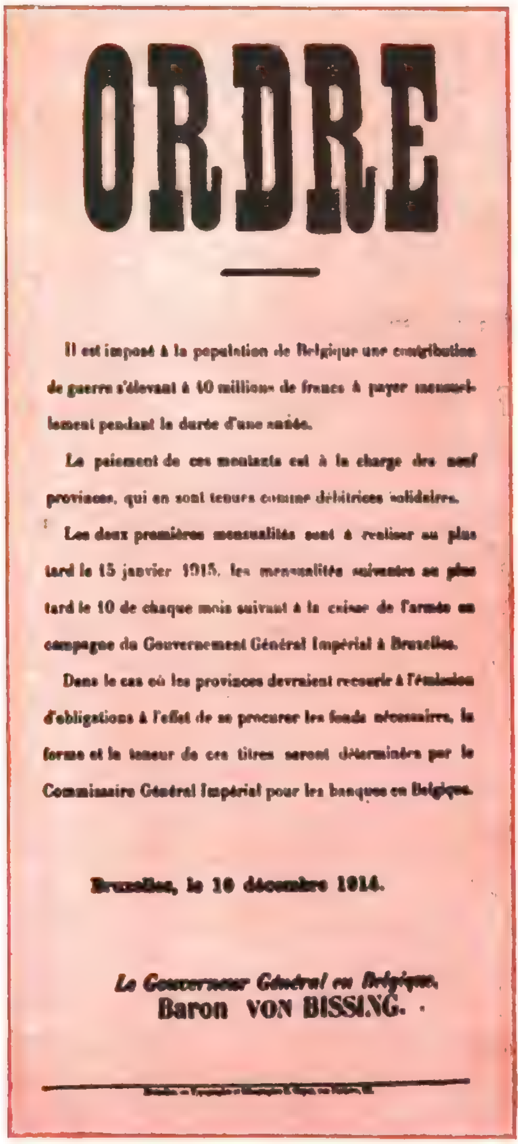
It seemed like the end of the world—our world, the world as we of the West knew it. I did not see him the next day. But the day following I said,

"I presume you are in Paris now . . ."

"No," he said, quite simply. "After all, you see, our objective is not Paris. Our army is swinging around, making an enveloping movement," and he made an enveloping movement himself with his arm, swinging it about with an inclusive gesture that seemed to embrace and gather into its toils the whole of the French nation. "We must destroy the French army."

And that, at the time, was what I knew of the battle of the Marne. I do not know much more about it now; I do not at all understand what happened there south of us on that day. I mean to read, some day, the story, though I shall probably be unable to understand it, military movements being for me a mystery beyond solution. The only description of a battle that I could ever understand is that of Tolstoy's in "War and Peace," and I understand that only because Tolstoy makes it so plain that the military science is not so much a science as a congeries of human fallibilities and spiteful little accidents. If it were otherwise the Germans would have vindicated General von Lüttwitz's predictions, and not have left the imperial armies to the ironic hazard of all those Paris taxicabs, of which, I am sure, there was never the slimmest roster in the archives of the French General Staff.

We heard for the first time too of Hindenburg, a colonel-general then, whatever that may be. No newspapers were published in Brussels, and none were allowed to enter unless they were German, but as one walked along the streets toward evening, furtive figures would approach and whisper: "*Times, monsieur?*" And one might buy a copy of the "Thunderer" several days old for ten or twelve francs.



ORDRE

Il est imposé à la population de Belgique une contribution de guerre s'élevant à 40 millions de francs à payer mensuellement pendant la durée d'une année.

Le paiement de ces montants est à la charge des neuf provinces, qui en sont tenues comme débitrices solidaires.

Les deux premières mensualités sont à réaliser au plus tard le 15 janvier 1915, les mensualités suivantes au plus tard le 10 de chaque mois suivant à la caisse de l'armée en campagne du Gouvernement Général Impérial à Bruxelles.

Dans le cas où les provinces devraient recourir à l'émission d'obligations à l'effet de se procurer les fonds nécessaires, la forme et la teneur de ces titres seront déterminées par le Commissaire Général Impérial pour les banques en Belgique.

Bruxelles, le 10 décembre 1914.

Le Gouverneur Général en Belgique,
Baron VON BISSING.

A German levy on Belgium.

(Translation)

ORDER

There is imposed on the population of Belgium a war contribution amounting to forty million francs payable monthly for the period of a year.

The payment of these amounts is given in charge of the nine provinces, who are held as jointly and separately liable for it.

The two first monthly payments must be made not later than January 15, 1915, and the succeeding monthly payments not later than the tenth of each month following, at the treasury office of the field army of the General Imperial Government in Brussels.

In cases where the provinces may have recourse to the issuing of obligations in order to procure the necessary funds, the form and tenure of the notes shall be determined by the General Imperial Commissary for the banks of Belgium.

Then we learned that these salesmen were being shot if they were discovered. So we bought their contraband papers no more, not caring to be even indirectly associated with such tragedies. When our pouches got through the lines, the newspapers they brought were old, and nothing so quickly evaporates, perhaps, as the interest of a newspaper, which, like waffles, must be hot from the irons to be worth while.

Thus more and more we turned in upon ourselves and our own little affairs, little, that is, in comparison with the larger affairs "outside," as we soon came to think of the greater world beyond those gray lines that hemmed us in.

XXXVI

BUT there was no escape from the sights and scenes and incidents of trouble that so constantly reminded us of war. There were soldiers everywhere, and it was not long before there were sailors too, or at least marines, marching along the boulevard on their way, as everybody supposed, to Antwerp to maneuver the heavy Austrian siege-guns that were being moved up. Then the ambulances began to bear wounded into the city, and after three weeks of idleness the railroads were again in operation, manned now by Germans in blue uniforms, and when the trains that jolted over the crossing at the Rue Belliard were not bearing wounded in our direction, they were loaded with cannon to wound other men to be brought back on the return trip. With the resumption of an intermittent train service, which by way of Maestricht could take one into Holland, those who could obtain passes began to leave the city. The American colony dwindled. The few diplomats remaining began to go. Count Clary et d'Aldrigen, the Austrian Minister, acting dean of the Diplomatic Corps, had turned the Austrian Legation over to me, and now the Clarys were gone. They were sad to leave Brussels; they had lived there for eleven years, and were very popular. Barros-Moreira was only waiting for a special train to take out his Brazilian colony.

The Bottara-Costas were going back to Italy; Gravenskop-Castenskjold, the Danish Minister, was leaving and had turned his legation over to me. We bade them good-by there in the Gare du Nord, littered with straw, filled with cannon, crowded with ill-smelling soldiers, long trains of wounded going back to Germany. The trains were scribbled over in chalk with German phrases expressing childish hatred of England. On our little party—Villalobar, Max and a few others—there was the sadness which is in all partings—like so many little deaths. There were the prolonged banalities, finally, "All aboard!" in German, two smart officers in monocles step on the train as it moves off, the Countess in tears, waving her handkerchief, and so

Photograph by Paul Thompson

On foot from Antwerp to Holland.

good-by, Gravenskop-Castenskjold thrusting his hand out of the wagon to shout:

"*Pas un Danois à Bruxelles! Mais mettez votre drapeau sur ma legation!*" (Not a Dane in Brussels! But put your flag on my legation!) He died soon after at The Hague.

It was on the eleventh of September that *les nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand* posted on the walls of Brussels the telegram in which the German Emperor told the President that "the Belgian Government had encouraged the civil population to take part in the war which it had carefully prepared for so long a time." The Emperor spoke of Louvain and told how his heart bled when he saw that such measures "had been inevitable." "*Mon cœur saigne*" (My heart bleeds), therefore, was added to the current phrases of irony with which the people of Brussels expressed themselves in all the cruel events of the war. It became the same sort of bitter joke that "*Gott mit Uns*" had been since the people had been accustomed to see that device on the round buckles that glistened on the German belts, until some one thought of "von Gott"; then that was the common pleasantry. The changes were rung in all the keys, and many a tale was invented in which they played their part.

It was this sense of humor indeed that kept up the hearts of the Belgian people, that peculiar *esprit* that early won a moral victory over the Germans. This sense of humor is a part of that indomitable courage which has kept the Belgian nation alive along the calvary of its tragic history. Even Baudelaire, the French poet, who in his cruel and acidulous spite wrote as many nasty things about the Belgians as he did about the Americans, whom he so detested, has reluctantly rendered them this justice: "Always oppressed," he said, "but never conquered." This peculiar savory wit, this sardonic spirit, was everywhere in play, and it was not long before even the children of the Marolliens, as they played at war, marching and counter-marching there under the shadow of the Palais de Justice, had a new game.

"*Achtung!*" the little captain of the band would shout, brandishing his wooden sword. "*Nach Paris!*"

And then the little command, doing the goose-step, the absurdity of which did not escape even the children, would begin to march—backward.

XXXVII

IT WAS thus that the children, doing the goose-step in the Quartier des Marolliens, in order to mock the Germans, celebrated the Battle of the Marne when the news in its mysterious way had filtered in.

However, if the Germans were not investing Paris, they were besieging Antwerp.

And there came one evening to our ears a sound like the slamming of a distant heavy door. We listened. The sound came again and again, punctuating the stillness with heavy thuds, and we knew that the siege of Antwerp had begun. The next morning the sound was even more audible in the heavy air. The ominous detonations rumbled like far-off thunder, and the awful echo was tossed back and forth across the gray sky where a German Taube was flying.

The sounds of the guns increased in intensity; it had the quality of a sullen and stupid reiteration, as though there were some argument in the mere bellowing, in the constant asseveration of the same thing. The booming detonations shook the houses; the windows in certain atmospheres would rattle. The weather was gray and heavy; there were frequent gusts of rain and a general intolerable depression began to settle down upon the world. The people went about with long faces, those Brussels faces that used to be almost naively happy. Men as they met could only assure each other, after glancing about to see that no spy was within earshot, that the forts of Antwerp were impregnable. Mourning began to appear; people were hearing of the deaths of sons and brothers. And always those tales of atrocities, saturating the general mind with their horror. Even Lejeune, the coiffeur, had lost his gaiety; Figaro, if as voluble as ever, was not so insouciant. He had two sons at the front; one of them had been a steward on the Red Star Line, and a great boxer. He was one of those fortunate persons who find all things relating to themselves superlative. He was filled with a terrible hatred of the Germans and was waiting for the Cossacks to double the atrocities committed by the Germans, though he never referred to them as Germans, but always as "*les boches*," with all the loathing the word connotes. His one regret, he said, was that he could not go to the front himself.

"I," he would say, "I am one of the best shots living, you know." But he was too old.

Late in the afternoon little Bulle came—we called him little Bulle in our affection when we did not call him Hermancito. He had a delicately flattering way of addressing me as "Chief." His eyes were wide with a new horror; he brought a dreadful story that five hundred German soldiers had been murdered in their beds the night before at Louvain, their throats all cut while they slept. Bulle had been told this by Frau Grabowsky, the wife of the old white-haired *conseiller aulique* of the German Legation, and she said that she had details from her husband. The tale had its effect on us, of course, but I had just set myself to the task of analyzing it, in the belief that it could not be true, when luckily von der Lancken came, very calm and casual, very smart in his light gray-blue tunic and dark trousers held under his boots by straps, and carrying a little riding-whip. He said he had just come from Louvain, and I asked him fearfully, and yet with as casual an air as I could command, how things were going on there.

He said, "Why, all right."

Photograph by Bros. Thompson.

Saving the household gods.

Then I told him of the latest rumor, and he was grimly amused and I immensely relieved; there was not a word of truth in it.

XXXVIII

THE Baron von der Lancken had dropped in that evening to inquire about Gibson, who two days before had gone to Antwerp with dispatches. He had been accompanied by the old Count Woest, a distinguished Belgian statesman just then experiencing among his Belgian fellow-citizens the unpopularity of the pacifist in times of war. He had asked for a seat in our motor and we had granted the request without asking why he wished to go to Antwerp, and when a little red-haired German soldier, with his front teeth all gone and a great gun on his back, had come in the rain bearing Gibson's pass, the name of the Count was on it, as was also that of the Marquis of Faura, secretary of the Spanish Legation, whom Gibson was to bring back from Antwerp that he might be at the bedside of a dying son. Gibson, excited with the prospect of adventure, had departed with his aged companion, and the Pasha had arranged an *entr'acte*, had agreed to leave off firing for a time, to allow them to pass through the lines, and they went bearing a napkin to use as a white flag, like Napoleon III. and his table-cloth.

The Count had gone, as the event proved, to see if his Government would be disposed to consider some means, if they could be found, of discussing terms. It was said by the gossips that there were those who felt that Belgium had done her duty and that some sort of truce was not impossible. Indeed, I had had a call from three gentlemen, Belgians, one of whom was connected with the Brussels branch of the Deutsche Bank, who came to me one afternoon—it was Wednesday, the second of September—with some tentative suggestion of conference and

Photograph copyrighted by the International News Service, Inc.

Refugees arriving at Putte, on the Dutch frontier of Belgium.

armistice. Monsieur D—— told me that the Germans had summoned the forts of Antwerp to surrender, and with great hesitation, and with evident appreciation of the fact that he was venturing on most dangerous ground, he suggested some sort of truce be arranged by the President. I could, of course, have nothing to do with such a delicate business. I could only explain very carefully the neutral position of my country and that I could do nothing on unofficial representations or without authority from Washington. And Monsieur D—— wheeled into the discussion those famous cannon—a formidable argument, to be sure!

Gibson was back in a day or two with Count Woest, who, however much a pacifist, had shown no fear of the military movements they were compelled to drive through on their return journey, but was as unconcerned under fire as though he had been a militarist. His mission, whatever it was, had been wholly a failure, and any proposal of discussion or arrangement he may have made at Antwerp had been coldly received and instantly refused.

IT WAS a relief, but worry was never absent long, and it promptly came in its protean form as a note from the Duchess of Sutherland, written from the Hôtel Astoria, a hostelry which the Germans had taken over, as they had the classic Hôtel de Bellevue et Flandres, to be used as a club for officers.

The note of the Duchess was urgent and I went at once, not altogether unprepared to find her under arrest, since one of the physicians attached to her ambulance had been in several times from Namur to report the various difficulties the Germans were already causing them there. She and the nurses with her had remained in Namur throughout the bombardment of the twenty-third of August and during the days of the dreadful week that followed. Afterward the Duchess had taken her Red Cross establishment to Maubeuge. But now Maubeuge had fallen; we had had that news from James Barnes and from Commander Gherardi of our Navy, who had come down from Berlin with German officers expressly to witness the reddition of the city.

The Astoria had an empty air, and the porter in his uniform was somewhat subdued in manner by the new guests installed there, but he sent me up at once to the apartments of the Duchess, and at her door I found two unshaven and unkempt sentinels, and, while doubtless not barbarians, smelling very much like barbarians. They denied me entrance, of course. I sent for an under officer who was there, but he was powerless, and then I found an obliging *oberleutnant* who spoke French; he at once went to the *Kommandantur* and returned with Major Bayer, who apologized for the delay, scolded the two sentinels, and gave orders that I was to see the Duchess at once.

She was indisposed and reclining, but sprightly in her smart English speech, recounting her experiences since leaving Namur with her Red Cross ambulance. German officers had promised her accommodations in a train to Holland via Aix-la-Chapelle, but she was suspicious and feared that she might be taken to Germany and held for ransom. I assured her that there was little likelihood of that and that I should try to arrange for her to go to Holland. But she did not wish to start for several days; she was not feeling quite up to the journey and was willing to give her word of honor that she would keep to her room and her bed. She was enjoying her adventure with the relish that our realist Anglo-Saxon races have in all that savors of the romantic, but I was just then for speeding all parting guests of that race. The fact that she was not quite ready to go was, however, an excellent argument to employ on the German mentality, and I spent futile hours trying to see Major Bayer to ask him to permit the Duchess to remain.

I could not find him. The world had changed into a pandemonium of gray motors, gray uniforms, unshaven sentries and, no doubt, swarming spies, in which it was growing more and more difficult to find one's way about. But at the close of the day, as Villalobar and I were telling each other our experiences, Baron von der Lancken suddenly appeared. He was just in from the field of battle near Louvain, and in his great flowing cape of light bluish gray, with its upturned white collar, and his silver helmet, he looked like *Lohengrin*, but a *Lohengrin* whose swan had overturned his frail bark, for he was quite wet through, and worn with fatigue. I gave him a glass of wine and took advantage of the moment to arrange for the departure of the Duchess, nurses, and doctors. Von der Lancken obtained a motor, or two motors, for them, and the necessary papers, and I asked James Barnes to escort them to Holland. Two days later the Duchess was out again, interesting in her nurse's garb, and at the Legation she asked to see *The Times*. There were some old copies and she settled herself in a corner of the salon to go carefully over the long list of the dead and wounded. And when she had done she quietly folded the paper, laid down her eye-glasses, and looking up with an expression from which all the zest of adventure had gone, said:

"This is probably the end of the world; there will be none living after the war. I dread going back to England, where there will always be a newspaper with its 'roll of honor.' "

We were only beginning to learn what the war would do to us; just beginning to apprehend that the world could never again be what it was; that all those who survived would have wounds that would never heal.

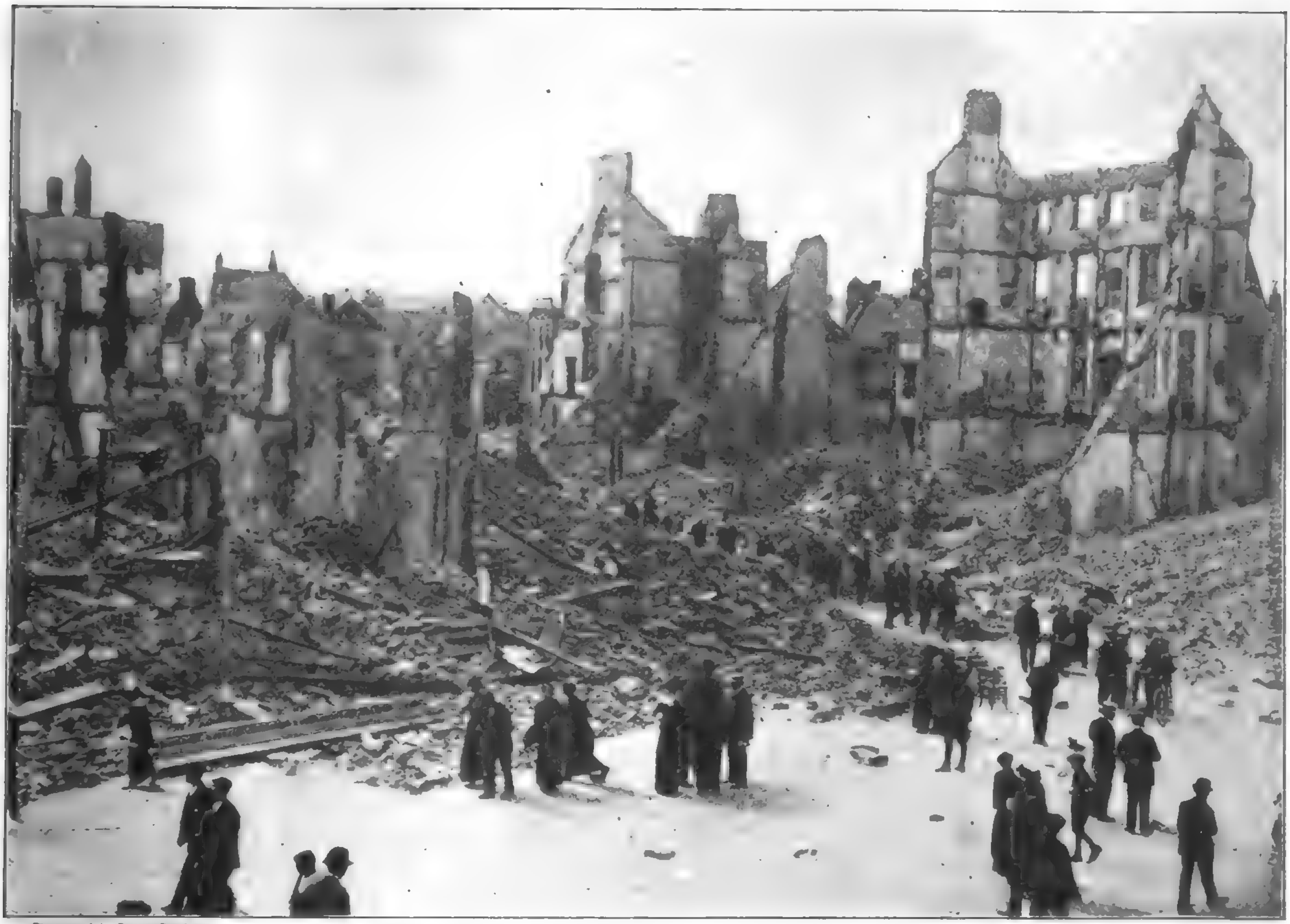
XXXIX

ALL day long we heard the cannonade, that dull thump of the guns. We used to stand in fascinated silence and listen and mark the intervals between the reports. The Belgians were making sorties and they were still contesting with the Germans the possession of Malines. Gibson had seen the King standing in the midst of a field of turnips, covered with mud and the grime of battle. And meanwhile the Germans had taken his summer palace at Laeken, there where the dancers from the Monnaie had moved to those sweet measures of Gluck, and they had rummaged through the apartments and drunk his wine. The King had smiled, so the story ran, when he was told of this, while Brussels was indignant. Saddened refugees were pouring ever into Brussels and finding homes somewhere among the poor, who are always so hospitable and are so near to pain and trouble always that they share the little that pain and trouble leave them.

Three times the Germans had taken Malines, and three times the Belgian troops had driven them out, and each time in the sting of defeat the Germans had wreaked their vengeance on the civilian population. The lovely Grand' Place was destroyed and the cathedral almost battered down, the cathedral where on moonlit summer evenings Jeff D—— used to play the carillons, filling all the air with their lovely music, and where the tall figure of the Cardinal came and went in lace and scarlet and red hat.

Meanwhile fresh troops poured through Brussels every day, and every morning along the boulevards the Germans paraded the enormous Austrian cannons that were moving up to the siege, and when it was not cannons it was machine guns, with their sinister warning to the people. And all about the Palais de Justice sand-bags were piled to make a barricade, and guns gaped over the ramp toward the quarter of the Marolliens just below.

In the afternoons German officers rode their horses along the avenues and into the Bois. It was the hour of the promenade in the Avenue Louise, under the chestnut trees that blossom twice a year along the wide plaisance, broad parterres where on pleasant days one used to meet everybody one knew. Along the promenade on pleasant afternoons there used to be ladies and gentlemen walking, bows and smiles and lifted hats, pretty children, toy dogs with jingling harnesses, old women selling toy balloons and girls selling flowers —notes of bright color in the ensemble. In those days, those feverish days of expectancy, the people clung to the old



Photograph by Brown Brothers

Louvain in September, 1914.

Ruins on every side, as though an earthquake had shaken down the houses. A strange silence filled the city; the people stood about amid the ruins, idle and curious.

habit and took the air there as before, though there were no more smiles and the hats were lifted solemnly, and one by one the ladies all appeared in mourning. But the children, with the charming insouciance of childhood, still played there, and the gay little griffons and the swaggering Pekingese were all unconcerned, and the old woman waddled about with the great cluster of toy balloons in all their translucent colors bobbing against each other above her head.

And it was precisely along this promenade, and not in the bridle-path, the tan-bark road across the way, that the German officers would gallop, straight, erect, with the monocles fixed in the arrogant faces that bore the scars of their prudent duels, while the children and the nursemaids scattered right and left.

I watched them in amazement and a feeling rising in my breast that one would rather not avow—and there, just across the way, was the soft tan-bark, empty and unused.

And one evening, after I had dispatched some business with a German officer of high rank, I could not resist the impulse to ask him why the officers must needs gallop along the promenade when a few yards away there was such an excellent tan-bark route, made expressly for riding. He shrugged his shoulders and replied sententiously:

"They're Prussians."

He checked himself as though regretting the admission, and then he added:

"You need not repeat that; you know, these Belgians have to be curbed." And he brought down a closed fist on the table. . . .

Two days later, however, barriers were put up across the footpath, with openings just large enough to permit one to pass. The children played there again, the daily promenades were resumed, and the officers rode thereafter along the bridle-path. I never knew whether my remark had anything to do with it or not. Probably not.

"After, therefore because," is one of the logical fallacies I used to read in Jevons.

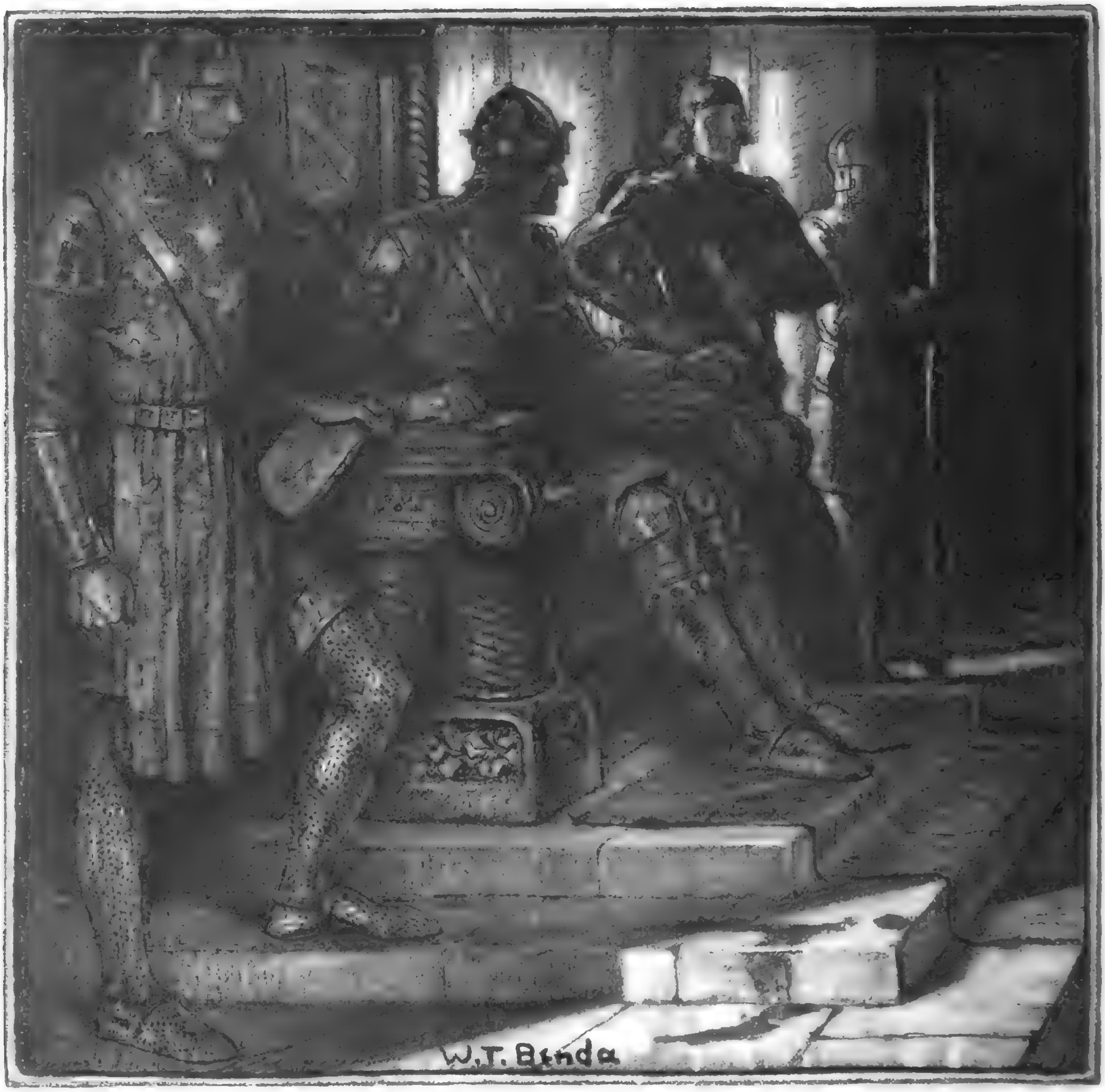
I could not be more certain of the effect of the paper which General Baron von Lüttwitz so kindly gave me to protect the villa at Quatre Bras, Bois-Fleuri, where during all those troubled weeks the rabbits had been nibbling at the rose-leaves unmolested. I had procured the paper to quiet Victor's apprehensions, but one afternoon Victor came into town and reported that on three occasions German soldiers had overrun the house, rummaging everywhere, and that finally when he produced the paper and showed it, the officer in command said:

"Oh, yes, this is the house of the American Minister, and we have orders not to visit it, even if there should be wine in the cellar!"

However, they amused themselves by making Victor's wife dance for them, spurring her by tapping significantly on their pistol holsters. There were no orders, of course, against that; and the gardener's poor, overawed wife could not dance very well.

What orders there were, indeed, seemed to be for the Belgians, and these with their numerous prohibitions conveyed in *affiches*, came to take up almost as much room on the walls of Brussels as the news of German victories conveyed in *les nouvelles publiées par le Gouvernement Allemand.* Brussels, with that good humor which, as some French writer says, is one of the best forms of courage, had taken heart of grace from a rumor that the German army was in retreat in France; it took so little to encourage them and to send their spirits mounting. Up to that time, even though the three days

(*Continued on page 68*)



Malatesta kept them waiting till in the minds of the men about him there grew a sense of horror.

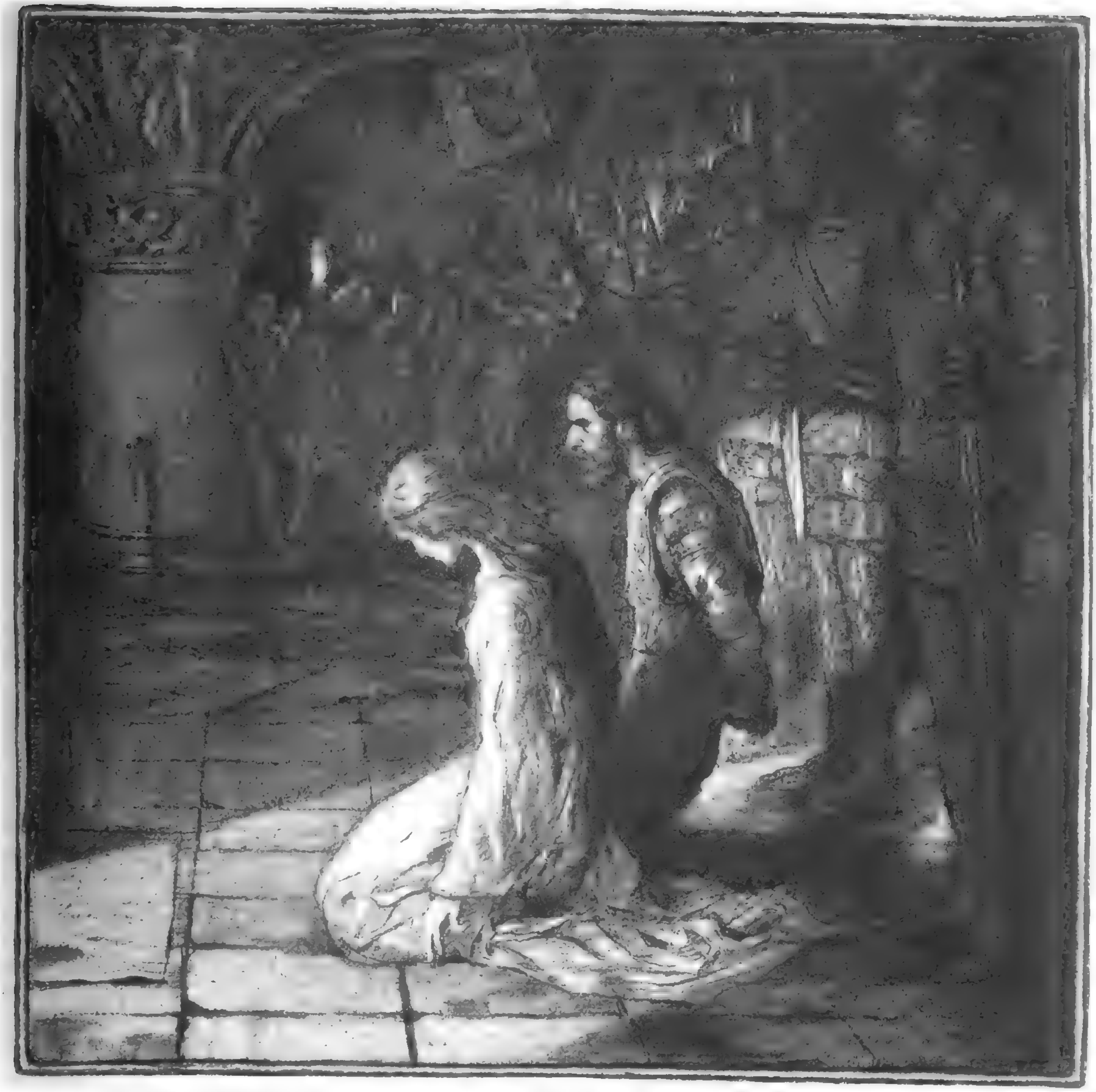
The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

By

Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

A romance of the hill towns of Italy. The first instalment of a brilliant new serial, by an English writer new to American readers. A novel full of tense situations, with a lovely young duchess for heroine, and an impudent daredevil for hero.



Beatrice knew that it was for her to speak. She nerved herself. "Mercy, Malatesta!—for us both!"

CHAPTER ONE
The Promise

MALATESTA allowed them to remove his helmet, but he would not part with his sword, and sat in the great chair of state in the main hall with his bloody weapon held in his left hand—he was a left-handed man—looking a very butcher from the shambles. The hall was thick with smoke still wreathing rank and sullen among the great oaken rafters, though the fire, having done its work, was now fairly stamped out in the upper hall and main stairway.

Malatesta was still panting—he had worked and fought like three men that night—and I dare say his limbs trembled as he sat—but his grim face was lit up with the wild joy of a man who had conquered his enemy in the death grapple, and in his aspect you read him plainly enough king of men. All along one side of the hall stood a crowd of Sionese gentlemen, burghers, selected representatives of the various guilds and arts in the town. This last week while, with Siona City in his hands, he labored at the reduction of the citadel, he had found time to sort out nearly a hundred of the beaten townsmen, and, in certain anticipation of the success of his last assault, he had held them captive and in readiness to take part, as spectators, in the triumph he never doubted would be his.

He had been right. He was always right. Midnight had seen the beginning of the assault, by the light of a thousand torches, and dawn, just beginning to break, found him master of Siona castle as well as the city. The townsmen stood herded by Malatesta's spearmen. A blaze of torches made their white and scowling faces and the gray walls of the hall brilliant with flaring yellow light. There still came from time to time, far and faint, the sound of screaming across the garden, an occasional rush of feet, hoarse shouting, the chink of iron. For some reason they gave no quarter to the men in the eastern towers, and these, finding it little boon to drop into the moat, only to be finished off with mace or spear as they struggled on the far side, made a stand of it, retreating up the stairs slowly, dying one by one, desperately enough.

Then they brought Conradi to Malatesta. They hauled him in, a prisoner, hands bound behind him, wounded, fainting, spent with fighting, to kneel at the feet of the man he hated and so, perhaps, by begging for it, win his life. Should he have died, as near three hundred of his men had died that night? Who can say? Ten minutes earlier it had been an easy thing to do, with all the wild emotion of contest streaming along every vein, along each nerve. Then, the fire of his manhood flaming through him like a smith's forge fire under the bellows, vicious stab and vengeful slash evaded by a hair's breadth as he stepped deftly in and out among the swords, were no more to him than the flickering of a tree's shadow over a sunny lawn, so that he killed. But they had struck him down. He was bleeding in many places under his armor, he was tired with killing, and so breathless that when they had disarmed him and helped him to his feet he could scarcely stand. Then they brought him to Malatesta.

Guilielmo, Malatesta's only son, was at his father's right hand. Bartoldi, that butcher of men for hire, was on his left. Men were striking out the fire from the smoldering hangings. Huddled in a dreadful heap in one corner lay, hastily dragged out of the way, such corpses as had been found in the hall when the setting of the ghastly pageant was arranged. As Conradi trembling at the knees, faced his enemy seated there, smiling malevolently, a look of deathless hate flashed for a moment over his wan face, and it may well be that if he could have fetched breath enough he would have flung away what little life was left in him in one wild burst of defiance. But death among the swords when blood runs high is one thing. Death from the knife, with two hundred onlookers, a sheep's death—pah! Conradi could not face it, brave man that he was. Will you blame him? Realize the man's helplessness, his bound hands, his tiredness, his despair, before you venture on judgment.

SO CONRADI knelt. Words he found none. The kneeling he could compass, but the mercy prayer, that was beyond him. Malatesta considered a moment. A little groaning breath of horror came from the huddled crowd penned up by his spearmen. He looked them over, smiling under downdrawn brows, and well pleased to have fetched the sound from them. Then, "Where is the girl?" he asked, and they made haste to find and bring her.

Conradi had had her stowed away safe enough the night before, and presently after much calling they had got her out, a white-faced girl—she was but fifteen—proud, shaking, tearless, half-crazed, I dare say. Afraid? Why, yes—how should she escape fear? Roused from her bed at midnight, a wrap flung around her, hurried through hall and stairway, the roar of the assault already vibrating among the walls, overtaken every now and then as she sped, by the clanking rush of mail-clad men running to their posts in defense, she had sat from then till this dreadful dawn, in darkness, with only an old nurse for companion, guessing, guessing only too surely, how the bloody work was progressing. Four hours of darkness, with a growing torrent of sounds, smell of smoke, crashings and shakings—the west castle was held till Malatesta brought up his catapults—and through it all the slow growth to certainty of the knowledge that her father was a beaten man. And on this as the fighting died down came the call for her, and the sickening realization that she must come out and face what waited for her. And out she came.

They took her down to the main hall, and there by her father's side they made her kneel, a slender, red-haired, white-faced girl, in her bedgown, her faint bosom heaving wildly, her breath coming in quiet sobs. As she knelt, a sob came from her father. He cast a wild eye at her. Malatesta waited. She knew that it was for her to speak, that speech was beyond her father's power, and that his life, and hers, were to win here. She nerved herself. "Mercy, Malatesta!"

"For you?"

"For us both!"

It was done. She had said it.

Malatesta sat as if considering. Do not think that the fact that here was a woman child and a helpless man with hands bound behind him, asking for bare life, moved Malatesta to pity. Pity and Malatesta held no counsel. Indeed, pity in those times was scarce more than a name for an emotion that might concern philosophers disputing about the mind and its properties, but held no practical interest. Behind Conradi stood a man with his eyes on Malatesta's face. His right hand rested on the knife in his belt. At a sign he would have cut the throats of both Conradi and the girl without a tremor. A toss of Malatesta's finger and presto! the thing were done, and the cleaners might begin. No, the fate of both Conradi and his daughter had been settled already before the trumpets had blown to the assault that night, and if Malatesta had brought the two to this pass it was not that his mind was still to make up.

A cool man, a planning man, always ahead, before ever he took the field against Conradi he had planned not only this victory, which should lay Siona at his feet, but something like this pageant, this drama, now being enacted before the spectators he had compelled to its witness. This very delay, while the two, father and daughter, knelt before him, was a purposeful thing. Life they should have, but it should be a life tinctured with the memory of those terrible minutes that dragged by as they knelt with the ready knife behind them, and the savor of death in their nostrils. So he kept them waiting till in the minds of the men about him there grew a sense of horror, and with not so much as a glance at them he read in their minds the beginnings of a revulsion against the cruelty of this suspense. Then he spoke, granting their lives. They were lifted up and taken away.

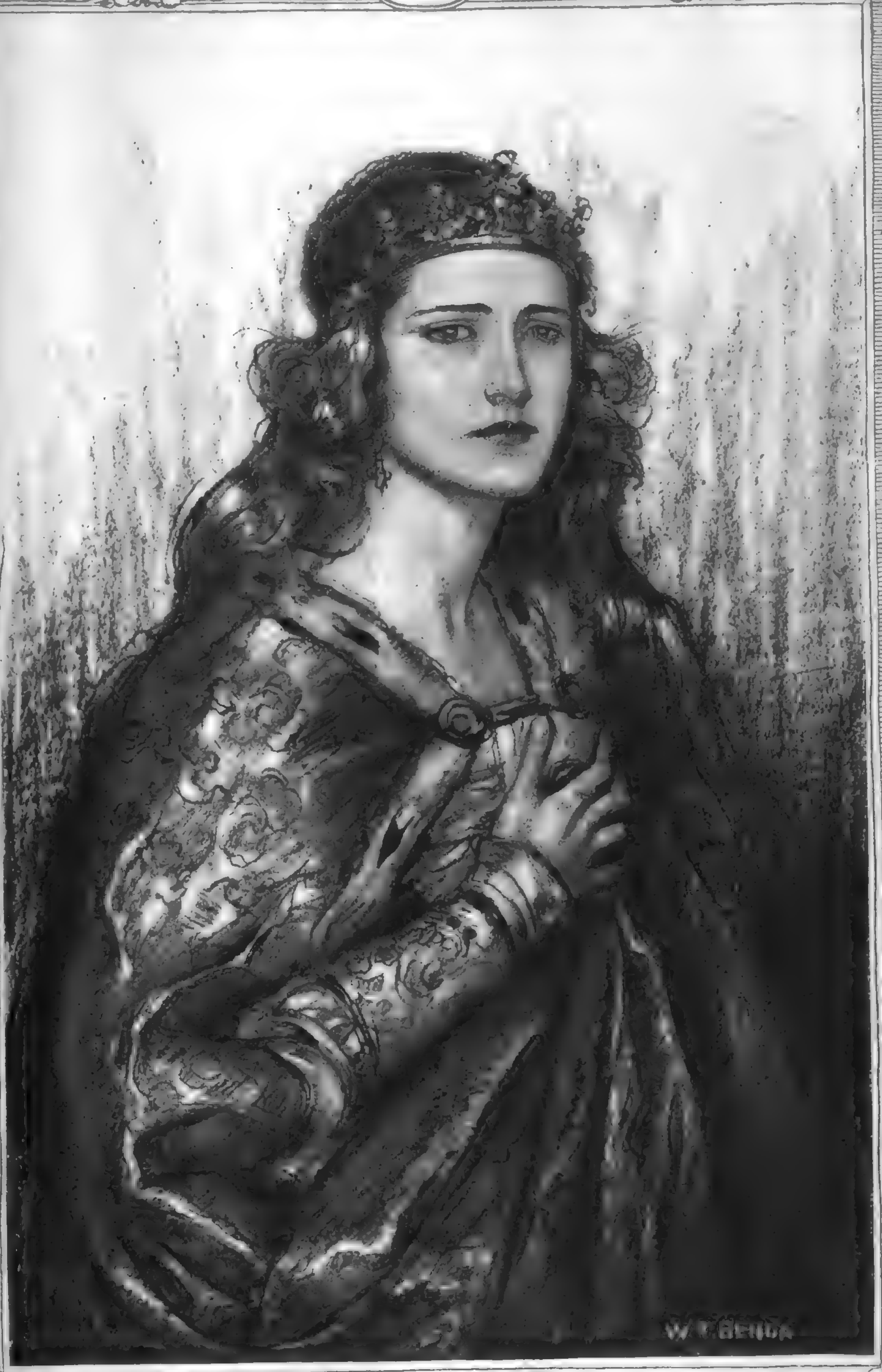
As young Beatrice had knelt she had felt her knees wet. When they raised her she looked down. On her white nightgown was a great stain of blood. The stone floor where she had knelt had been worn by long use into a hollow just there, and a pool of blood had drained into it. Unseeing, she knelt by her father's side, and now her gown was soaked with that dreadful witness.

MALATESTA left Siona. Conradi ruled as before. The city slowly regained something of its usual aspect. There were many widows in the town; young men were scarce. But work, the daily life of the city, gradually filled up in its old channel. Houses battered and burnt were repaired; the great doors in the east and west castles were fashioned again of oak and iron. Only the great gap and the little gap in the city wall were not repaired. Siona became Siona of the broken wall. This was by Malatesta's orders and served more than one purpose.

It was salt in Conradi's wounds. When he rode through his city he must often pass one gap or the other, and every glance he cast at them dealt him a fresh stab. Then, too, it was a continual reminder to the Sionese of what had been, and might well be again. Something of the ancient pride of their rulers ran in the veins of the very poorest in the town. Siona was no mean city, and knew it. Missona was upstart to it; Bruttia, larger, had not such a past nor such a pride. Well, proud or not, these Sionese might well pause and reflect, as Conradi paused and reflected, when they passed the gaps. That was Malatesta's seal on the town.

Prudence sprang from bitterness. A wall with a gap in it is no wall at all. Therefore, no more fighting for Siona. All Aquiloja might rise against the tyrant, but Siona would sit still. And with those broken walls to consider, Aquiloja—considered, and no more. Siona was Malatesta's lesson to Aquiloja, and needed no repetition.

Siona was poor now. Malatesta laid taxes upon it. When Conradi rose from his knees before Malatesta he rose a subject man. Subject in some things he had been before, but the yoke was more one of words than of actuality. But now he was to learn the meaning of tribute, service. He and Siona were



Beatrice. Duchess of Siona.

Google

to pay; if not—there were the gaps. Argument there was none. Malatesta made his demands very briefly. The city choked when it learned what defeat had involved, but it paid. In time it came to blame Conradi for all its troubles, and felt itself almost robbed by him of every ducat that passed to Malatesta's coffers.

SOME knowledge of this embittered the last few months of Conradi's life. He died three years after Malatesta had granted his life, and his girl Beatrice sat in the ducal chair of Siona.

She was now eighteen. Already her beauty was a portent. At fifteen she had been a slow-developing girl, rather short, features undetermined, only her marvelously fine and long hair, flaming red, to render her noticeable. Then she began to grow, but she was still rather under than over the usual height of a woman; not, however, conspicuously short. She was still too thin and slender, and the mass of her hair gave her face the appearance of being too small, and this you noticed the more because of the delicacy of the modeling of her nose and chin.

But first and foremost as you looked at her you gained the impression of great courage. Not merely in her calm gaze, steady from wonderful violet eyes set deep under her broad forehead, but in the carriage of her head, the set of the neck and shoulders over the thin bosom, there was expressed a dauntlessness as of something unconquerable. What in her ancestry had too often exhibited itself as an unwieldy pride was in her refined into a quintessence of sheerest courage. Her skin was the wonderful thing that you will find only occasionally even in a red-haired woman. The fierce Siona sun had touched it but little, just enough to coax a hint of cream into the white. It is scarcely possible that she did not take the greatest care of it, yet one could never trace in her anything of that instinct of caring for her beauty that seems natural in a woman. She was beautiful as her roses were beautiful; because they were so, and could not be otherwise.

She scarcely ever smiled. If her father under Malatesta's shadow became a fading man, so she became a frozen woman. She worked with and for her father. He failed and faded day by day, and the burden of government fell more and more on her young shoulders. She grasped the art of receiving and dismissing men who came with petitions, plans, complaints, pleas. She learned to weigh, to judge, suspect, approve, frown—to be harsh, steel to expostulation, unmoved by cajolery. Her face, for all its beauty, could be hard as flint.

Wrapped in his sorrows, declining to his grave, Conradi nevertheless was aware one day that his daughter was now a woman of wondrous beauty. Plainly now she would marry. He spoke to her and received a great shock. She would not marry.

She told him so with nothing of the mock-modest, fictitious shyness that is part of a girl's mental make-up, but with a thoughtful decision that now characterized all she said and did. He was aghast. Quite suddenly this new trouble overshadowed all his others. His pride in, his affection for his Beatrice, was a very real thing. He saw the growth of her beauty, the glamour of her look, the appeal, the call in her walk, her carriage, the budding grace of her body. She was become all he had hoped for. Since Heaven had denied him other children than this girl, he had built his hopes on her marriage and offspring. And such a glory of charms was hers that his heart glowed within him as he considered and appraised her. A prince might aspire here. Aspire truly; it was no condescension. Wealth, venturing here, might consider itself at profitable usury. And apart from that, he was aware the girl must be cared for. His own early death he plainly foresaw. Was he to leave behind, in charge of a city notoriously difficult to rule, a girl of less than twenty, single-handed, without experience, faced with a task a man of proved ability might well flinch from?

He pressed her. He could not move her. She was not perverse, only the thing was not possible. At fifteen she had been warmly, impulsively affectionate. After the siege something seemed to have left her, or taken possession of her; it was difficult to say which. Certainly her girlhood seemed, as it were, to have been suddenly reft away, and a womanhood thrust upon her, hastily equipped for the task of ruling, and for that reason perhaps lacking in all the softer instincts. She was willing to please him in everything else, but love that should bring to her the acceptance of a mate was beyond her range of emotions. He might as well have asked her to be a bird as a bride.

On his deathbed he did, poor man, what he deemed to be best. Perhaps it was. She was with him, tearless and courageous, controlling her own distress that she might not add to his. He took her hand. "Will you do what I advise, what I tell you, Beatrice?" he asked. She looked at him questioningly.

"'Tis about your marriage," he went on. "Tut, tut, the thing must be spoken of. So far, you are incorrigible, yet that is so much against all reason that even now I do not despair of you."

"I shall never marry."

"As to that, I say again that it's against nature. But let us not argue it over again. For one thing, I shall not last long, and for another I am content that the event itself shall prove you in the wrong."

She shook her head.

"Are you so sure?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then all the more easily may you give me your promise to do what I shall tell you. Beatrice, for such a girl as you, marriage must be a matter of meeting the right man. You are no woman to be bought or bargained for, disposed of in family council or thrown in with a city. I say you must marry, and I believe you will do so, but it will only be when you meet the man plainly marked out for you. In that case I think that not only will there be no difficulty in your marrying—God himself would be hard put to it to prevent you."

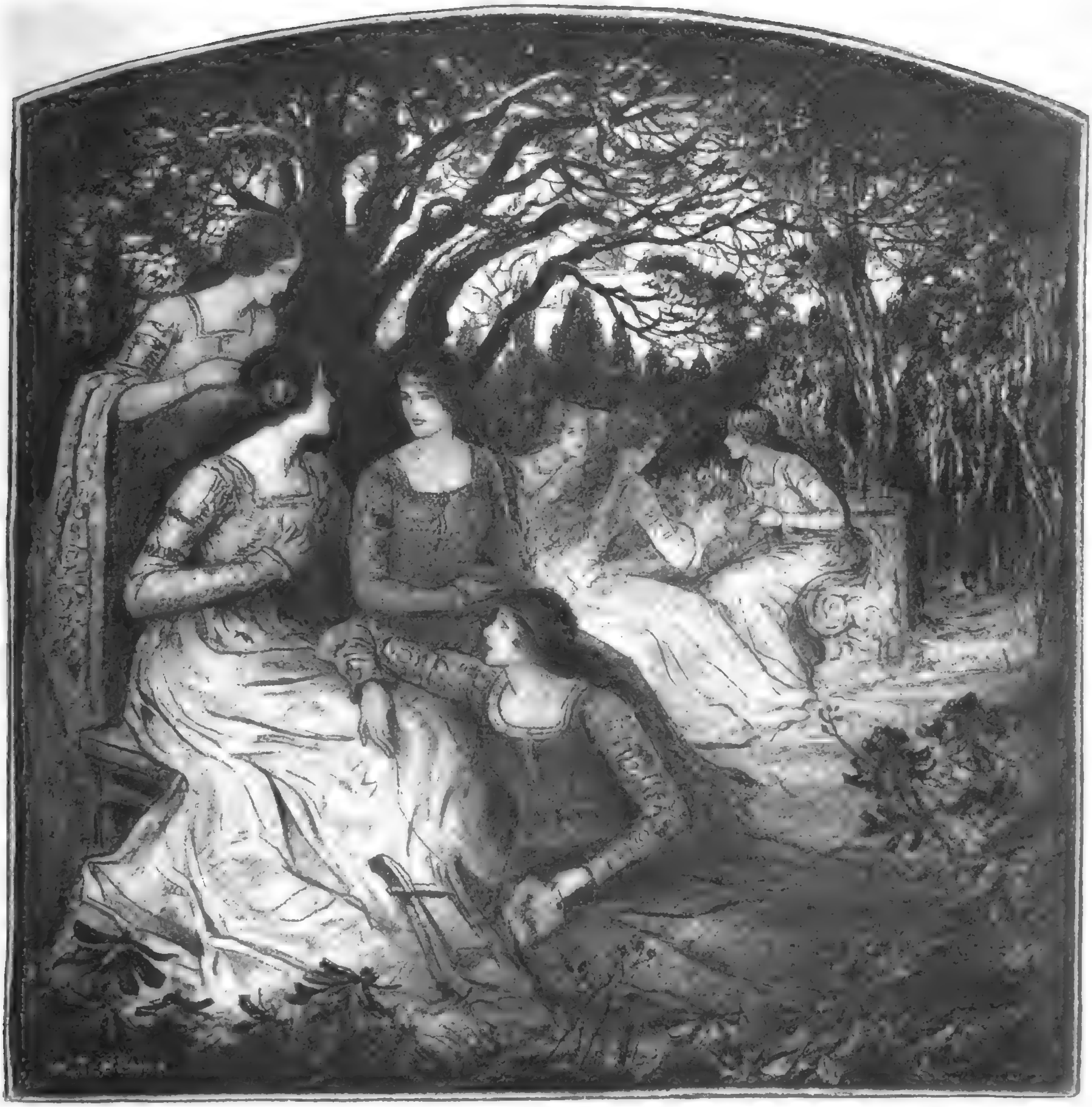
She frowned, feeling this to be a blasphemy not only against God but against herself perhaps.

"Now, as far as I can—and there should be no doubt about it, for I am duke of this city, and all laws spring from me while I live—I enjoin you, I command you, and I make it a law in Siona that though you may not be forced into marriage, yet you shall give the men a chance. You shall at least be courted. Hear my words. If any man come to court you, you shall not deny him at least a chance. You shall give him some access to your ear, entertainment here in the castle, reasonable opportunity, fair hearing, venturing your obstinacy against his proper importunity. For a month at any rate. You shall not be pestered, but in four weeks, if the man be worth listening to, and he come here for that purpose, you should be able to make up your mind. I have no further concern with him then. Turn him out, if you like. But his siege you shall suffer at any rate, and in the course of time I have confidence that God will send a man who will bring you to your duty."

"DUTY" he called it, and no doubt, like many another father, he saw nothing unreasonable in that view of the matter. She was vexed, but because the man was dying she hid her annoyance and remonstrated little.

"I do not want to marry, that you know. Men are well enough, I suppose, but I know, I feel in myself, that I am not to be moved by any one of them. Since you wish it, I submit. But I will not allow it to interfere with my work. God, who sends Malatesta to make life hard for us in Siona, put me here to make things easier; at least, I see no other reason. Very well, I am content to do my duty before God, and the man who wants a wife may seek elsewhere. But you shall have your way if it makes you happier. They shall court me if they will, and I will listen, in reason, to their nonsense." There he had her promise, and he knew she would keep it.

He died on the morning of her eighteenth birthday. She had been with him almost continually for over



The Duchess and her ladies used the garden much, doing their sewing, playing lutes, or telling tales.

forty-eight hours beforehand. Her love for him had always been a surprising thing, and her grief unrelieved by tears melted one to watch. Yet, calm and unmoved she showed herself to the people that afternoon in the market-place when, her guard lined up, the trumpets blaring, the herald proclaimed her Duchess of Siona.

CHAPTER TWO

Malatesta Issues an Ultimatum

WITHIN three months she began to learn, if ever woman did, what courting meant. At that time, men's minds, freeing themselves from the dread winter of the dark ages, were beginning to expand in a new freedom, and the fantastic lured like spring blossoms after winter. Men talked and sang of Beatrice all over Italy, and answering to that lure came the lovers. Her beauty drew them from as far away as Spain, the Danube, Sicily; Savoy sent its quota. They hastened to lay siege to this beauty of whom poets sang in rapture, and men less glib of tongue spoke with clumsier but as genuine feeling. Travel then was difficult, roads bad, inns worse, civil politics vile, yet spite of all Beatrice found herself soon compelled to devise a formal code of rules for her suitors. The crowd of gentlemen had to be brought into order. Young men—and many not so young—hot on the chase, competing, striving, boasting of favors—trifles at the best, most likely, yet something to be flaunted in each other's faces—disputing points of precedence, disparaging, despising, these became a mob. There was fighting, more than one death even, fairly at the sword's point, and one, a dismal affair of darkness and the moat. Plainly there must be rules.

So a gentleman that would now essay his venture, must present himself formally, declare his worthiness before her court, wait for admission to the quest, make a pledge of good behavior and submission to the court on all points of dispute. Then he might worship, make his compliments, write her verses, serenade her—she was a clever girl, and, without exactly lying, put them all off the scent as to the whereabouts of her room. Many a song went up to the moon at midnight under the wrong casement. What matter? The young men were hopeful or in despair, just as the mood took them, and the fact that their Beatrice slumbered peacefully out of earshot was all unknown to them.

Then, the fateful month being up, the suitor must again demand her hand openly before her court, and accept her answer. She was a businesslike young woman, of good organizing ability. She had them dealt with in batches, and so managed to get on with her work very reasonably.

Steadily she wore them down. Her obduracy was granite. They might rage, despair, foam about her like waves ravening at a cliff-foot—the glitter of her diamond hardness shone cruel and harder for their abrading. If there had been the faintest shade of distinction in her treatment of them, if even she had treated one worse than another, something might have been done, or at least hoped for. But here was a calm and undisturbed level of indifference, a placidity of sufferance, that endured, and showed never a ripple on its surface, so that it became intolerable at last to come near her with the hope of wooing.

Then she devised the ingenious expedient of making her suitors promise, as a preliminary, to obey, should they fail—as they did—in their courting, to carry out whatever injunctions she laid upon them. The scheme worked like magic. She was a clever girl, and noted with eye and ear little characteristics that invited handling, and the result was that many a man, his ambitions crowned in despair, went away from Siona with the sense of having made a complete ass of himself in the contemplation of the task the duchess had laid upon him and he had vowed to perform. Men began to hesitate. She wielded the new weapon with zest. Count Raymond of Toledo, a rhapsodist who bored her extremely with his verses, and Udolfo, Podesta, and Montebello, who certainly was not so wronged by the title of "pompous ass" the count applied to him, she dealt with together, binding them to proceed together to the Holy Land, on foot, with no attendants, to visit the Blessed Sepulcher, and return, in each other's company solely.

This was vicious. But when making herself acquainted with some of the internal politics of the cities whose lords addressed her, she began to make requirements that were plainly political—why, she made herself impossible. To be required to remit certain disputed harbor dues, to yield up a castle battled for, however unjustly, but now well in hand, to restore a banished man—poof! Where are we?—in addition to being sent home labeled "defeated," for one's citizens to snicker at.

Even among lovers, especially lovers so formally set on their task, there is to be found a trace of prudence; and if, after all, you never won to so much even as the kissing of her hand, why, what the devil—let's look for something a little more reasonable! The craze, this quest of the virgin Duchess, suddenly took to dying down. Mankind abandoned the contest. Soon after she was twenty-two no suitors came at all. She was such a glory that she made a man's heart ache to see her—and she had finished with all her sweethearts. It was so certain and so settled that she would never marry that you would have heard as credibly that the nuptials of the sun and moon were to be celebrated openly in high heaven, in presence of all the host of the stars.

She went on to three and twenty. . . .

SIONA, you will have gathered, was no small city, and its castle was one that larger towns might well have been proud of. How old it was is beyond ascertaining, but it was very old indeed, yet amazingly strong, with thick, towering walls springing out of the solid rock. Sharp fangs of castle seemed to plunge deep into the rock, sharp pinnacles of rock to pierce upward into the castle.

It was most unusually large, being, in fact, two castles in one; two massive piles connected east and west by lofty walls. This plan of building gave a large open space in the middle, and though most of this space was taken up with stables, granaries, armorers' shops, artillery stores, guard-rooms and so on, there had been left enough space for some forgotten Duke of Siona, to please the lady, no doubt, to plant a very fair garden in, with trees and a lawn, flowers and a fountain.

This was a most delightful place, and the Duchess and her ladies used it much, sitting under the great spreading cedar on summer days and evenings, doing their sewing, or playing lutes, or telling tales to each other. From this, garden steps ran down into the low doorway which gave into the mighty vaults on which the main fabric of the castle was reared, and another flight ran up to a terrace hewn out of the rock all along one side of the garden. On to the terrace opened the door of the duchess's sleeping chamber, so that on hot nights, if her door was opened, she could see out into her moonlit garden, hear the trees moving in the wind, and be charmed with the smell of the flowers. Fine flowers she had, for she was a woman well served, being kindly to her servants, and her gardeners taking pleasure in keeping her garden a very bower of beauty.

Now in this garden, well under the shade of the biggest of the cedar trees, for it was near midday, there sat several of her ladies, supposed to be sewing, but not so busy as they should have been with their needles, though their tongues wagged fast enough. Their names concern us a little perhaps, but little else about them: ——'s eyes; ——'s hands, which she made such showy use of; ——'s laugh, which, because it was musical, induced her to laugh in and out of season, till she became the very spirit of mistimed merriment—what do these concern us?

Said Francesca, "Heigho, I'm tired to death. Oh, this castle, and oh, the men in it! They have no pluck. They are nuns, every man of them, dressed in hose and doublet. Never mind, one of these days a man will come along"—her voice grew dreamy—"young and dashing and brave and rich and amusing and well-dressed and—and——"

"And handsome, I suppose?" queried Ada, slyly.

"And marry us all, and take us away."

Said Ada, "Heavens! All of us? A Turk?"

Adelaise looked up from her tapestry frame. She was severe. "I wish, Francesca," she expostulated, "that you'd try to be a little less old-fashioned. Your views are hopelessly out of date. Your ideal for women seems to be marriage."

Rejoinder from Francesca, very spirited: "Certainly, my dear, and a very good ideal too."

Adelaise threaded her needle with a great air of contempt. "The wife, the slave woman, the man's chattel, the house serf. Devotion of one's whole life and self, body and soul, to a man, and 'the home'! Pah! If we lived fifty years ago one could have understood it, but to-day—oh, don't be so thirteenth century!"

It was very crushing, but Francesca was not one of your easily crushed ones.

She laughed. "I don't care what century I live in, so long as there's a man in it for me. Your ideas may do very well for you and the Duchess. She can be a nun if she likes, and so can you, whether you like it or not"—Adelaise merely glanced at her coldly—"but not I. I like men; I think they're nice. And as for her, she'll be sorry one of these days, mark my words! It's all very well to be cold and haughty and difficult while you've plenty to choose from"—no gentlemen present, you understand, a frank, unhindered feminine heart-to-heart talk—"but that sort of thing won't go on for ever. The men will give even her up one of these days."

Said Ada, suddenly, "Do you know, I sometimes think they have. Just think, we haven't had a court of love here for—why, close on a year!"

"Can it be so long as that?" said Giulia. And they reckoned it out, and, sure enough, it was well over six months since ever a lover had come to Siona to win the Duchess. Spite of their flippancy they looked at one another with something of a sense of catastrophe. The Duchess left stranded by the receding tide; dimly, but none the less tragically, that image loomed upon them.

Giolina, sitting apart idly, tragic, wan, intent on her grief, looked up and spoke for the first time. "Better if we were all like her. Oh, you chatter, chatter about something you know nothing of. Love! You think of it as something delicious, something that comes for gladness, but I tell you, if you knew the pain, the pain, you would be like the Duchess; like me."

No one answered, except that Francesca looked at her, unbelieving, challenging.

"Yes," went on Giolina, rising and approaching her, the stress of her emotions beginning to work in her face, "you speak of men. What do you know of them, how cruel they are, cruel——"

Ada spoke pityingly. "Giolina——"

"They are," returned the girl. "All men are. A man makes you love him, never rests till you love him, and then he goes away, leaves you, without a word, and never a word comes from him. There's nothing but tears—tears——"

Francesca went over to her. "He'll come back."

Giolina flung off Francesca's appealing hand. "Never. And if he did, what of it? Would I speak to him? No. I hate him. He had no pity. They have none. To leave me, just for a word." She struck her bosom fiercely and walked away.

They watched her in silence. "Do you think she will die?" asked Giulia, awestruck.

"Not she," from Francesca, confident as ever. "She'll feel wretched for a time, and then she'll fall in love with somebody else and be quite happy again."

Adelaise sighed. "Poor girl! Francis was a cruel lad to leave her so."

"Her own fault, my dear," said pert Francesca. "She sent him away. Oh, our Giolina, I promise you, has the makings of a pretty temper. Well, the girl gets a lover, here of all places in the world, where one may as well hope to catch a lover with longing as quails with singing, and then hasn't the sense to keep him! Don't ask me to pity her."

"She hasn't asked you," replied Adelaise, witheringly.

"If ever I get a lover," resumed Francesca, unwithered, "I'll hold him tight enough. You shall see how I cling to the gentleman."

Adelaise threaded her needle with a different colored wool and an air of offense. "Francesca," she said, expelling the deep breath of considered judgment, "you are positively indecent."

At that moment, light as a bird, skimming up the steps which rose to the garden level from out of the gloom of the buttressed tower and flitting over the grass to them, ran another lady, eyes, lips, even her disordered hair proclaiming a tremendous errand, pelting them as she ran with a demand—"The duchess! Where is she? Where is the Duchess—the Duchess?"

"What is it—oh, what is it?" They leaped up, every woman of them, all agog, tremulous with excitement. They knew, they divined infallibly that no small affair was here. A lightning instinct had leaped alive in the breast of each. They thrilled already.

"Where is she, tell me—" The demand panted itself, unable to delay for breath.

"With the Chancellor—but tell us, tell us——"

They swooped, they caught her as she turned, held her, surging about her for her news like a pack of hounds when the huntsman tosses high the fox's broken carcass, and still never waiting for a breath she gasped out. . . .

With one accord they set off running, lifting long skirts, swooping across the lawn, down the steps to the dark archway, their progress a rippling wave, a surge of swift limbs and sure feet in a sweep of flowing femininity. Into the gloom of the great vaults they went, hurrying among the squat columns that bore the crushing weight of the piled towers; they flew forward, turned to the right, and went in a swiftly curving column up the flight of winding stone steps. Up, up, up, through a door, along a corridor of stone, through an archway, where a page, seeking in all duty to detain them, was bundled out of the way in most unladylike manner, across an anteroom, through another archway, curtained, and so with most unbecoming scurry and rush, into the very presence of the Duchess.

SHE had been engaged this morning with her Chancellor, who was with her now. She was unsmiling, thoughtful. The Chancellor was unsmiling, thoughtful, but, by Heavens, they were monuments of both heedlessness and levity compared with Pandolph. Pandolph who—but Pandolph must wait his cue.

Half an hour before, the Duchess had said to the Chancellor, the two walking slowly side by side up and down the length of the hall as they conversed: "Are they beyond all reason?"

"It all comes to this," replied the Chancellor. He was a prim, exact sort of man, stiffly upright, which showed his courage, for he was near seventy and would have given much to let his back bend comfortably. "It all comes to this—whatever we tax we gain nothing. If we tax windows, they build without them or block up some of those they now have. If we tax wheat flour, they grind chestnuts to mix with the other. They are now using beans, rice, millet, God knows what, to eke out the wheat flour. As a matter of fact, the wheat-flour tax brings us in less than it did last year when it was lower. Oil? They use less. The country produce coming into the town? They do without it."

"They can not go on doing without it."

"Madam, be assured that they can. And let us be content if that is all they do."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"By this dropping of the returns in the total it is settled beyond doubt that when we last raised the taxes we put them up to overtaxing. That is to say, we passed the limit of what folk could stand, and instead of grumbling and paying, they curse and give up using. So all our increases mean less revenue, and very plain it is to me and must, I think, be plain to your Excellency, that if we do as you propose our net gains will shrink still further."

"But you say that we should be content if they do no more than give up using what we overtax. What more might they do?"

He was uneasy. "Excellency, grieved as I am even to mention the thing, but since I see it within our view, I must point out to you—you remember Tortolo?"

She was startled. "Oh, but the old duke—he oppressed his Tortolese bitterly, unconscionably."

"We have bitterness here in Siona."

She stared at him. "Good God, what is it you hint at? Will you tell me that I oppress my people?" She was pained, flushing as she spoke.

"All taxation," answered the old man, "is to your people as to any others, oppression of a sort, but within reason they bear it. Now we have already seen that this taxation in Siona has come to the overtaxing point, as they estimate it. That is to say, it reaches unreason—as they reckon reason——"

"Do you mean to tell me that such a thing as revolt is possible here, in Siona?"

"I do not say so. But now, I told you yesterday that we are having trouble with several of the guilds. The weavers have only just completed the payments for last year. The dyers are still in our debt, and neither of them has paid a ducat of this year's levy. I sent yesterday into the dyers' quarter to get in the last of the year's balances. Pandolph has already returned. Madam, you know Pandolph?"

"Yes, your head clerk; a tall thin man?"

"Yes. He—I—I wish your Excellency would be good enough to see Pandolph."

She nodded assent. He lifted his voice. "Door!" The door opened, and there entered Pandolph.

What is humor? Shall we stay to consider? No. I hazard it's enough

(*Continued on page 87*)

GERMAN WAR CIPHERS

By Melville Davisson Post

Drawings by W. D. I. Arnold

WHEN the present war opened, the German Government was prepared, as it believed, for every emergency.

The Emperor's model was his ancestor Frederick. This treacherous Hohenzollern had made a kingdom of the first class out of the province of Prussia, by devoting the energies of a lifetime to thorough military preparations. To have no conscience and to have everything ready in advance was the unvaried policy of Frederick.

It was a policy minutely followed.

The plan was peculiarly adapted to the German mind. To be ruthless and to be ready was a major postulate in the theory of warfare which William II. inherited from Frederick the Great.

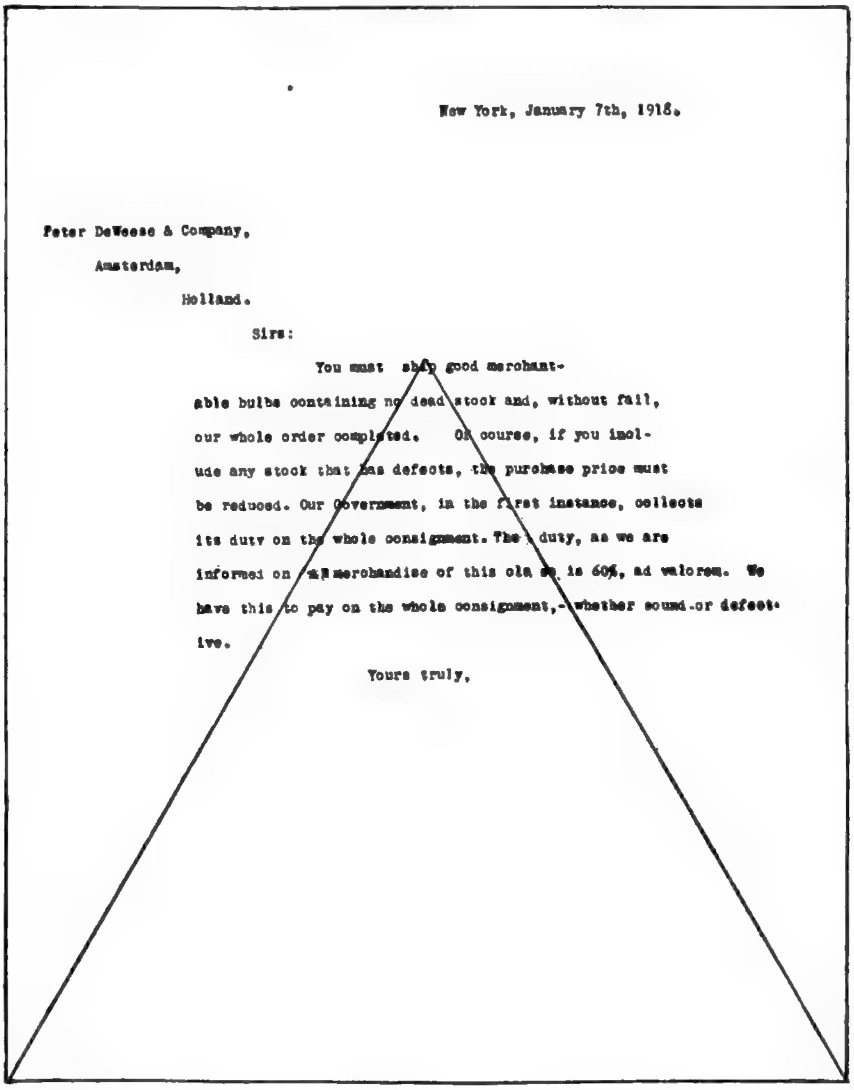
The German General Staff had calculated everything, and they had plans to meet the conditions that would immediately arise. They knew that on the day England declared war, all their usual means of communication with the world beyond the Central Powers, would be at once cut off.

England would control the sea. No mail-boats would go out from Hamburg. The cables would be cut. Every means of communication would be under Allied surveillance.

This condition was foreseen.

The proof is that no great naval engagement was undertaken in the opening of the war. The plan of the German campaign did not include this hazard. England's control of the sea was to be permitted until the attrition of the U-boat and the Zeppelin should reduce her fighting forces to a point where the German Admiralty could hazard a great sea fight on equal terms with this hereditary enemy.

But it was not the policy of the German General Staff to abandon communication with the outside world. Its plan was to use the means of communication controlled by the Allies, for its own purposes. England could carry the mails and control the cables. German ingenuity would be able to make use of them as thoroughly as though they were under her own flag. How amazingly well Wilhelmstrasse was able to carry out this policy reads like the imaginative creations of romance.



New York, January 7th, 1918.

Peter DeWeese & Company,
Amsterdam,
Holland.

Sirs:

You must ship good merchantable bulbs containing no dead stock and, without fail, our whole order completed. Of course, if you include any stock that has defects, the purchase price must be reduced. Our Government, in the first instance, collects its duty on the whole consignment. The duty, as we are informed on all merchandise of this class, is 60%, ad valorem. We have this to pay on the whole consignment,—whether sound or defective.

Yours truly,

Cipher letter conveying the message: "The Government has completed a ship of the first class."

One is not to suppose that the English Government failed to take the usual precautions. It at once established a rigid censorship over the mails and cables. No code messages were permitted.

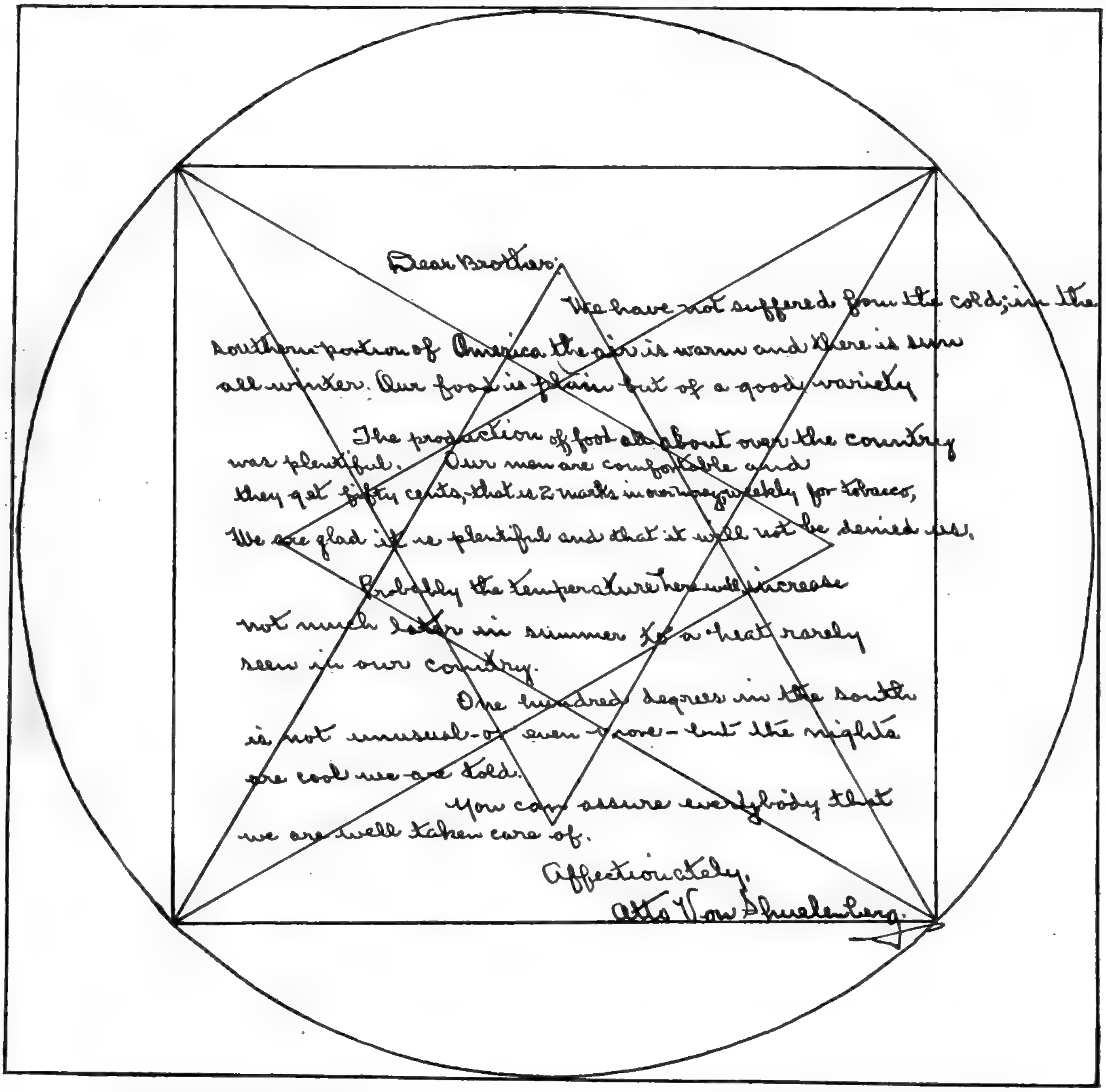
The English Secret Service was thoroughly familiar with all the usual forms of ciphers. It had before it copies of all the diplomatic ciphers of every government in the world. It had also the discarded signal books and the war ciphers.

All of these ciphers have a common base.

The persisting factors in them are well known to everybody. They are complications of the usual A B C code; or tables of figures with a code word continually changed. Sometimes they are operated by revolving disks, one imposed upon another, with tables and figures or letters on their margins.

But the result of all these ciphers is that the message to be sent is either a jumble of words, as for example, the following portion of an order sent by the Government of a recent belligerent to its commanding general in the field: . . . *Knox County word that awl times get hound who was war him suicide on for was please village large bat Bunyan gave sigh incubus heavy Norris.* . . . Or the message is an arrangement of figures, of which the cipher in Poe's "Gold-Bug" is a fair example.

It is a policy of governments to keep copies of every cipher message sent to resident embassies, at all times, peace or war. It, therefore, happened that the English



Dear Brother:

We have not suffered from the cold; in the southern portion of America the air is warm and there is sun all winter. Our food is plain but of a good variety

The production of food all about over the country was plentiful. Our men are comfortable and they get fifty cents, that is 2 marks in our money weekly for tobacco, We are glad it is plentiful and that it will not be denied us.

Probably the temperature here will increase not much later in summer to a heat rarely seen in our country.

One hundred degrees in the south is not unusual—or even more—but the nights are cool we are told.

You can assure everybody that we are well taken care of.

Affectionately,
Otto Von Shuelenberg.

Cipher letter conveying the message: "American airplane production about fifty weekly. It will probably increase later to hundred or more."

Government felt certain that a rigid censorship would weed out of the mails and cables any German cipher that might undertake to go through.

In addition to this advantage, the French war office, by an extraordinary accident, which can not be made public, had obtained the key to the German radiograph cipher code. The victory at the Marne was probably in part the result of this piece of amazing good fortune. General Joffre knew the German orders wherever the radiograph signal was used in the advance on Paris. And it is possible that this knowledge of the radiograph code enabled the American Government to decipher the messages sent from the great wireless station at Nauen to Count von Luxburg, and so to make public the vast system of German intrigue that has amazed the world.

One is able to realize then the confidence of the Allied Governments in the belief, at the opening of the war, that they had throttled all German means of secret communication. They had the radiograph code and they had a rigid censorship on the mails and cables.

Disillusionment awaited them.

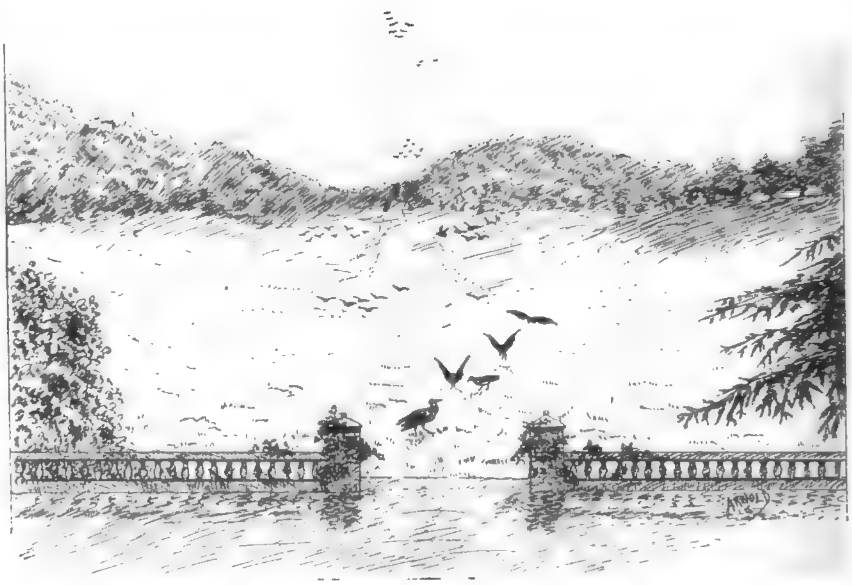
By some means, incredible and mysterious, the German Government directed its affairs everywhere about the world as though no restraint had been imposed upon it. Two hours after war had been declared, its ships on the seas turned back into neutral ports, although no cipher message had gone out that any English radiograph station could detect.

The German Government communicated with its embassies everywhere; and its agents, sprinkled all over the world, kept it advised of every movement of its enemies. The disposition of English war-ships was sent in to von Tirpitz. Plots of English mine-fields were transmitted to Berlin. Even the gun-range, to be estimated by the position of harbor buoys, was given to the German Fleet in advance of the bombardments of such coast towns as Yarmouth and Scarborough.

The whole secret service of the Allied countries was profoundly puzzled.

They were certain that no cipher message was going through the mails or over the cables. And every wireless station, especially in France and England, had been searched out and dismantled. It was a long time before the secret service got any light on this mystery.

Scotland Yard was watching a naturalized German barber, whom it suspected of being a spy. It was doing it skilfully. All letters going to this German agent were opened at the post-office, copied and then remailed. The German agent was shadowed and the various letters which he posted at different points in London were opened, copied and remailed. But there was nothing in any of these letters to indicate an improper correspondence, and there was no cipher. There were no marginal annotations in sympathetic inks, or any one of the usual properties of intrigue.



This innocent-looking sketch carries an accurate description of English mine defenses.

But the correspondence disclosed other persons about in England, especially at naval bases, and it disclosed correspondence with Norway. Scotland Yard shadowed these persons. Finally, at a critical time of naval movements in the North Sea, one of them sent a cablegram to his family in a neutral country, saying that he had been ill for the last four days. He had not been ill. Ordinarily, the English Secret Service would have paid no attention to such a cablegram; but it knew beyond question that the barber in London was a secret agent of the German Government. The person sending the cablegram was a correspondent of this agent.

What did it mean?

Scotland Yard put the message into the hands of the War-Office. The War-Office turned it over to both the Army and Navy departments. The Admiralty was amazed. A division of warships off the coast, at the point from which this cable was dated, had orders to join the High Fleet in the North Sea in precisely four days.

And with a great awakening, the English Secret Service discovered that the message was an open code.

The person sending it was seized, tried by the English Government, and executed as a spy. And the Allied Secret Service began to realize that the German Government, in manipulation of its Secret Service was not depending on the old form of code ciphers. It was a hint at the truth.

Wilhelmstrasse had abandoned the antiquated secret cipher.

It knew perfectly well that when the English Government cut it off from communication with the world, no jumble of words and no arrangement of signs or figures could be sent out. It, therefore, determined to abandon this secret form of communication and to develop a new code.

The prime factor in the new code must be that the message should have no indication on its face, of any hidden or secret meaning. On its face, it must be some form of the usual personal or business message.

The problem was clean-cut.

If it were possible to devise a system of secret communication which could not be distinguished from the common run of business and personal messages, then it would not be possible for the English Government to prevent the German War Office from communicating with the world, unless it should entirely close the mails and cables. If the mails and cables were open to the public, then the German messages could go through.

If a proper system were devised, no censorship could exclude the communication of the German agent. The only remedy against him was to close the mails and cables to everybody. Having realized this fact, the German experts were not long in working out the codes.

Adhering to the basic principle that the message should bear no evidence of a secret meaning on its face, and that it should conform, in every respect, to the usual trade or personal communication, the problem before these experts presented no great difficulty.

The new war code was quickly elaborated.

Thus, at a stroke, the German Secret Service scrapped all the mass of complicated letter and figure ciphers, and developed an entirely new system based on the principle that it should have no appearances of a cipher.

The Allied Governments presently discovered this fact. It is said that the German ships, at the time war was declared, were turned back by personal messages addressed to some passenger. One of the great ships of the Hamburg-American line that raced into an American port, is said to have been advised of the declaration of war by the following radiograph, addressed to a prominent financier on the ship and signed by an attorney:

"Competitors entered suit to-day."

It was now evident to the Secret Service of the Allied Governments that such a system of secret communication was capable of an infinite variety of detail, and that it would be exceedingly difficult to detect.

They were appalled at the possibilities of such a system.

One required little imagination to see how such a code could be amplified in innumerable directions; and there seems to be no remedy against it. Skilfully carried out, such a secret method of communication could not be prevented, unless, as the German Secret Service maintained, the cables and mails were entirely closed to the public.

The war has gone on for nearly four years. During the whole of this time the German Government seems to have been in no manner embarrassed in its method of communication with its secret agents; and it seems to have been fully and thoroughly informed with respect to every movement of its enemies.

From time to time we have been able to obtain a hint or suggestion of some detail of the innumerable devices which the German Government has worked out under this new system.

The geometric cipher is one of the most interesting of the possibilities of this system. The first tests for new cipher made by the German Government were with stencils. Personal letters carrying no suspicious item on their faces, when they reached the German agent would be covered by a metal plate. This metal plate was cut out at certain portions, so that when it was placed over the letter, a few words only would be visible. These words constituted the secret message.

But there were a great many difficulties with the stencil cipher.

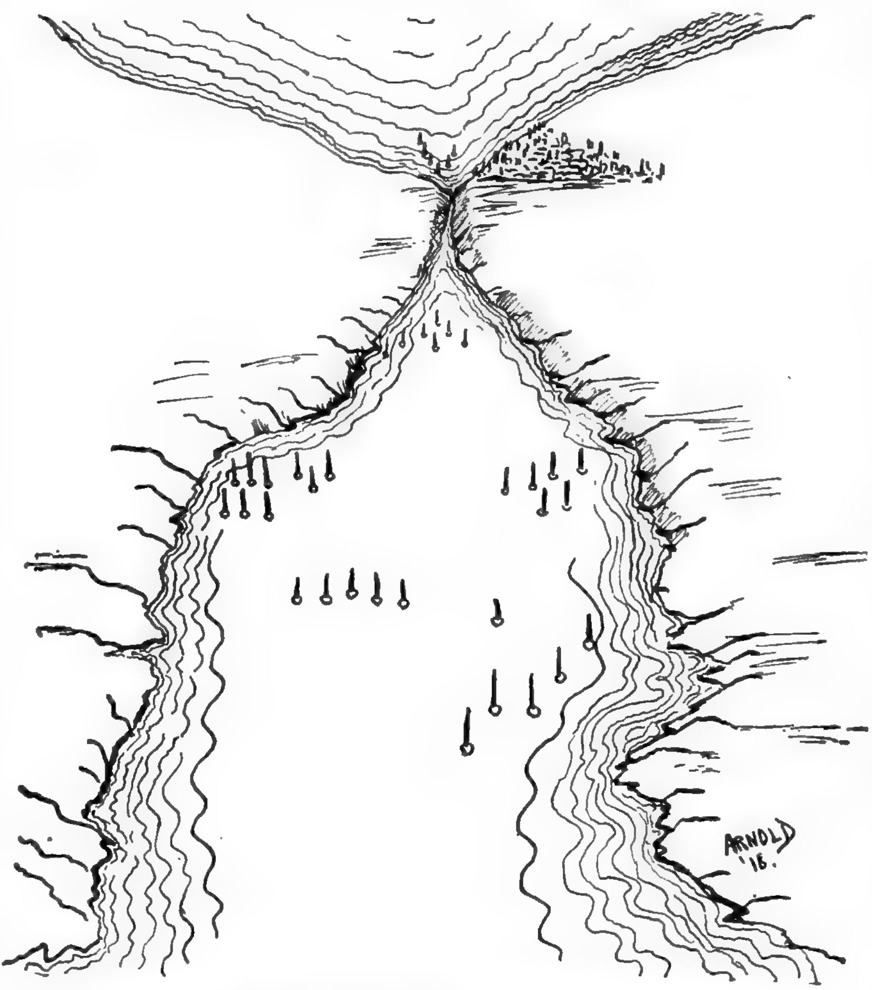
In the first place, it was well known, and therefore apt to be discovered by the enemy, as it was, in fact, discovered by Lanoir, in France. And in the second place, there would always be the incriminating metal plate, in the event that the agent should be apprehended. Such a plate would at once identify him as a spy. It meant also that any incoming message could be read, or any message before that time received. The stencil system was, therefore, abandoned.

A geometrical cipher would be infinitely superior to it.

The illustrations show the structure of this cipher, and the slightest ingenuity will suggest its possibilities for intricate elaboration. The German agent has only to draw on the letter which he receives the agreed geometrical figure, using the dimensions of the letter as a base; then the words or letters (as might be agreed), which the lines cut make up the secret message. Or the words which two lines crossed after an elaborate geometrical figure had been drawn over the letter, are the ones bearing the secret message; or the words that a given number of lines touched in a complicated drawing make up the secret communication.

The inexhaustible possibilities of such a system must be at once apparent to anybody.

Under this system, there remained no incriminating device, such as a metal plate or the key to a cipher code. In the old wars, spies had always, somewhere, some of these incriminating devices. There would be a code book or key direction for deciphering a message, or some tables which would indicate the possession of secret information. But with a geometrical cipher the agent is not required to possess any data of any character whatever. The only thing necessary for him to know is the geometrical figure which is to be superimposed on the letters received or sent out.



This diagram shows the sketch on opposite page decoded, and indicates the positions of mine-fields.

The following examples of secret codes possible under this open-code system are hypothetical, since no government has given out data of this kind.

Suppose the geometrical figure, for example, to be an equilateral triangle. The dimensions of the sheet of paper, at the bottom of the sheet, is the base of the triangle. This is sufficient data with which to construct the other two sides, and the message appears from the words which these lines touch; reading up the left arm of the triangle and down the right. The diagram on page 28 illustrates this cipher; it shows a simple trade letter as sent, but upon which the equilateral triangle is drawn, spelling out the message:

"The Government has completed no ship of the first class."

If the figure is a simple circle, it is the largest circle that can be placed upon the sheet of paper on which the letter is written; or it is the largest circle that can be drawn on the sheet of paper at a certain equal distance on all sides from the border. But as a rule, the geometrical figure would be a little more complicated.

For example, the letter reproduced on the cover of this magazine, illustrates the circle cipher complicated with crossed lines. The letter on its face has no indication of any secret meaning. It appears to be from the wife of a farmer in the Northwest to her uncle in Sweden. No censor would give it a moment's notice. Read it carefully:

Dear Uncle:

We have at last sold our two farms for one hundred dollars an acre. We are going to move into St. Paul where we can purchase a little house and garden for one thousand dollars. Father will work in one of the big mills. I shall be glad to get out of the lonesome country and the children will have a chance to go to school. We leave here some time in February and I will write you from our new address.

Your affectionate
niece,
Olga.

This letter is written on a square sheet of paper. To read the code message a circle is drawn on this sheet, at an agreed distance from its border, on all sides (say one inch), then crossed lines are drawn, connecting the four corners of the sheet. The words cut by these lines touching the circle and at the center of the circle when they cross each other, are the words of the message. Reading these words from left to right, the secret message appears, viz:

"Two hundred thousand leave February."

Thus by means of this geometrical cipher the German General Staff could be advised, through Sweden, that two hundred thousand soldiers will be shipped to France in February.

These are hypothetical examples of the simple geometrical cipher. An example of the complex geometrical cipher is the following supposed letter of an interned Prussian officer in America to his brother in Germany. The letter will be searched in vain for any matter that an official censor would blot out.

Dear Brother:

We have not suffered from the cold; in the southern portion of America the air is warm and there is sun all winter. Our food is plain but of a good variety. The

production of food all about over the country was plentiful. Our men are comfortable and they get fifty cents, that is two marks in our money, weekly for tobacco. We are glad it is plentiful and that it will not be denied us. Probably the temperature here will increase not much later, in summer, to a heat rarely seen in our country. One hundred degrees in the South is not unusual—or even more—but the nights are cool we are told. You can assure everybody that we are well taken care of.

Affectionately,
Otto von Shuelenberg.

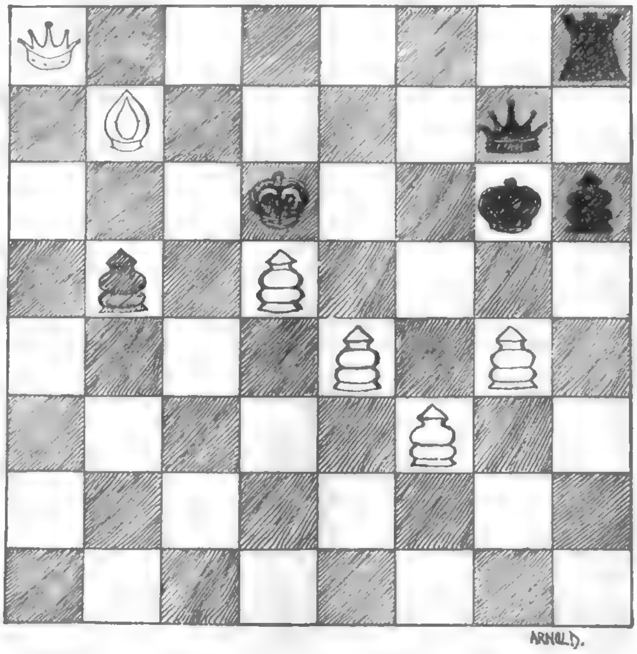
Such a letter would give the German authorities precise, exact information of the number of aircraft being manufactured, at this time, in the United States, as well as an estimate of the maximum number that will probably be turned out here in the near future.

This letter may be written on any size or form of paper. To decode it one first draws the largest circle that can be superimposed on the letter sheet, then one draws the largest square that can be put into this circle, then, taking the four sides of the square as bases, one draws four equilateral triangles. The words cut by the crossing of any two lines make up the secret message. On page 29 is shown the above letter diagrammed for decoding. The message is now apparent:

"American aeroplane production about fifty weekly it will probably increase later to hundred or more."

But this is only a single direction in which this system may be developed. Sometimes the communication has a double cipher structure.

A simple business letter, giving stock-market quotations in the United States to an agent of a business house in some neutral country, may be made use of, together with a book-cipher. A stock-market quotation-letter carries without suspicion a variety of figures.



This chess problem gives the position and character of reserve forces in France.

These figures are, in fact, the figures of a book-cipher. Two persons having a copy, for example, of a dictionary of the same edition, make up the message which they send by the number of the page and the number of the words counted down the column of the page; for example, the word "ship" might be 30-17. Thirty being the number of the page and seventeen the number of the line on which the word "ship" appears in the book used as a cipher.

One can readily see how a message worked out with a book-cipher could be transmitted from a broker's letter giving market quotations. The mails are full of these letters carrying our market quotations all over the world, and it would be impossible to prevent the transmission of secret messages through such a device, unless the mails should be closed to all stock transactions.

This method is capable of a variety of elaborations. Bank correspondence may easily be made to fit into it, and other example cases may be given.

In the opening of the war, when the English were treating the captured German officers as courteous enemies, one of these devices, it is said, was made use of for getting information out of England with respect to English destroyers, their number and equipment. An officer pretended to be interested in the English game of golf. He endeavored to learn it and appeared to be exceedingly enthusiastic. The letters which he was permitted to send out to his wife in Dresden were filled with details of the game, which permitted an abundance of figures on strokes and distances. Important information, with respect to the English Admiralty, was conveyed to the German Staff through the medium of the apparently harmless letters of this convert to the English game. The book used for the cipher was a certain English edition of Shakespeare of which there was a copy in the Dresden public library.

One of the most extraordinary events of the war, illustrative of this secret method of communication, occurred to Lady A——. Her brother was in the first Expeditionary Force sent to France. He was the pilot of one of the few machines that accompanied General French's Army. One day, reconnoitering over the German lines in the north of Belgium, he was driven to descend; but, as it happened, he made the descent across the border in Holland, and was interned.

Very shortly Lady A—— was advised of this and was able to correspond with him. The correspondence had gone on for perhaps a month, when, one day, a little Russian woman came out from London to the English country place. It was a big estate with a great country house. The prospect before the terrace was a meadow, with a line of forest in the distance.

The visitor was connected, she said, with one of the innumerable charities, and she presented letters of introduction from persons of distinction. She was endeavoring to raise money for the relief of her people in Poland, now ravaged by the German arms. She talked about it with great sympathy, as she sat at tea on the terrace.

It was a season of the year when flocks of birds appear in the meadows of the English coast. The visitor was impressed with the beauty of the meadow in which the birds appeared, and on the blank leaf of a novel which she carried, she made a little sketch of the meadow, with the lines of the woods on either side of the birds. (Page 30.)

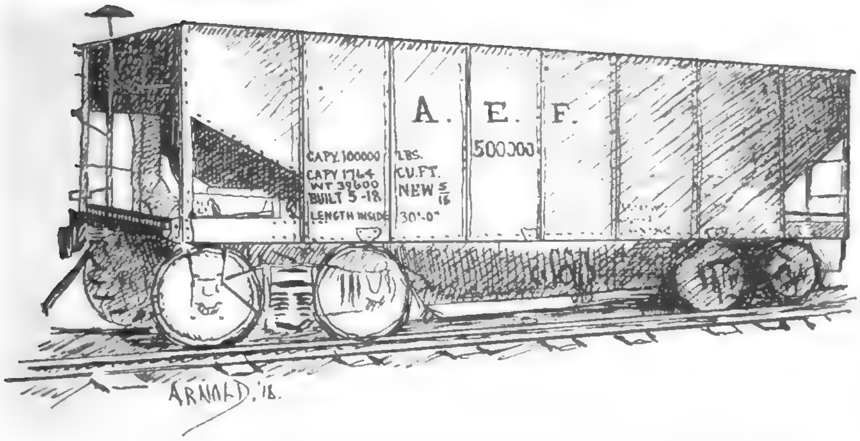
While the visitor worked, she spoke of the war, and of the adventures of Lady A——'s brother and so forth. The visitor was impressed with the beauty of this country place. How could any one leave it? The brother interned in Holland must long for it, and so the conversation ran.

This sketch, when it was finished, so uniquely presented the beauty of the place that Lady A—— asked permission to keep it. The visitor graciously handed it to her, but suggested that she ought to send it to her brother who, no doubt, would appreciate something to remind him of his home. Lady A—— mailed the sketch in her next letter to her brother and the visitor returned to London.

One or two things happened after that.

Lady A—— discovered that the letters of introduction were forgeries. The persons whose letters the woman presented had never heard of this visitor. Lady A—— had contributed only a nominal sum, a trifle, in fact, to the charities which the Russian represented, and she was unable to understand why this impostor had taken the trouble to make the long trip out of London, and to present forged letters of introduction.

There seemed to be no adequate point to the elaborate deception. The thing remained a mystery. She did not couple it up with the after-discovered fact that her brother never received the sketch she mailed that



A sketch of a freight-car giving the following statistical information:

American Expeditionary Force	500,000	Machine Guns	518
Cavalry	100,000	Field-Guns	300
Aircraft	1,764	5 – five rifles to the man and	
Artillery	39,600	18 – eighteen cartridges to the rifle.	

day with her letter to Holland.

But the German General Staff received it through the medium of a Dutch agent.

The sketch of the meadow, with the position of the flocks of birds on it, was, in fact, a code-picture, showing the mine-fields at a strategic naval point. (Page 31.) The blank fly-leaf in the novel carried by the spy had been accurately ruled from the reduction of a survey, so the birds indicating mines could be accurately placed.

This new cipher system worked out by the German Secret Service has developed an elaborate pictorial element.

A pictorial cipher of this class, sent out of Paris by a dancer in the pay of the German Secret Service, may be cited. It was very skilfully managed. The letter and sketch were enclosed in the embassy mail of a neutral country adjacent to Germany. The actress was one of the most charming personalities in the whole tinsel kingdom of Cockaigne.

The authorities were never certain whether the young attaché of the foreign embassy was involved in the plot, or whether he was an unwitting instrument in the hands of the clever adventuress. The details show the plan of the adventuress to have been comparatively easy.

The attaché was a susceptible person. It was not difficult for an attractive young woman to gain his attention. He found the actress to have one consuming hobby. She was interested in chess. Chess games and problems held her attention to the exclusion of everything else. Among her first inquiries was whether the attaché knew any authority on chess in his own country.

He did not.

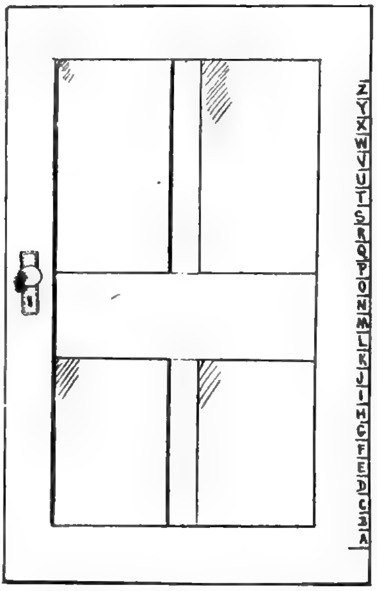
But he undertook to look the thing up, and he discovered that there was a chess club of some international pretentions. This was all the information the actress required. She took pains to cultivate him and attempted to inspire him with the same interest for chess that she herself professed.

The attaché was not interested in the game, but he presently became tremendously interested in the actress.

One day she brought him a sketch of a chess problem, asking him to forward it to the club in his city, and requesting them to say what opening had been used, in order to leave the pieces on the board in the position as shown on her sketch. (Page 32.) He wrote a letter to the club, enclosing the sketch in the embassy mail.

The French Government got hold of the letter and her sketch. They brought the thing to the attention of the embassy. The attaché made his explanation, which the authorities were inclined to believe.

They were keeping a tab on the actress of whom they had some suspicion.



The key to the message in the wool sweater.

They presently discovered that on the day the sketch was made, she had visited, in company with one of the fashionable women of Paris, a hospital in which there was a German aviator who had been shot down back of the French lines. Following this clue they finally deciphered the chess-picture. It proved to be a pictorial cipher, showing the position of a large body of French reserves massed behind the lines.

The French Government knew that the German headquarters had a survey of this portion of France.

It had been made many years before the war, and a copy of the survey was in the possession of the War Office in Paris. This survey laid the country out in squares. These squares were found to correspond to the usual squares on a chess-board. By taking into consideration the character of the armed forces occupying these sections behind the French lines, they were able to determine what each chess-piece stood for. It then appeared that the sketch of the chess problem was, in fact, a map showing the exact position of the whole French reserve forces: pawns representing infantry; queens, field artillery; kings, heavy artillery; bishop, air division; rook, military headquarters.

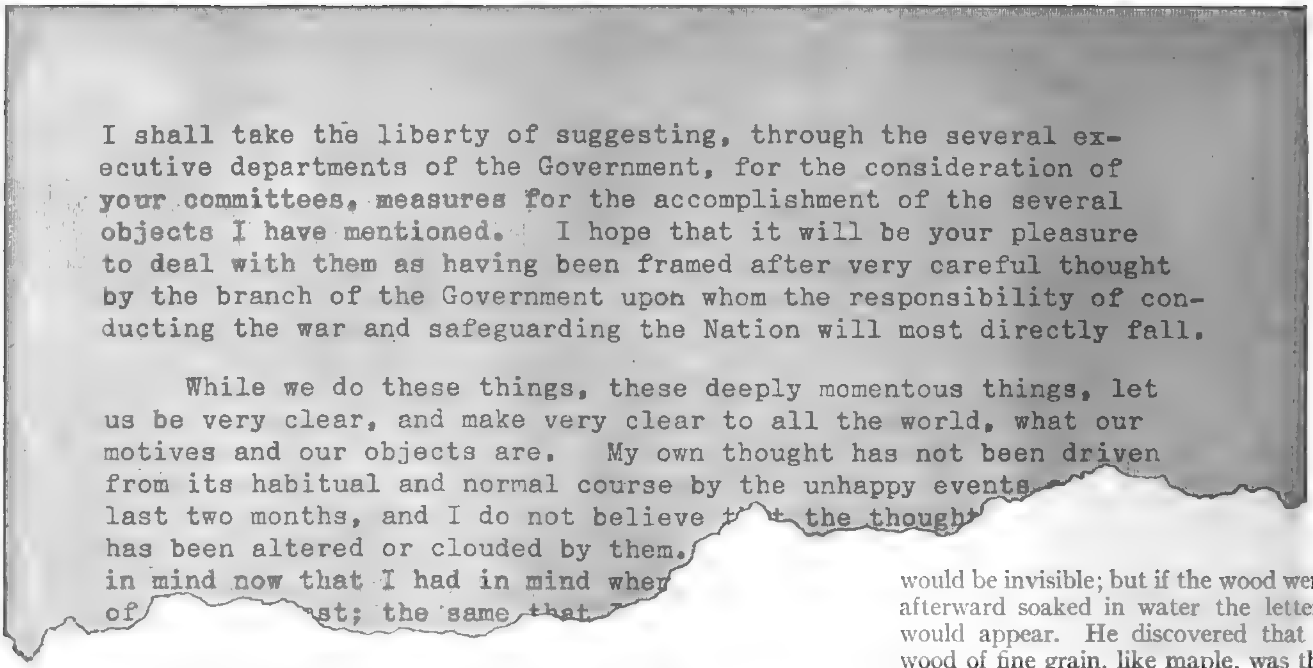
A similar pictorial cipher could show the armed forces being assembled by the United States in France. This cipher would be a sketch of a freight-car sent to a railroad company in a South American state. (Page 33.) The various numbers and figures on the car as shown in the sketch, represent the segments of the military divisions; as, for example: infantry, cavalry, air force and artillery. Others represent machine guns, field-guns, rifles and cartridges. The sketch of the freight-car would be then a complete pictorial cipher, conveying full information of the forces and arms which the American Government was transporting to France.

To the eye the sketch is merely a modern type of railway freight-car, sent to a South American company to give it an idea of the sort of car which could be furnished; and it is accompanied by the usual trade letter.

It would seem that such a cipher could not be detected, and it would be the means of getting the information, in a short time, to the German authorities. If it reached the South American state, at this time neutral, it would be turned over to a German spy, and by him to a German diplomatic representative by whom the information would be transmitted in diplomatic cipher to the great German wireless station at Nauen.

Wherever, by any means, a letter or an article can go through to Germany or to a neutral country, it is possible for a German agent to communicate with his Secret Service.

A great number of devices are at his disposal.



I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon whom the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the Nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world, what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events
last two months, and I do not believe t t the thought
has been altered or clouded by them.
in mind now that I had in mind whe
of st; the same that

Read on the pin-points "Transports leave in May."

For example, a knit sweater was sent into Germany from one of the belligerent countries to a prisoner at Geisen. The sweater did not reach the prisoner.

It was the work of a German agent, and it contained a summary of the naval preparedness under way—ships about to be launched and the number of those under construction. All this information was carried to the German authorities by a knit sweater; although there was no fragment of paper or writing about it.

The information was conveyed in the sweater by means of the knot cipher. The German authorities unraveled the sweater carefully. The wool thread was full of innumerable knots. The illustration will show the method by which this is read. (Page 33.)

The alphabet is placed in a vertical position, beginning twelve inches above the floor, each letter keeping the dimensions of two inches, B superimposed above A, and so on, to the end of the alphabet. To read the cipher, one holds the end of the wool thread at the floor and observes what letter is touched by the first knot, extending the thread upward along the line of the alphabet. He then places this knot at the floor and observes the letter touched by the second, and so on. It is an ingenius cipher and not apt to be detected.

It has been the custom of the belligerents on both sides to scatter pamphlets over the enemies' lines by means of the air service. The President's message was lately distributed in this manner along the Hindenburg line. Such a method lends itself easily to another simple cipher of German origin. It is known as the Puncture System. Anybody with a pin can send a secret message by this system. The excerpt of the President's message (above) shows this system, spelling out the message:

Transports leave in May.

A further method of communication could be used in the sending of supplies into Belgium.

A professor at the University of Vienna discovered that if letters were cut into wood, the wood could be scraped or planed off so the letters would be invisible; but if the wood were afterward soaked in water the letters would appear. He discovered that a wood of fine grain, like maple, was the best medium. In order, under this method, to send a message in detail into Germany, it was only necessary to prepare a box in which the relief supplies were shipped to Belgium. A message was cut on the box. It was then planed until the message became invisible. Afterward, when the box arrived in Belgium, the German authorities took it apart and soaked it in water, whereupon the letters that had been cut into it appeared.

It will be seen that wherever an article could be shipped, or a trade or personal letter could be sent through, the new German system would be effective. Pictorial ciphers could be used, and any sort of communication could be made to conform to the geometrical figure cipher. Telegraphic messages and cable messages require more ingenuity. But the "substituted subject" cipher was the solution of this problem. It has been perfected by the German agent. The cablegrams which Lody, the German spy, sent from Edinburgh, and the radiograph messages that turned back the German ships at sea, show with what ease this system lends itself to a secret message.

A CONFESSION UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Extract from a Letter from the Canon of Falgaise

IN ONE of our trenches, the sergeant-curé, (he is professor at the Minor Seminary of Montauban), is crouching with all his section. From the next trench, a poor little soldier who has not the luck of having a priest in his particular trench advances crawling, taking every precaution.

He succeeds in reaching the entrance of our sergeant-curé's subterranean shelter without being hit. Lying flat upon his stomach, his face pressed against the ground, he calls out in a whisper:

"Salvan, are you there?"

"Yes," answers the sergeant-curé. "What on earth do you want? You blockhead, you're going to be hit! If the Boches spot you, your fate is certain."

"Not so much talk! I say, can you confess me?"

"Yes. Right away."

"Ah! but I daren't kneel! They'd bowl me over in a jiffy!"

"No need to. Stay as you are."

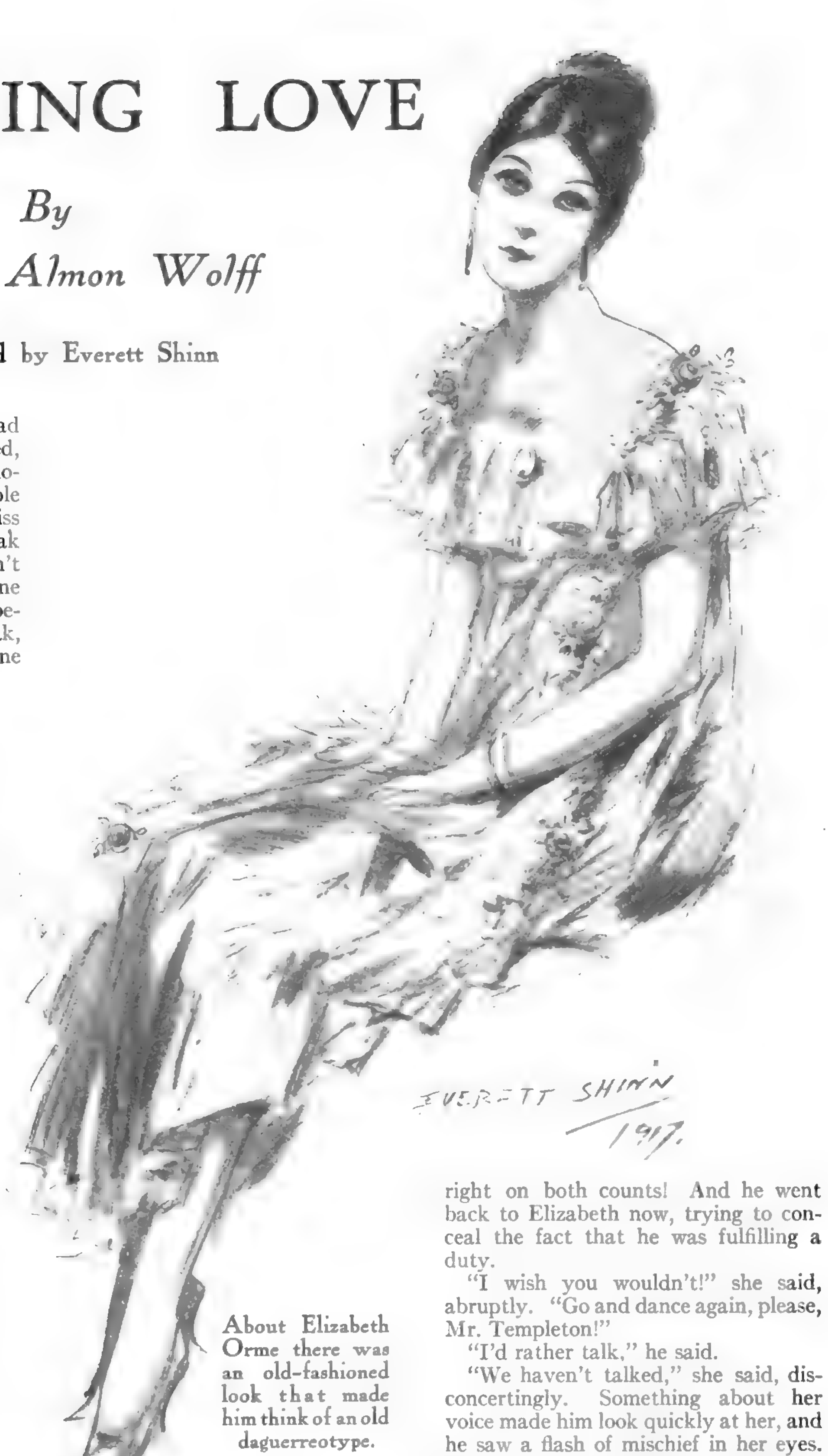
And lying flat on his stomach above the trench in which stands the sergeant priest, the little soldier receives the Absolution of the Good God. He then returns slowly to his trench.

The RULING LOVE

By

William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by Everett Shinn



About Elizabeth Orme there was an old-fashioned look that made him think of an old daguerreotype.

STEVE TEMPLETON had been bored, unspeakably bored, all evening, save for the moments when he had been able to break away from Miss Orme. It hadn't been easy to break away often from a girl who didn't dance, who didn't talk, whom no one knew, when that girl had been especially turned over to him, so to speak, by his hostess. In such matters one was likely to do Helen Dryden's bidding. But Steve felt that he had been badly used.

He had been intrigued when Helen had first told him what she wanted. It was interesting to learn that John Orme had a daughter; one didn't think of that almost mythical figure as having daughters or human attributes. And then the girl herself, at first sight, had been interesting. Helen, her hand on his arm, had shown her to him, and he had looked across the room to see a tall, dark girl, talking to Bill Dryden. She was very slim and very straight, with sullen, questioning eyes. Her hair had attracted him at once; it was so extraordinarily black, and its lustrous quality was unusual and arresting. She wore it parted, combed down very low on either side, and girls were not doing their hair that way that season. She was pale, but she was not colorless; her cheeks had an olive tint.

Steve was not given, as a rule, to noticing how girls were dressed. But about Elizabeth Orme there was an old-fashioned look that made him think of an old daguerreotype. That, he thought, must be due to a fichu of old lace and to the ivory white of her gown. Her shoulders rose in a slim, pure line out of the creamy lace; there was a curious sort of pride in her bearing.

"I want you to be nice to her," said Helen. "Mr. Orme keeps her to himself—oh, dreadfully! It isn't fair. She's lovely; she ought to go about, and have good times, and he's always stopped her. He's abominably selfish about her, but I suppose he'd slay any one who said so! She and I got to be awfully good friends, one summer, when we must have been all of thirteen, both of us, and we've always kept up with one another since, in a way. I think he hasn't liked it much. I'm sure he didn't want her to come tonight. So you may find her stiff and awkward——"

He could testify that Helen had been right on both counts! And he went back to Elizabeth now, trying to conceal the fact that he was fulfilling a duty.

"I wish you wouldn't!" she said, abruptly. "Go and dance again, please, Mr. Templeton!"

"I'd rather talk," he said.

"We haven't talked," she said, disconcertingly. Something about her voice made him look quickly at her, and he saw a flash of mischief in her eyes. He wondered, suddenly, if she didn't, perhaps, feel very much as he did himself.

"I'd go home if I could, Mr. Templeton," she went on. "I think it's a shame for you to be anchored this way. But I've got to wait for my father."

He tried to interrupt her with an instinctive, perfunctory gesture of protest. But she only smiled.

"Oh—" he said awkwardly. And then: "I say, Miss Orme, haven't you ever played about—at all?"

"Why, I've scarcely had a chance to play much," she said, reflectively. "Looking after a father like mine takes a good deal of time, Mr. Templeton, you see. I've always done that. He—well, he makes a lot of things seem awfully small and unimportant."

"I suppose that's so," said Steve. "And still——"

He looked at her, baffled. And she colored, very faintly, under his scrutiny, so that he flushed and never saw at all the amusement in her eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, contritely. "But— I *have* been wondering. Don't you sing, Miss Orme? There's a quality in your voice——"

He was amazed to see that that perfectly simple question confused her almost painfully. She looked away, and in the end she didn't answer him. And he felt the irritation, the resentment, that had been slipping away as they had really begun to talk, taking possession of him again. He wished her father would come.

Then, suddenly, he became conscious of a change in her, a sudden tenseness, a stiffening of her whole body, a nervous flexing of the long fingers that were held together in her lap. He followed her eyes, rejoicing, at first, simply because they had, for the moment, abandoned a disconcerting practise of fixing themselves upon his own. He saw at once that she was looking at a man who had just come in, a man whom he recognized instantly, because of the many pictures of him he had seen, as John Orme.

His first reaction to this sight of John Orme in the flesh was one of disappointment. In his pictures Orme had remained in character. They did not belie a mental image of a man formidable, even rather sinister; they encouraged fancy—already inflamed by knowledge of what he had done, of his ruthlessness in business—to create a figure in keeping with the legends that had grown up about him. But Orme, standing just inside the wide doors of the room, looking about for his daughter, did not look formidable. Indeed, he was scarcely impressive; he lacked dignity. His shoulders were bent as he peered about the room with near-sighted eyes. His hands were thrust into the pockets of his dinner coat. He was neither very short nor very tall; he looked mediocre, inadequate, negative.

But that judgment had to be revised when at last he spied his daughter, and set out to reach her, threading his way among the dancers, disdaining the long, safe way around the walls. A personality of sorts began to appear. The myopic eyes, more closely examined, revealed the possibility of cold, harsh menace. His face was as finely modeled as his daughter's. His hands were eloquent of a febrile, nervous strength.

Steve rose, of course, and stood, smiling. Orme paid no attention to him. He stood looking down anxiously at his daughter.

"Are you ready, Elizabeth?" he asked.

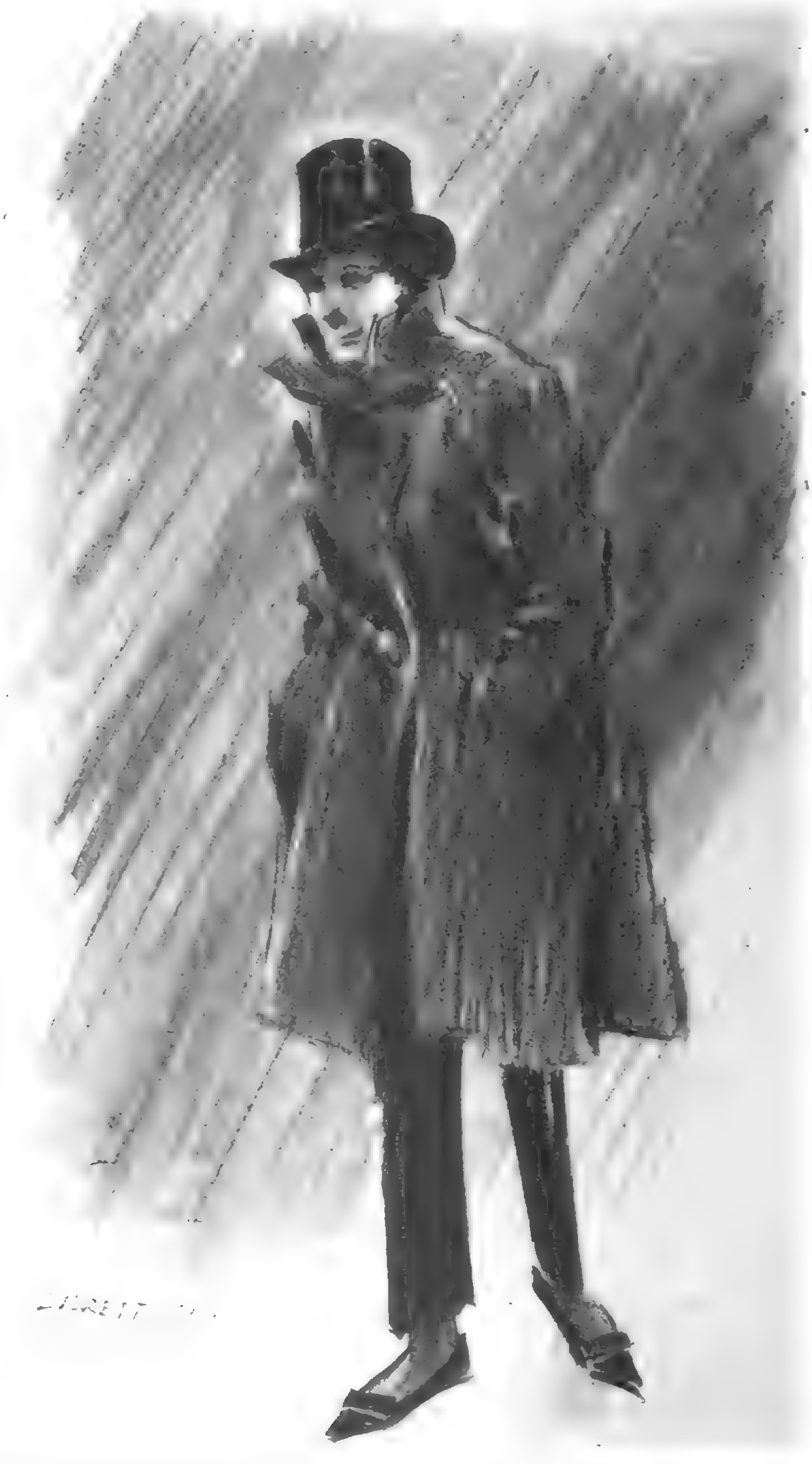
"I think so," she said, in her low voice. "Father, I think you do not know Mr. Templeton."

Orme turned to look at Steve, who grew conscious, in the oddest way, of a stirring of revolt, of an inchoate anger.

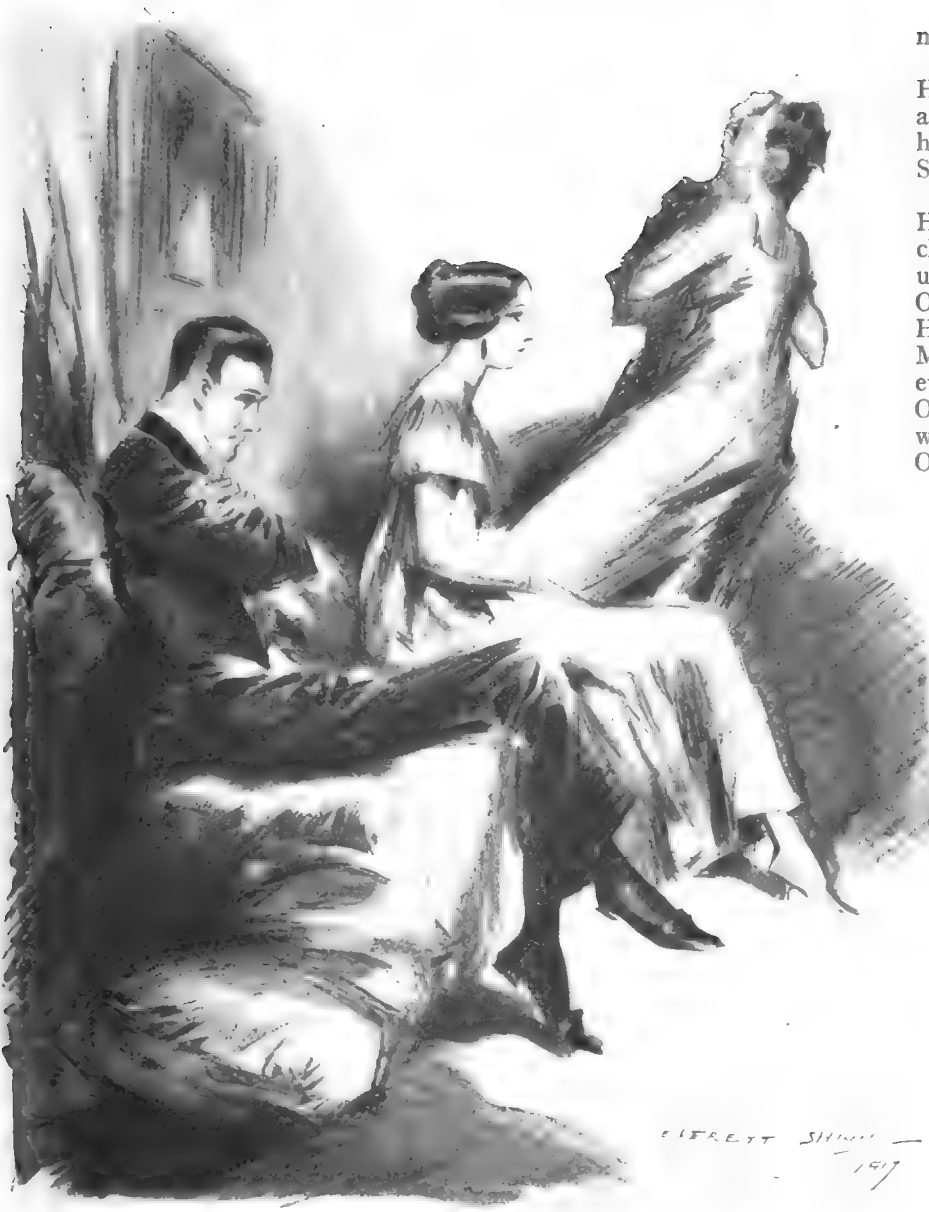
"Mr. Templeton!" said Orme, gently.

"I have been waiting for you to come," said Elizabeth. "I wanted to ask Mr. Templeton to dinner—perhaps to-morrow evening——"

Steve was swept from all his moorings. For a moment his jaw dropped, and he stared at her, utterly bewildered. Never had anything astonished him so much. He caught himself in a moment, but not before Elizabeth Orme had seen and appraised his confusion. Looking at her with eyes that were still wide with astonishment, he saw her transformed; saw the flash of mocking, elfin delight in her eyes,



He walked home in a driving, biting rain, all the miles to Washington Square and his rooms.



It hadn't been easy to break away from a girl who didn't dance, who didn't talk, whom no one knew.

the upward turn of the corners of her straight mouth.

"Will you come?" she asked.

"You will let me second that invitation, Mr. Templeton," said Orme, before he could answer.

"Delighted," said Steve, dazed. Certainly acceptance was the easy way.

"Mr. Templeton is an old friend?" asked Orme of Elizabeth. "I suppose you have renewed many acquaintances here at Mrs. Dryden's?"

Steve heard Elizabeth Orme laugh then, for the first time. He couldn't have spoken himself to save his life. He left the answer to her; their eyes met. And in that meeting a subtle bond was forged between them; he knew, bewildered though he was, that they could never, now, quite sink back into the curious remoteness of their earlier contact.

"An old friend!" said Elizabeth. Again she laughed, and again she looked at Steve. "No! We have met to-night for the first time. And I've bored him—oh, unutterably! I've been tongue-tied and dreadfully stupid! But I have liked him, and I want a chance to make him like me and see that I am not always so stupid. And so——"

She turned to Steve suddenly.

"You startled me when you asked me if I sang, so that I didn't answer," she said. "I do, but only my father has heard me—except for my teachers. I should like to sing for you——"

Steve was looking at Orme just then. And he saw how his face was swept by a curious spasm, only to become in a moment, bland, expressionless. He was underlining his acquiescence, so to speak.

"To-morrow evening, then?" said Orme. "I think we must go now, Elizabeth."

"Yes—to-morrow evening—thanks," said Steve, rather flatly.

"At eight!" said Elizabeth, definitely. "Coming, Dad?"

"Eight—yes—thanks—" said Steve. He knew he was being effusive, and loathed himself, but he couldn't help it. "You've really got to go? Sorry——"

He wasn't sorry in the least, really. He wanted to be alone, and to have a chance to think. Nothing was cleared up in his mind. Why had Elizabeth Orme waited so long to reveal herself? Had she, indeed, revealed herself at all? Might he not go to her house the next evening in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp? Or— He only knew that nothing would keep him from dining with the Ormes the next night!

He gave them time to reach their car and get away, and then took craven flight himself. He wasn't going to give Helen Dryden a chance to voice the questions he could see in her eyes, trembling on her lips.

He didn't sleep well, and he was hardly efficient next day at his office. He found himself, unexpectedly, of course, as one always does, living through a day of reckoning. One of those imperative calls for a balance had come and couldn't be put off. He had to make up his books, and when he was done he wasn't quite sure whether he was on the right side of the ledger.

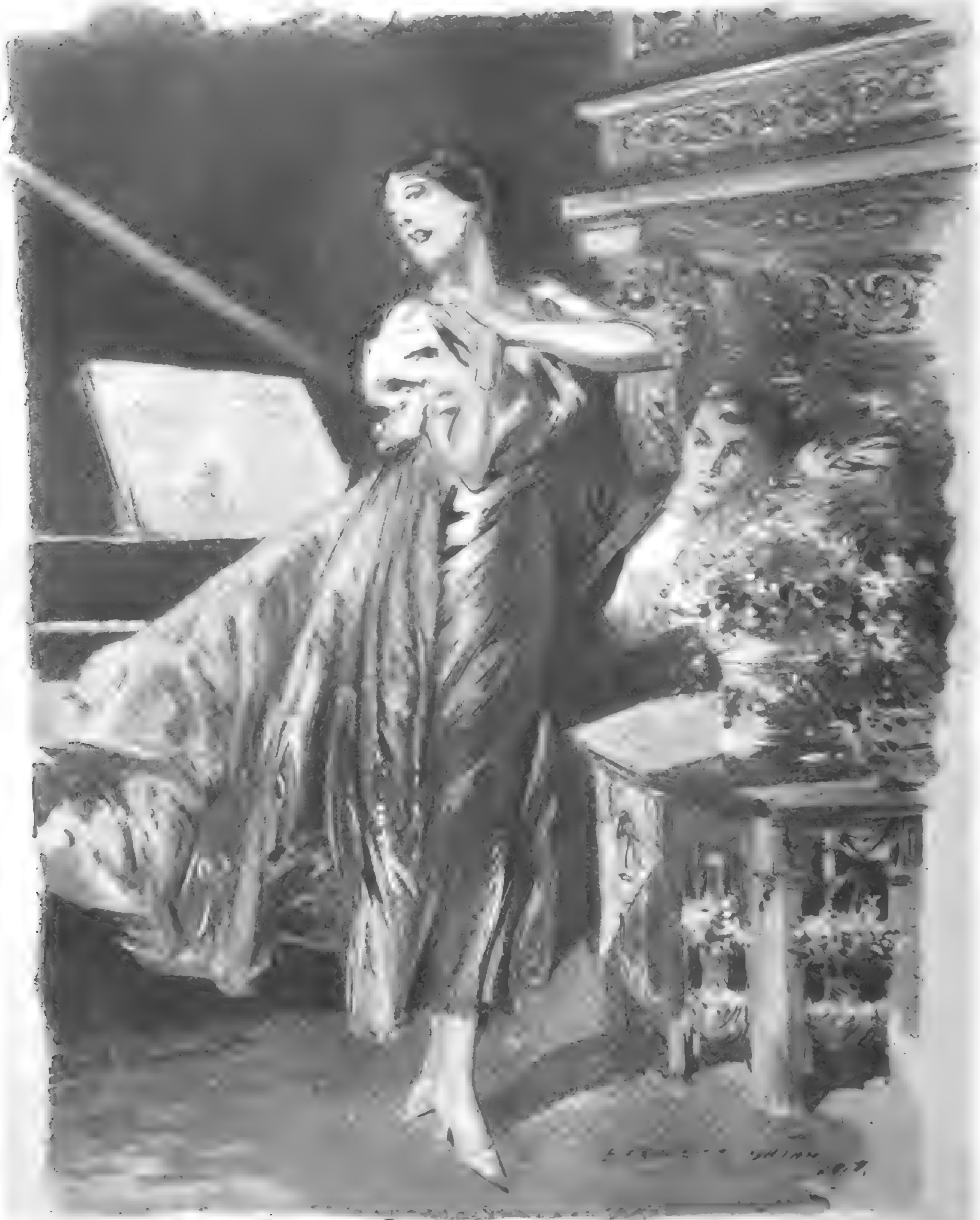
Outwardly, there couldn't be any question about it at all. He had done splendidly well in a material way. And yet, life hadn't been just what he had expected it to be. In his boyhood, even in the last days of his college time, when the sober business of life had loomed up imminently, he had been full of vague dreams, of furtive idealism. He had looked forward to conquests after epic struggles. Even from the sheer daily traffic of life he had anticipated adventure, the savor of romance, a certain thrill.

And life had not been at all like that. He had an excellent job that had come to him, unsought, as soon as he was out of college. He had become a cog in a great corporate machine. Each year had brought him promotion, more money, increased responsibility. And he wasn't dependent, even, upon his job; he had a little money of his own, so that he had never had need of considering the caprice of an employer.

He thought of Elizabeth Orme a good deal, of course. And he flushed dark red when he thought of his first swift, contemptuous rejection and dismissal of her. Probably Helen Dryden had been right, and he was spoiled and insufferably complacent, as she had told him, when he had ventured to complain. Well——

He found Elizabeth remote again, distant, difficult, as she had been at first, the night before. For a moment, as she greeted him and gave him her hand, she was warm; almost she glowed. It was not that any real color came into her cheeks, rather he was conscious of hot blood surging below the surface. Her hand was cold as ice; it trembled as he held it. His own mood, though, was wholly different from the one she had inspired twenty-four hours before. He was full of a great tenderness toward her; he wanted to reassure her, to guard her against whatever it might be that she feared. She turned away from the imminent revelation of his emotion; it was as if she projected herself into some far fastness of isolation. And yet, mysteriously, he was content; he was strangely sure that all was, or would be, well.

Orme, at dinner, was gracious, almost urbane. He talked freely and he talked well, and he set himself to draw Steve out. There was a subtle flattery in his inquiries as to Steve's opinions upon many points of business; he acquiesced, once or twice, in opinions that differed from his own. It was easy for Elizabeth to hold herself aloof, speaking seldom, listening to the two men, and watching them. As



She stood singing alone, the piano silenced.

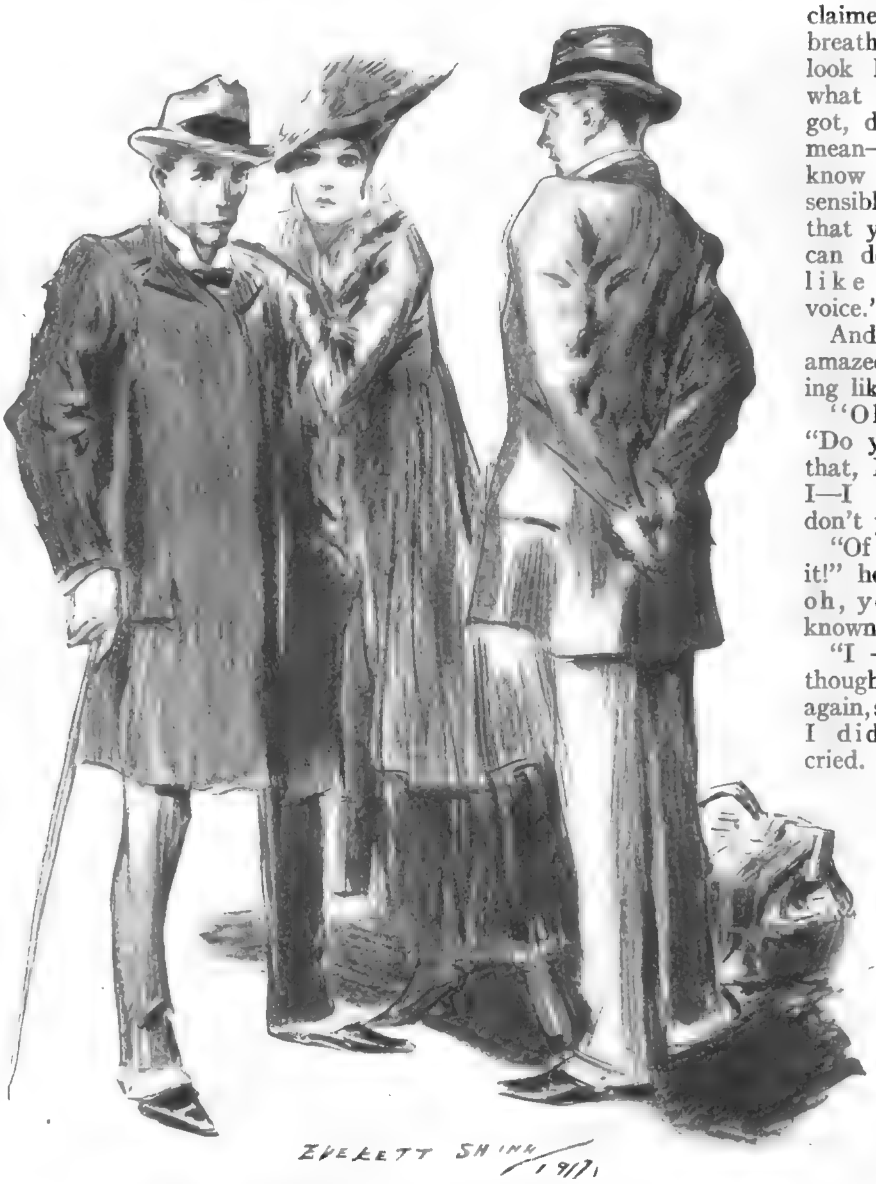
for Steve, he surrendered almost completely to Orme's charm. But he made subtle reservations which it would have puzzled him to describe, even to himself.

He was surprised when, after dinner, Orme said he must go out for a time. He was certain, too, that Elizabeth shared his surprise; that this was a move she had not anticipated. She grew tense for a moment, as if she were about to withdraw herself again. They were having coffee in a long room, meant, it was plain, for music. When Orme put down his cup and went to the door, Elizabeth went with him, held him a moment at the door, her hand resting on his shoulder. The low murmur of their voices came back to Steve. Then Orme went out and she came back to Steve, smiling faintly, moving slowly as her eyes searched him. It seemed to him that now she was—opening, that she was like a flower stirring at the touch of the sun breaking through the clouds after a shower.

"Will you sing for me now?" he asked her, abruptly.

She hesitated a moment, and regarded him with eyes suddenly grown somber. Then she went to the piano without a word. For a few moments her fingers wandered over the keys idly; wandered with her thoughts. And then she sang the song of *Solveig*, and Steve thought that in her low, rich voice all the beauty that he had ever known was caught.

He grew tense as he listened. The tragic passion of the song took hold of him, and it fired him so that he dared not look at her. Yet, though he did not look, he saw her with a new vision. She sang, and her voice died away at last, until only faint, trembling echoes of it lingered in the darkened room. It was very still until she sang again, and sang, this time, "*Ich grolle nicht.*" And now her voice, rich, infinite in its color, was an adumbration of longing, the very sublimation of desire, repressed, suppressed.



On Saturday afternoon he found them both waiting for him.

When she had done, there was a charged silence. Now he looked at her; he could see her, veiled, mysterious. Their eyes met, challenging. And then her laugh rang out. Capriciously, mockingly, she brought her hands crashing down upon the keys. She brought him to his feet, his pulses throbbing as the hot blood leaped through them. It was *Carmen's* song that she sang now—sang with an astonishing, a dazzling brilliancy. Now, at last, he saw her as she might be. She rose to meet him, all aflame. She stood, singing alone, the piano silenced, her arm flung out in a great gesture of defiance. Her voice rang out, taunting, provocative, wanton:

> "*Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;*
> *Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!*"

In that moment anything might have happened. And then — she laughed.

"Oh—you see!" she said. "I'm not to be trusted, Mr. Templeton! I was to sing for you—something pretty. 'My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair,' perhaps, or something of Cyril Scott's—if you turned out to be advanced! So that you could tell me what a nice voice I had, and that it ought to be trained——"

"Trained!" he exclaimed, catching his breath. "You—why—look here—*you* know what a voice you've got, don't you? I mean—why—I don't know enough to talk sensibly, but I can tell that you're—that you can do anything you like with that voice."

And at that she amazed him by blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Oh!" she said. "Do you really mean that, Mr. Templeton? I—I think you do, don't you?"

"Of course I meant it!" he said. "You—oh, you must have known——"

"I — why — I've thought—" she laughed again, suddenly. "Yes, I did know!" she cried. "I won't be modest and discreet! I can't help it; it's none of my doing. I do know I can sing, of course! But, oh! it's good to have some one else tell me so."

"That—that's just what's so amazing," he said. "You have no right to hide a voice like that away. If it's your father's fault, he must have been awfully selfish——"

"He's not selfish!" she cried, furiously. "Are you going to be like every one else? Like all the people who don't understand him, and think he's the sort of man the yellow papers say he is?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Steve, aghast. "Miss Orme, that's not fair! He's a wonder, of course. I know that. And I'm awfully strong for him. He was bully to me to-night—corking. He talked to me as if I'd been right on his own level, instead of just a kid. But—well—it makes me hot to think of all the good times you've been missing—I—"

(*Continued on page 91*)

AFTER THE WAR—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?

What will the war do to man?

What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?

What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations?

BY THE end of this year the war will involve, in person or property, ninety-two per cent. of the world's population. It will have cost in money three times as much as all the previous wars together since the beginning of history. It will be costing daily more than four times as much as when it began. It will be consuming more than half the daily per capita income of every person in the world.

Two hundred and fifty millions of men, about three-quarters of the working population of the world, have been withdrawn from productive industry for several years. Nearly all the energies of mankind have been devoted to the task of war. The world is beginning to feel the hand of starvation; it is not producing enough to meet its primal needs; it is living on its savings, and the ordinary progress of civilization has been brought to a standstill.

The war is, from every point of view, the greatest single event that has happened in human history.

What will come of it, come after it, is the most important single question in the world. It commands and focuses the thought, the hope, the will of three-quarters of mankind.

There are fifty million men under arms, and behind each fighter there are four workers. But *in* and behind each fighter and each worker there are unnumbered thinkers, hopers, planners, demanders.

Never before has so large a part of the human race thought so long and so hard about one thing at one time, and that thing a reconstruction of life, a realinement of human institutions and the human spirit.

The very volume of the answers, the thought, the hope, the demand which the question of the future has brought forth, is a guarantee of some change, and it is going to be one of the largest and most difficult factors in whatever changes take place. In this department of the magazine we are going to touch and test and reveal to our readers something of the direction and force of this current as it is reflected in this country and in Europe, and to seek in it some foothold for faith and prophecy.

The answers we have had thus far for the most part have been products of the flame and agony of war, a misty pageant of hope, desire, dogma, theory, revolt—a nebulous chaos without substance, without strength except strength of will and passion. To some the future is a dark forest, to others a Socialistic millenium; to some a prospect of an endless succession of war and strife; to others a golden age of eternal peace and universal democracy. Other men of advanced years we have heard say simply that they are glad they will not live to see the only future they can imagine.

But is there no key, no solid ground from which the future may be faced?

We believe there is—a simple key that opens the gate to a vista of a new age in human history more abounding in hope and promise and allure than any before to those who look out upon it with robust spirits, with eyes free of illusion, and with minds open to the touch of realities.

The key is already in the hands of every one who has opened his eyes and mind to the things that have transpired around him since the war began, who has kept in touch with the facts and the movement of men's spirit during the past generation. The key to the future is not a matter of prophecy, but one of close observation, and diagnosis. Nothing will come out of this war that was not in it. The changes to come are going on under our noses; they have been observable since the beginning of the century; the war has merely quickened a tendency long developing. They are so definite and fundamental that their larger effects can be completed and realized before the end of the century.

The key lies in the facts of the existing world situation. Those facts concern:

1. The world's food supply.
2. The world's energy supply.
3. The world's supply of other natural resources and materials.
4. Transportation.
5. Population.
6. Public feeling.

The world situation, the human situation which these facts constitute, we believe is new in human history, and it is the basis of a new age in human history, an age marked by new institutions and a new spirit in men.

What this situation, these institutions, this spirit are, we are going to try, with the aid of Everybody's readers, to describe in this department from month to month.

The facts and actualities in the first five groups and the changes in industry, trade, finance, social and political life which they have already made and which they forecast will be dealt with each month in Everybody's in the briefest, most condensed form. No ideal of reconstruction, no dogmatic solution of its problems will be offered. The articles will be purely informative. They will constitute a report, a syllabus of the world situation, which is the basis for any reconstruction. Such a syllabus is a necessity now in order that we may push the war to the best outcome and reap the greatest possible benefits from it.

THE facts of group six, the facts of public feeling now and at the end of the war, are the only ones subject to change and uncertainty. They are nowhere written down and expressed with any sureness and clarity. Yet these facts are a vital part of the situation, as imperative, as influential, as problematic as any of nature.

Here and in this whole attempt the readers of Everybody's can help and must help.

Write us fully, frankly, fearlessly your ideas on the world after the war. Tell us what the war has done to you, what changes it has made in your outlook upon life, and specifically in your ideas about our economic, social and political institutions.

Be as clear, be as concrete, be as definite and as sincere as the great question demands. Everything you say will be weighed and studied. As much of it as space permits will be printed here.

The AUTOCRAT

By Charles Beadle

Illustrated by George Wright

A MAN knifed in a drunken brawl in a vodka shop was an ordinary, if very regrettable incident—not that a dead fireman mattered, but the red-tape formalities interfered with the vice-consul's duck-shooting, and the necessity of finding a substitute aggravated the chief engineer's dyspepsia. Alf Pursey was only indirectly concerned; inasmuch that a certain red-headed stoker who had just left the hospital after an obstinate bout of delirium tremens, filled the vacant berth. Contrary to the custom of sea-vagrants, Alf had remained in the *Matilda Farncroft* for a number of years and, as a reward of virtue, had risen to donkeyman, onerous post, although the increase of pay was nearly swallowed, literally, by young Alf.

By the time that the *Matilda Farncroft* had passed Cape Matapan Jim Randall and Alf had chummed up over a mutual taste in tobacco and unprintable opinions. As good-natured as he was broad-chested, Alf took the edge off the heated slavery of the stokehold for Jim—as much as a donkeyman could do. So the watches passed to the rhythmic beat of the engines and the regular clang of the ship's bell; thrudding through the violet Mediterranean, bucketting across the Bay. One morning after they had picked up the Lizard Light, Jim and Alf were below in the "toy hell," plying rakes and heaving coal into the insatiable red jaws of the roaring furnaces. From up the gloom of the fiddley came the moan of the wind; the hot metal plates of the floor swayed as the ship lurched drunkenly; the clang and rattle of the tortured hull and the angry tumult of the engines merged into a clamor of torment.

Just as a shuddering pause came at the end of a dive, a steampipe burst. Scalding clouds drove the men helter-skelter for the fiddley ladders. When Jim mounted the iron rungs the man above him slipped. As he slid past, Jim grabbed his clothes. The check broke the fall, but jerked Jim from his hold. Together they disappeared. Choking with heat, somehow Jim contrived to hoist the inert body over his shoulders and slowly, painfully, remounted to the 'tween-deck level, where he recognized Alf.

When Alf expressed his gratitude in crude terms Jim magnanimously sought to cover any exhibition of emotion by an invitation to join him in a 'bust' on shore. Compelled to refuse on the ground that he was a teetotaler—to Jim's speechless bewilderment—Alf sought to make honorable amends by insisting that Jim should stay with him and meet his wife, knowing, simple soul, no greater honor in all the world. Most men in his station of life treat their wives as a blend of the houri of the harem and a beast of burden; not so Alf. Over a couple of pints of four-ale and one lemonade Alf unbosomed himself of the conviction that his wife and son were the adjective finest on the adjective earth; and after a third pint, Jim heartily agreed with him.

In shore-going togs—Jim sporting a green kerchief in place of his usual shirt-band—the two men made their way to the cobbled street of small gray houses, one of which Alf considered to be the center of the universe. Proudly he ushered Jim into the tiny passage and shouting: "Hey, Missus!" disappeared into the back regions. While Jim stood waiting awkwardly, cap in hand, a young woman came down the narrow stairs, wiping her hands on an apron. She was a plump brunette with the first traces of household drudgery graven on her comely features. For a moment she stared in bewilderment at the look of astonishment on Jim's face.

"Mary!"

"Jim!"

Apprehensively she moved backward as he stepped forward eagerly.

"No, no!" she whispered.

"Hey Missus! Hey, Mary, where are yer?" came Alf's voice from the kitchen. Jim made a clumsy motion to retreat. The woman regained her presence of mind. With one finger to her lips she moved past him, calling out sharply:

"Alf! 'Ere, Alf, 'oo's this 'ere?"

"A'Ullo," said Alf jovially, emerging. "There y'are! Thort yer'd run orf, I did! That's my mate, Missus. Saved me bloomin' life, 'e did! 'Ere, where's yer bloomin' kiss?"

"Don't," she snapped, dodging his attempted caress.

"She's shy," laughed Alf, winking at Jim, whose face was against the light of the door. "'Ere, come on in! Wot yer standing there for? Arsk 'im in, proper like, Missus! Jim's goin' ter stay wiv us fer a bit, ain't yer, mate?"

"'Im stay wiv us!" she echoed shrilly.

"Yus, why not? Ain't 'e orl right? Don't like lodgers, she don't!" he added playfully. "But that's orl right; she'll soon chum up to my mate, I know."

Mary shot a quick look at Jim and disappeared into the kitchen. Jim paused irresolutely, twiddling his cap.

"Look 'ere, Alf," said he diffidently, "I don't fink I'd better stay. Sorter upset the missus, don't it? 'Sides," he added lamely, "I wanter look up a bloke o' me sister's wot lives in Bolton."

"Come on!" exploded Alf boisterously, dragging him by the arm. "Wot yer playin' at? She'll come round orl right. Women is like that. Come, you don't know 'em as I do, you bein' a single bloke," winking prodigiously. "Why, I wouldn't be 'ere if it wasn't fer you. Wait till she knows orl about it and she won't be able ter do enuff fer yer!"

"I'll come on to yer arter I been ter Bolton."

"Get aout, wor d'yer tyke me fer?" demanded Alf truculently forcing the reluctant Jim on to a rickety sofa. "Sit down! Wot's the matter wiv yer? Want ter insult a feller?"

"No."

"Well, then shut up and don't be a bloomin' fool! Ah," grinning triumphantly, "you wait till yer see young Alf! He'll Alf yer proper! Hey, Mary!" he bawled, "gettin' supper? Get a 'ustle on, Missus! We're 'ungry, we are, ain't we, mate? 'Ere, I'll fetch 'im down!" And shouting: "Alf! Hey, young Alf!" he thundered up the stairs, leaving Jim gazing at an oleograph of the king and queen.

As the footsteps sounded overhead, shaking the jerry-built ceiling, Jim rose. He stood in the passage, peering toward the kitchen. A clatter on the landing and uncouth noises heralded the arrival of the two Alfs. Jim moved toward the street, hesitated, and returned hurriedly to the parlor.

"'Ere y'are, mate!" exclaimed Alf senior as he put down a curly-headed, bright-eyed boy. "Wot d'yer fink of 'im? Ain't 'e a corf-drop?"

Jim seemed to have an intense aversion to "cough-drops;" he glanced at the boy with a look of terror. For several moments the boy regarded him with the quietly inquisitive stare of the child. Then solemnly pointing a finger, remarked: "Oh, wot a funny face you got!"

"Ain't 'e a corf-drop?" bawled big Alf, slapping his thigh. "Wot did I tell yer! A corf-drop, 'e is!"

"An' wot funny 'air!" continued Alf. "Jes' like a norange!"

Jim moved uneasily and gave a sickly grin in response to big Alf's paroxysms.

"A norange! A norange! Wot a one! A norange!"

"I like you," announced the boy after a further solemn scrutiny. "You my nunky!"

He walked toward his adopted relative. Jim rose hastily and sat down. As the child placed a hand on his knee, Jim squirmed.

"Up!" commanded young Alf.

Jim looked around helplessly.

"Gotter tyke 'im up," advised big Alf. "Captin's orders. 'E's captin 'ere."

"Up!" repeated young Alf impatiently and seized Jim's hand. At the contact Jim looked at him; his face softened; he sighed; and gingerly, as if he feared to break the child, he lifted him onto his knee.

"You're orl right," approved Alf senior. "'E don't tyke to ev'rybody, I can tell yer! 'E knows wot's wot, 'e does. Like 'is farver 'e knows a man w'en 'e sees 'im. Anybody as 'e takes to I'd trust—I'd trust—Gawd, I'd trust wiv me missus, swelp me if I wouldn't!"

Jim dropped his eyes to the boy, who, quite content, cuddled closer to him and appeared ready to sleep. As Alf senior turned away, the mixture of awe and regard swiftly turned to intense hatred as Jim glanced at the other's broad back. When Mary came in she started at the sight of the child in Jim's arms and bit her lips.

"Alf! Alf!" she called sharply. "Wot yer doin' there? Come 'ere!"

The boy looked up in sleepy wonder. Jim put him down.

"W'y, Mummy——"

"Come 'ere!" she repeated.

Young Alf obeyed.

"Wot's the matter, Missus?" expostulated big Alf. "'E's orl right. 'E's took to Jim like a clinker to a gratin'. Wot's upset yer, old gal?"

"Nuffin," she retorted, avoiding Jim's eyes. "Yer supper's ready."

During the meal the two Alfs contributed the bulk of the small talk; the senior roaring with laughter at the prodigy's precocious remarks, while Jim ate heartily, with the tail of his eye on Mary, who divided her troubled gaze between her son and her supper. At the first opportunity she cleared the table and retired to the scullery.

The two men proceeded to fill their pipes from big Alf's tobacco-jar; Jim silently, Alf engrossed in the boy. When they had thrown their burnt matches into the fire young Alf demanded attention. Abandoning his pipe immediately and producing a toy whip with much affected mystery, Alf presented it to the delighted youngster and flopping on his knees began to play horse. Presently young Alf dismounted from his bucking steed and, flourishing the whip in Jim's face, clamored that he should play, too.

"Me!" exclaimed Jim in horror. "O Gawd!"

But with beads of perspiration on his forehead he obeyed. Silent and grim-faced he crawled about the kitchen floor with the boy astride, shouting and cracking his whip in great glee, while big Alf sat on a wooden chair chuckling and laughing encouragement. In the middle of the performance Mary entered the room unheard. She watched the scene, a peculiar expression of pain in her eyes. Then, tight-lipped, she advanced and marched the boy right off to bed.

When she had gone Jim sat staring at the fire, biting at a dead pipe, while the host, garrulous and happy, blew clouds of smoke. At length Alf grew aware of his wife's continued absence. After a short panegyric on her many virtues he thought he'd go and "see wot's up." While he stumped up-stairs Jim sat listening. Once he sighed hard and clenched his fists.

"She's sorter feelin' porely," Alf explained on his return. "Sorter upset like. Women is like that sometimes. Queer sort women is—" He rambled on for a few minutes, fidgeting. "Fac' is—better turn in, hey? Sorter want me ter comfort 'er. Women is like that sometimes. Funny fings, women. Don't mind, do yer?"

After turning out the lamp and locking the front door Alf escorted Jim to the guest-chamber, a tiny room at the back.

"Goo' night, mate! 'Ope yer'll sleep orl right, hey? Ain't no turnin' out 'ere! Goo' night!"

"Goo' night!" growled Jim at the closing door.

For fully ten minutes he sat hunched on the little bed with his head between his hands, grim-faced, bright-eyed, listening. Suddenly he swore and sprang to his feet, his face contorted, fists clenched; then tearing off his boots he clutched his bundle and crept downstairs.

AS THE murky light filtered through the curtains Alf tiptoed down the stairs in his stocking-feet. He lighted the fire and his pipe, made tea and stumped up-stairs again, bearing two cups and the grin of a triumphant schoolboy. He deposited one cup on the landing, delivered the other to his wife, who sleepily feigned delight, and returned for the first cup.

"Aye, but he'd sooner 'ave beer!" he muttered as he pushed open the door of the spare room. "Gaw!" he exclaimed, and peered round as if he expected to find Jim under the bed or in the washstand, scratching his head perplexedly. "Ain't been ter bed! W'ere is 'e!" The bewilderment grew into a grin of comprehension. "Pore old Jim!" addressing the empty bed. "Kinder hearly for bed and thort 'e'd like a wet an' ain't come 'ome! Might 'a' knowed! Same as I'd 'a' done once. Wot d'yer fink, ole gal?" he shouted to Mary, carrying the cup back with him. "My mate's bin an' gawn!"

"Gawn!" echoed Mary in startled relief.

"Yus. Ain't bin ter bed!" and he related his surmise with many guffaws. "But 'e'll turn up fer 'is tommy—wiv a thick 'ead!"

Mary made no comment.

LATER, as the guest did not return, Alf grew anxious and departed in search of him. However, he could not discover Jim in the purlieus of the district. "Bin an' gawn on the booze!" was the verdict. A sincere regret that he had not been permitted to exercise hospitality evoked the remark: "Orter 'ave got 'im some beer—same as I'd 'a' liked afore I took up wiv you, hey, Missus? Wunnerful 'ooman you are, ole gal, straight!" Caressing his unresponsive wife with one horny hand he kissed her. "Feelin' sorter porely, ain't yer, ole dear?"

Mary continued to feel "porely" apparently; so that when Alf translated his disappointment that his short spell at home was likely to be marred, into terms of solicitous concern for Jim, and was peevishly told to "cheese it!" his wide understanding of women was slightly strained.

He pondered long and a little sulkily upon her unusual manner and failed to find any consolation in his own stereotyped formula for feminine ways.

However, on the following evening Alf returned from work with the news that Jim had, that morning, received seven days' hard labor for having been "drunk and disorderly." "Good-'earted bloke, 'im!" concluded Alf, wagging his head compassionately; "but a rough un, same as I might 'a' bin."

Mary sighed and turned away as Alf thundered up-stairs to see young Alf, who had been put to bed.

"W'ere nunky?" demanded the child.

"Nunky gawn away fer a 'oliday," said Alf, grinning at his own waggishness.

The boy considered. "Ain't 'e never comin' back?"

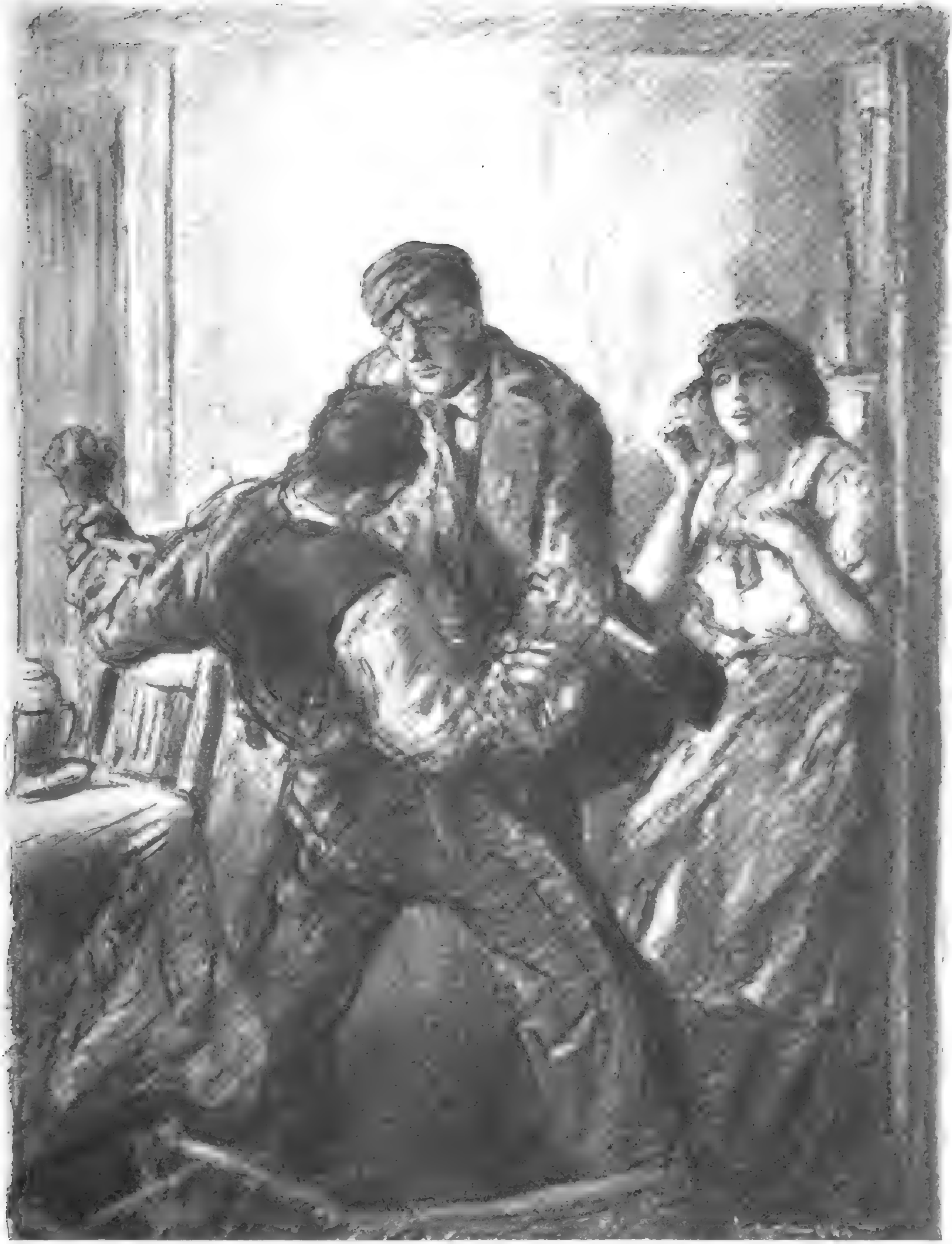
"Oh, yus, 'e'll come back orl right."

"W'en?"

"Inner week or two."

"W'ere's 'e gawn?"

"Gawn? Oh 'e's gawn up ter Lunnon."



They wrestled for possession of the weapon. One hand pressed upon her bosom, Mary's feverish eyes watched the straining men.

"Waffor?"

"Waffor? W'y—I dunno," confessed Alf, unable to rise to the occasion.

"Ain't 'e gotter 'ome?"

"W'y, yus, of course, 'e 'as!"

"An', Pa, ain't 'e got any li'l' boys like me to play wiv?"

"Yus, corse 'e 'as! Jus' like you!" And as Mary entered the room he turned to her waggishly: "Ain't that right, old dear?"

"Ain't wot right?" demanded Mary. "Ain't Jim gotter little boy jus' like our Alf?"

Mary gave a quick look from the boy to Alf. "Wot's the matter wiv you!" she demanded furiously. "Telling 'im lies like that! Ain't yer nuffin better ter do than ter keep 'im awake all night? Ain't I gotter-nuff trouble wivout you upsettin' things?"

"Gaw!" said Alf eloquently, staring at her. "Wot's the matter wiv you, Missus?"

"Oh, go away, do!" shrilled Mary.

Big Alf rose silently, looked at the boy sitting up in bed watching them curiously and at his wife.

"Wot're you waitin' for?" she demanded acidly. "I gotter get 'im ter sleep arter you gone and woke 'im. Go on!"

"She's balmy," muttered the perplexed Alf as he slouched out of the room. "I never done nuffin."

"Wot's the matter wiv Pa?" demanded young Alf.

"Ain't nuffin the matter wiv Pa," asserted Mary more quietly. "Now you go ter sleep, d'yer 'ear?"

"But, Ma," persisted young Alf as he snuggled down, "ain't Nunky Jim gotter li'l' boy like——"

"Oh, be quiet, an' go ter sleep, will yer!" snapped Mary and a sharp smack terrorized the boy into obedience.

A FIREMAN'S life is much like a sailor's—both are fortunate if they have as many days at home as they have weeks at sea. On the following day the *Matilda Farncroft* was due to sail in ballast for Cardiff to load coal for the Black Sea. Big Alf hoped that Mary would soften toward him. But she did not. Unconsciously he bestowed the inhibited caresses upon young Alf, observed by Mary with a strained, patient look in her eyes, as if she were compelling herself to endure the extravagant, even fatuous, sentimentalities of a sentimental male. But she made no remark. Indeed, she scarcely spoke at all.

When at last he had made ready and stood, bundle in hand, gazing at her with the questioning expression of a hurt dog, she seemed to relent. She placed her arm round his neck and kissed him with something of the warmth of other days. But when he sought to return it, she repulsed him. The gladness was turned to anger. He muttered an oath and went hurriedly, pained and smoldering with anger at the feeling that he had really done something to offend her; bewildered and frightened of he knew not what.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Mary sought young Alf and in the middle of extravagant caresses burst into tears. Young Alf, too, was bewildered at these most extraordinary happenings. But when he, as ever solicitous, inquired what the matter was, he received such a sharp admonition not to ask silly questions, that he in sympathy began to weep. Mother and child together sobbed.

Then young Alf put his arm around Mary's neck and said with the air of one solving a terrible problem: "Alf tho thorry Mummy thorry Daddy gone!" and ceased to cry. Yet his small mind was still bewildered by the glance which his mother gave him as she dried her eyes upon her apron.

However, Mary had, as usual, little time to waste upon marital or any other problems. She went about her housework all day with an unusually absent-minded look, and at every step or knock of itinerant hawker, started apprehensively.

Toward five o'clock young Alf, to his delight, was dressed in his Sunday best and led off to have supper with an aunt who lived some blocks away. That there was something unusual about to happen he was convinced; for upon cake and ginger-beer he was allowed to gorge unreproved, and although his bedtime was eight, Mary did not even suggest leaving until after nine.

Exceedingly happy and slightly dyspeptic, young Alf said his prayers with a special plea for those at sea and was tucked up in bed, contented in the promise of a wonderful cake which Aunt Lizzie was to make for him on the morrow.

But as Mary moved about the little kitchen, clearing up for the night, there came a single knock at the door. Mary stood still, holding a dish in her hand. Her eyes were like a startled fawn's. She hesitated; moved from one foot to the other; her mobile lips muttered: "It'll only be Mrs. Barker!"

She put down the dish very carefully; placed her hand upon her breast. Again came the knock; louder, imperious. Mary hesitated; glanced at the fire. Mary went out.

Silhouetted against the blue of the night was the form of a man.

"Mar—y!"

"You! Oh!" In a panic she tried to close the door, whispering, "Go away! Oh, Gawd, go away!"

"Mary!" Jim insisted, pressing his bulk against the door.

"Don't! Don't!" she whispered, struggling futilely. "They'll see yer! They will! Oh, go away!"

He removed her hands from the door, leaving it ajar behind him, and took her in his arms. She writhed and twisted furiously as a woman does in her lover's arms. He forced her head back and bruised her lips with his mouth.

"Gawd! I'm mad fer yer. Gowmitey, I am! Mary——"

She fought, anger growing with the delicious delight in his strength. She lay still, as if exhausted.

"If yer love us, Jim, lemme go! Please!" she pleaded.

He released her; whereupon she turned upon him because he had obeyed.

"'Ow dare you come 'ere? You! Carn't you lemme alone? Wot 'ave I done? Ain't it enuff ter frighten me outer me life? You——"

"Mary, I want yer!"

"Are yer balmy?" she demanded shrilly. "Wanter ruin me? W'y can't yer leave me alone! Oh, go away!"

Jim stared at her hungrily but perplexedly. "Oh, 'ell, Mary, won't yer come wiv me? Oh, Gawd, I want yer. I ain't done nuffin since yer leff me, straight I ain't! Nuffin but booze! Oh, I know, but I can't 'elp it. Why did yer leave me?"

He checked a movement toward her and grimaced impotently, the light from the kitchen lighting one ear and his bullet-skull. The gurgle of a kettle on the hob sounded softly; a cart rattled noisily over the cobbles without and died away jangling. The two stood in the tiny passage, the woman flattening herself against the wall.

"Oh, Gawd!" she commenced again, "go away, do!"

"Come wiv us then?"

"I won't!"

"I love yer, Mary. I allus 'ave. Yer knows it, don't yer? Yer carn't go on like this. Yer don't love 'im—do yer?"

"I can't leave 'im," she muttered, near weeping, "I can't. "'E's bin a good man ter me, 'e 'as, reely. Oh, Gawd, go——"

He seized her arm. She cried out inarticulately and wriggling away from him, fled into the kitchen. He followed, ponderously eager. She turned by the table, at bay.

"Oh!" she cried, a new note of wailing in her voice, "go awa-ay, do! I can't—I daren't!"

"'Ere, Mary," he said, finding eloquence, "yer can't live like this, it ain't right. I loved you first, didn't I? We allus loved each uvver. W'en I leff yer, I couldn't 'elp it, straight. Yus. I know I went on the booze—and I bin ever since. I don't care nuffin if you ain't wiv me—Gawd—Mary, wot did yer leave me fer? W'y ever did yer? I bin in 'ell, I 'ave."

"'Cos yer didn't marry me, that's w'y I leff yer. Cos I wanted ter be a respec'able 'ooman and 'e made me that—wot you'd never 'ave done."

"I would—if yer'd only waited, 's truth I would, and yer knows it!"

"No yer wouldn't! You'd never 'ave given up the booze. 'E did—fer me."

"Ow could I?" he demanded angrily, "w'en yer was allus a-gaddin' about? Made me balmy, yer did, an' yer loved it. I 'ated yer sometimes. An' then yer went an' married 'im! Gawd! But I'll give up the booze, I swear I will. Mary! yer don't love 'im, yer said yer didn't."

"I didn't!"

"Yus, yer did." He moved toward her. She shrank away. "An' yer loves me, don't yer, Mary—don't yer?"

"No!" she said defiantly.

But he sprang and caught her to him.

"Lemme go! Lemme——"

"Yer do! Yer do, don't yer?" he demanded, glaring down at her. Her eyes shifted.

"Lemme go!" she whispered.

"I won't!" he growled hoarsely, crushing her until she cried out. "Yer love me, don't yer?"

"No," she murmured feebly; but her lids drooped, flickered and opened on burning eyes as she strained to his lips.

"Oh, Gawd, don't!" she panted. "I can't stand it. I mustn't!"

"But yer comin', Mary!"

"I ain't. 'ow can I? I can't leave 'im."

"'Oo? 'Im?"

He jerked her chin upward.

"Yes."

"Oh, Gawd."

She remained in his arms inert. He stared at her. She flashed a wild frightened look at him and struggled seriously to free herself; she rained blows upon him, savagely, crying inarticulately. He released her.

"Gawd!" he muttered suspiciously.

"It ain't true," she panted. "It ain't! I swear it ain't."

"Sorter scared me like. But 'e give me a turn w'en I see 'im. 'Ere, Mary—Come on! You an' *'im.*"

"I can't! I won't!"

"Yus, y'are! 'im wiv us! Come on!"

He caught her arm and drew her to him. Again the sharp battle and her surrender to the hypnotism of contact. Then as she lay in his arms she started violently. Her protesting words were smothered by his caresses. She struggled desperately. His grip tightened, his great frame trembled.

"Oh ——!" was squeezed from her bruised lips. The agonized expression of her eyes made him glance up. In the doorway stood Alf; his eyes glared, his thick lips were contorted into the expression of a homicidal maniac, and his shoulders were hunched round his lowering head. Mary clung to Jim in paralyzed fear. He repulsed her and took up a strategic position behind the kitchen-table.

"'Ere, Alf, 'alf a mo'! Lemme tell yer——"

"No, no fer Gawd's sake, no!" came Mary's shrill voice.

A stream of obscene profanity fled through Alf's teeth, the purport of which anathematized false friends, wives and collisions. Then he caught up a knife from the table.

With an oath Jim flung the table aside, rushed in and caught the upraised wrist. They wrestled for possession of the weapon. One hand pressed upon her bosom, the other clutching her gaping mouth, Mary's feverish eyes watched the straining men. Came a sharp cry as the knife twinkled on the stone hearth. For a moment they swayed to and fro, toppled over the table and crashed to the floor, Jim uppermost.

With a stifled shriek forced from her by the shock of the fall, Mary had started forward; but hypnotized by pristine fascination, she remained to stare at the writhing, twisting male animals upon the floor.

Jim succeeded in loosening the bite of the horny fingers and in implanting his own in his rival's throat. With maddened eyes almost starting from their sockets the men fought desperately in throttled breaths, each growing fainter and more labored.

Then in this room supercharged with the atmosphere of primordial strife appeared a tiny figure in pink flannel.

For a moment the curly head was bent sideways like a puzzled bird.

At the sight of her son Mary had started forward with a strangled expression of horror. She fell to tugging at the combatants, sobbing dry-eyed as she whispered fiercely: "Stop it! Alf's 'ere! Oh, Gawd! Chuck it! Alf's 'ere!"

As the sleepy little brain solved the riddle young Alf demanded imperiously, "Lemme play too!"

The frantic objurgation of the woman had failed to reach the understanding of either man, but that clear treble of the boy's acted as the command of an officer to disciplined troops. Both hands were released from their deadly grips. Jim's head followed Alf's horrified gaze to the child standing over them, impatiently demanding to join the game.

Alf's eyes were bloodshot, his tongue protruded slightly; yet he tried to smile a ghastly contorted grin. Mary stood back, staring, her quivering lips straining at a smile. Slowly, fighting hard to subdue the agonized sob of the lungs, both men disentangled themselves.

"Gee-gees!" demanded young Alf, his eyes gleaming with excitement. He rushed to the cupboard, produced the whip and cracked it furiously.

Ponderously, with tears of pain welling in his averted eyes, Jim crawled around the kitchen with young Alf upon his back, to and fro, backward and forward, around and about. Alf leaned upon the floor, one hand at his wealed throat, eyes following the performance, striving to control his troubled breathing.

"Now you, Daddy!" The boy dismounted from his horse and cracked the whip before the fresh victim.

Unsteadily Jim rose and moved toward the door.

"Nunky not goin'?" demanded little Alf from astride big Alf's back.

Jim tried to master his swollen tongue, gazing round like a stricken animal.

"Yes, Nunky got to go 'ome," Mary whispered.

The boy looked at her. "Mummy dot cold?" he inquired.

Mary nodded and murmured.

"Alf tho thorry. Goo' night, Nunky!"

"Good' night!" answered Jim hoarsely as he opened the door.

"Gee up!" shouted young Alf, cracking his whip. "Daddy best 'orse! CLK! CLK! Gee-up!"

SUNDAY EVENING

By Charles Hanson Towne

I SAW a pale young clerk coming home from the country,
His tired wife beside him, his child on his knee;
In his hands a bunch of crushed lilacs and wilting dogwood—
But in his heart a joy unknown to me.

The Subway clamored and clattered; the lurching people,
Weary, after long tramps through a scented lane,
Seemed like phantoms before me and all around me,
Their faces like ghosts in gardens after light rain.

But oh, they were real! They were only too human!
Their eyes held the eager fire of dreams and of youth.
And I, in my loneliness, I to them was a phantom;
They had been out in still places; they had tasted the Truth.

And now they had memories for a week of days unending;
Now they had glamour enough to carry them through.
And only I was alone in that heaving Subway—
I, an idle dreamer, with nothing at all to do.

The TRIM IMP *of* BROADWAY

FRANCES WHITE

By Karl Schmidt

IN THE world of the theatre, there every now and then emerges from obscurity a figure that conquers Broadway in a night, is famous in the morning, and thereafter becomes a matter of local pride—almost an institution.

The Ziegfield Follies of two years ago were evenly pursuing their pulchritudinous course, when suddenly and without any warning, there appeared, as a dancing partner for William Rock, some one entirely new and wholly different—Frances White.

A minute or so over four feet tall, with a cart-wheel hat tilted over the left ear, yellow hair drawn tight back and caught in a knob, as Helen Lowell does her hair for eccentric types, very short skirts, of Broadway material, but standing out like the starched clothes of a good little girl on her way to Sunday-school, this new performer came out of the West and danced and sang in a way that took.

That important night was only two years ago, but to-day it doesn't seem to be a genuine revue or midnight show if Frances White is not around.

The two short years spent on Broadway are about half the career of Frances White. Less than five years ago she was singing sentimental songs to those grotesquely colored lantern slides on which the romance of a store young man and his very blonde sweetheart was painted. Most often they told their love seated on the brim of a champagne glass, or in the calyx of a nasturtium. Happily these colored slides are no more. But Frances White had left them and singing in the dark, before their vogue—if they ever had any—had gone, for William Rock came along just about then. Later, when Frances White applied for a job in his production, "The Candy Shop," he remembered her. That was in those days when the act was known as Rock and Fulton. In the meantime, there had been some performances with the Morosco stock companies, and it was in a Morosco production, "So Long Letty," that Rock and White appeared as a team. That was on the Pacific Coast. Then followed vaudeville, but it was in "The Follies" and "Midnight Frolic" that New York saw and heard Frances White.

Of the period before the Los Angeles movie theatre, with its colored song slides, little is known except, of course, that Frances ran away from school. "I always liked to sing and dance just as I liked to play. We have been performing for more than two years at midnight shows, and most of the while we have been doing regular night performances and often matinees in addition. Three turns a day has been nothing unusual for us.

"And in that time there have been more than thirty war and charitable benefits!

"I suppose that I like to sing the kid songs better than I do the others, better even than I do dancing. People like them best, and if there are any children in the audience they like me. I always sing 'Mississippi' and I'll always have to. I am not sure I like the idea of becoming inseparable from one song, as Eva Tanguay and 'I don't care,' but I don't care either."

Perhaps no song having so little vocal charm has in a given time pleased more people than "Mississippi." It is a simple thing and well suited to the singer's peculiar style and manner. Just the perplexity of a child, unable to spell words that demand a knowledge of the letter "S." Finally, in triumph, "Mississippi" is mastered, and then the decision made to rest on the hard-won laurels and not to bother about words containing the dreaded "S". In the singing of this song, as in all other "kid" songs, there is more than a suggestion of sophistication. This is doubtless very right, for the average person who sits up for a midnight show would hardly care for a child's song of the "You Can't Play in My Yard" vintage, any more than he'd read a "Bedtime Story" in the evening papers on his way home.

In clothes, too, there is sophistication. Even the ragged trousers of the street urchin, used in one of the songs, have a cut that stamps them at once as being all wrong, and right too, for nothing could be more characteristic of the wearer.

There is perhaps no one on the musical comedy or vaudeville stage to-day who makes things so much her own as Frances White does. Her manner, her dress, her gestures, the way she starts to dance, the simple singing, with perhaps much too little voice, are all marked F. W., as other people mark their linen. There is a story back stage somewhere, that the famous New England school-marm coiffure was not original, but what does it matter? It is hers now. Always dressed in trim clothes that have a precise, severe style, this dancer and singer of "kid" songs (to call her a delineator of child studies would be too serious and all wrong anyway) seems at one and the same time an intruder at a midnight show and the only person one expected to find there. In it all she takes a great joy, like the unalloyed joy of stealing away from school—Frances White, an impish person on Broadway. Her imitators are becoming numerous, but they will not go far. The things that belong to Frances White are her own, even though she does some of them less well than some one else might.

Fortunately, Miss White's ambitions coincide with what she likes to do best. "I really don't want," she confessed, "to go on the dramatic stage or to uplift the drama. I'll be perfectly content to hang around a while and dance, and yes, sing 'Mississippi.'"

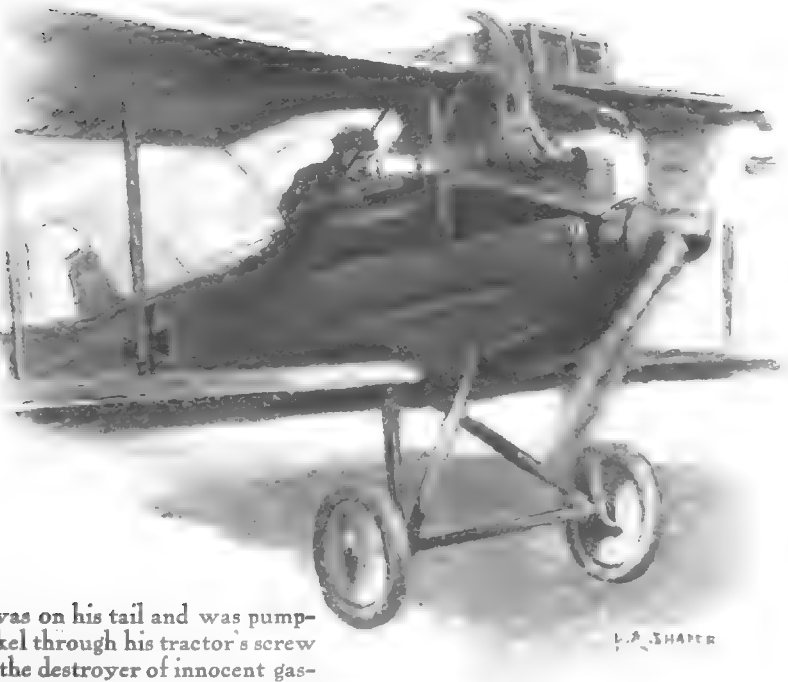
TAM o' *the* SCOOTS

A Reprisal Raid

By

Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer



Tam was on his tail and was pumping nickel through his tractor's screw before the destroyer of innocent gas-bags realized what had happened.

THERE are certain animals famous to every member of the British Expeditionary Force.

There is a Welsh regiment's goat which ate up the plan of attack issued by a brigadier-general, who bore a striking resemblance to somebody who was not Napoleon, thus saving the Welsh regiment from annihilation and reproach. There is the dog of the Middlesex regiment, who always bit staff-officers and was fourteen times condemned to death by elderly and irascible colonels, and fourteen times rescued by his devoted comrades. There is the Canadians' tame chicken, who sat waiting for nine-inch shells to fall, and then scratched over the ground they had disturbed; and there is last, but not least, that famous mascot of General Hospital One-Three-One, Hector O'Brien.

Hector O'Brien was born in the deeps of a Congo forest. Of his early life little is known, but as far as can be gathered, he made his way to France by way of Egypt and Gallipoli and was presented by a grateful patient to the nursing sisters and ambulance staff of One-Three-One, and by them was adopted with enthusiasm.

Hector O'Brien did precious little to earn either fame or notoriety until one memorable day. He used to sit in the surgery, before a large packing-case, wistfully watching the skies and scratching himself in an absent-minded manner. A chimpanzee may not cogitate very profoundly, and the statement that he is a deep thinker though an indifferent conversationalist has yet to be proved; but it is certain that Hector O'Brien was a student of medicine, and that he did, on this memorable day to which reference has been made, perambulate the wards of that hospital from bed to bed, feeling pulses and shaking his head in a sort of melancholy helplessness which brought joy to the heart of eight hundred patients, one hundred doctors, nurses and orderlies, and did not in any way disturb the melancholy principal medical officer, who was wholly unconscious of Hector's impertinent imitations.

Second-Lieutenant Tam, who was a frequent visitor at One-Three-One, had at an early stage struck up a friendship with Hector and had, I believe, taken him on patrol duty, Hector strapped tightly to the seat, holding with a grip of iron to the fusilage and chattering excitedly.

Thereafter, upon the little uniform jacket which Hector wore on state occasions was stitched the wings of a trained pilot. It is necessary to explain Hector's association with the R. F. C. in order that the significance of the subsequent adventure may be thoroughly appreciated.

Tam was "up" one day and on a particular mission. He looked down upon a big and irregular checker-board covered with numbers of mad white lines, which radiated from a white center and seemed to run frantically in all directions save one. Across that course, and running parallel beneath three of them was a straight silver thread. At the edge of his vision and beyond the place where the white lines ended abruptly, there were two irregular zigzags of yellow running roughly parallel. Behind each of these were thousands of little yellow splotches.

Tam banked over and came round on a hairpin turn, with his eyes searching the heavens above and below. A thousand feet beneath him was a straggling wisp of cloud, so tenuous that you saw the earth through its bulk. Above was a smaller cloud, not as transparent, but too thin to afford a lurking place for his enemy.

Tam was waiting for that famous gentleman, the "Sausage-Killer," the sworn foe of all "O. B.'s."

He paid little attention to the flaming lines because the "Sausage-Killer" never came direct from his aerodrome. You would see him streaking across the sky, apparently on his urgent way to the sea bases and oblivious of the existence of Observation Balloons.

Then he would turn, as though he had forgotten his passport and railway ticket and must go home quickly to get them. And before anybody realized what was happening, he would be diving straight down at the straining gas-bags, his tracer bullets would be ranging the line, and from every car would jump tiny black figures. You saw them falling straight as plummets till their parachutes took the air and opened. And there would be a great blazing and burning of balloons, frantic work at the winches which pulled them to earth, and the ballooning section would send messages to the aerodrome whose duty it was to protect them, apologizing for awakening the squadron from its beauty sleep, but begging to report that hostile aircraft had arrived, had performed its dirty work and had departed with apparent immunity.

The "Sausage-Killer" was due at 11.20, and at 11.18 Tam saw one solitary airplane sweep wide of the balloon park, and turn on a course which would bring him along the line of the O. B.'s. Apparently, the "Sausage-Killer" was not so blessed in the matter of sight as Tam, for the scout was on his tail and was pumping nickel through his tractor's screw before the destroyer of innocent gas-bags realized what had happened.

"It was a noble end," said Tam after he had landed, "and A'm no' so sure that he would have cared to be coonted oot in any other saircumstances; for the shepherd likes to die amongst his sheep and the captain on his bridge, and this puir feller was verra content, A've no doot, to crash under the een of his wee——"

"Did you kill him, Tam?" asked Blackie.

"A'm no' so sure he's deid in the corporeal sense," said Tam cautiously, "but he is removed from the roll of effectives."

So far from being dead, the "Sausage-Killer," who, appropriately enough, was ludicrously like a young butcher, with his red fat face and his cold blue eye, was very much alive and had a grievance.

"Where did that man drop from?" he demanded truculently, "I didn't see him."

"I'm sorry," said Blackie; "if we had known that, we would have got him to ring a bell or wave a flag."

"That is frivolous," said the German officer severely.

"It is the best we can do, dear lad," said Blackie, and didn't trouble to invite him to lunch.

"Tam, you've done so well," said the squadron leader at that meal, "that I can see you being appointed official guardian angel to the O. B.s'. They are going to bring you some flowers."

"And a testimonial with a purse of gold," suggested Croucher, the youngest of the flyers.

"A'm no' desirin' popularity," said Tam modestly, "'tis against ma principles to accept any other presents than segairs, and even these A'm loath to accept unless they're good ones."

He looked at his wrist watch, folded his serviette and rose from the mess-table with a little nod to the president.

It was a gratifying fact, which Blackie had remarked, that Second Lieutenant, late Sergeant, Tam, had taken to the mess as naturally as a duck to water. He showed neither awkwardness nor shyness, but this was consonant with his habit of thought. Once attune your mind to the reception of the unexpected, so that even the great and vital facts of life and death leave you unshaken and unamazed, and the lesser quantities are adjusted with ease.

Tam had new quarters, his batman had become his servant, certain little comforts which were absent from the bunk were discoverable in the cozy little room he now occupied.

HIS day's work was finished and he was bound on an expedition which was one part business and nine parts joy-ride, frank and undisguised, for the squadron-car had been placed at his disposal. The road to Amiens was dry, the sun was up, and the sky was blue, and behind him was the satisfactory sense of good work well done, for the "Sausage-Killer" was at that moment on his way back to the base, sitting vis-à-vis with a grimy young military gentleman who cuddled a rifle and a fixed bayonet with one hand and played scales on a mouth-organ with the other, softly, since he was a mere learner, and this was an opportunity for making joyful noises without incurring the opprobrium of his superiors.

Tam enjoyed the beauty and freshness of the early afternoon, every minute of it. He drove slowly, his eyes wandering occasionally from the road to make a professional scrutiny of the skies. He spotted the lonely watches of 89 Squadron and smiled, for 89 had vowed many oaths that they would catch the "Sausage-Killer," and had even initiated a sweepstakes for the lucky man who crashed him.

At a certain quiet restaurant on the Grand' Place he found a girl waiting for him, a girl in soiled khaki, critically examining the menu.

She looked up with a smile as the young man came in, hung his cap upon a peg and drew out the chair opposite.

"I have ordered the tea, though it is awfully early," she said, "now tell me what you have been doing all the morning."

She spoke with an air of proprietorship, a tone which marked the progress of this strange friendship, which had indeed gone very far since Tam's violent introduction to Vera Laramore on the Amiens road.

"Weel," said Tam, and hesitated.

"Please don't give me a dry report," she warned him. "I want the real story, with all its proper fixings."

"Hoo shall A start?" asked Tam.

"You start with the beginning of the day. Now, properly, Tam."

Her slim finger threatened him.

"Is it literature ye'd be wanting?" asked Tam shyly.

She nodded, and Tam shut his eyes and began after the style of an amateur elocutionist:

"The dawn broke fair and bonny an' the fairest rays of the rising sun fell upon the sleeping 'Sausage-Killer——'"

"Who is the 'Sausage-Killer'?" asked the girl, startled.

"He'll be the villain of the piece, A'm thinkin'," said Tam, "but if ye interrupt——"

"I am sorry," murmured the girl, apologetically.

She sat with her elbows on the table, her chin resting on her clasped hands and her eyes fixed on Tam, eyes that danced with amusement, with admiration, and with just that hint of tenderness that you might expect in the proud mother showing off the accomplishments of her first-born.

"——fell aboot the heid of the 'Sausage Killer,'" Tam went on, "bathin' his shaven croon wi' saft radiance. There was a discreet tap at the door, and Wilhelm MacBethmann, his faithful retainer, staggered in, bearin' his cup of acorn coffee.

"'Rise, *mein Herr*,' says he, 'get oot o' bed, ma bonnie laird.'

"'What o'clock is it, Angus?' says the 'Sausage-Killer,' sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"'It's seven, your Majesty,' says MacBethmann, 'shall I lay out yeer synthetic sausage or shall I fry up yesterday's sauerkraut?'

"But the 'Sausage-Killer' shakes his head.

"'*Mon* Angus,' he says, 'A've had a heedious dream. A dreamt,' says he, 'that A went for to kill a wee sausage and A dived for him and missed him and before A could recover, the sausage bit me. 'Tis a warning,' says he.

"'Sir,' says MacBethmann, trembling in every limb and even in his neck, 'ye'd be wise no' to go out the day.'

"But the prood 'Sausage-Killer' rises himself to his full length.

"'Unhand ma pants, Angus,' says he, 'ma duty calls,' and away goes the puir wee feller to meet his doom at the hands of the terror of the skies."

"That's you," said the girl.

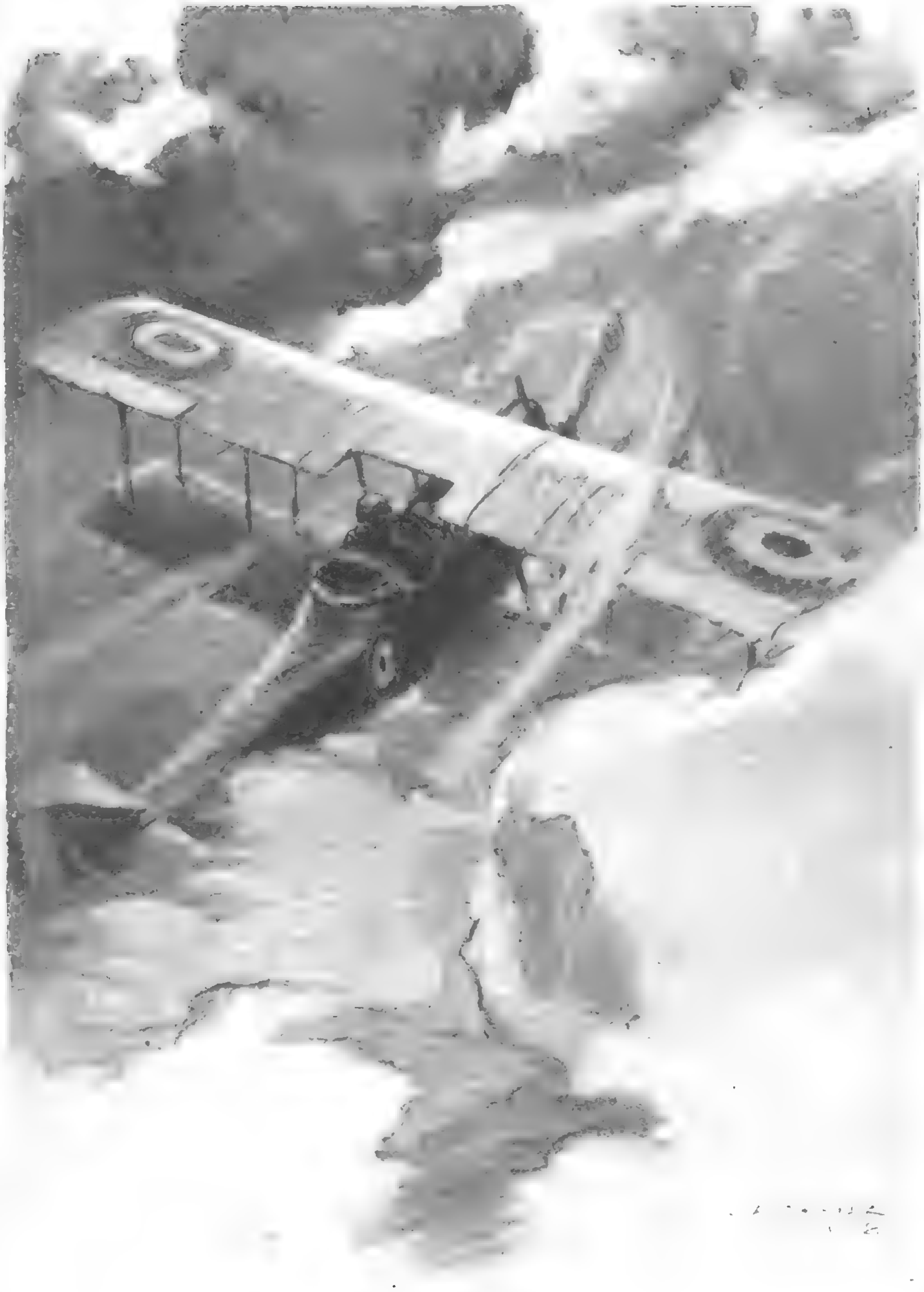
"Ye're a good guesser," said Tam, pouring out the tea the waiter had brought. "Do ye take sugar or are ye a victim of the cocktail habit?"

"Did you kill him?" asked the girl.

"Poleetically and in a military sense the 'Sausage-Killer' is dead," said Tam; "as a human being he is still alive, being detained during his Majesty's displeasure."

"You will tell me the rest, won't

you?" she pleaded. With her, Tam invariably ended his romances at the point where they could only be continued by the relation of his own prowess, "and I'm glad you brought him down—it makes me shudder to see the balloons burning. Oh, and do you know they bombed Number One-Three-One last night?"


He suddenly dived up into the light of the cold moon.

"Ye don't say!"

There was amazement in his look, but there was pain, too. The traditions of the air service had become his traditions. A breach of the unwritten code by the enemy was almost as painful a matter to him as though it was committed by one of his own comrades. For his spiritual growth had dated from the hour of his enlistment, and that period of life wherein youth absorbs its most vivid and most irradicable impressions, had coincided with the two years he had spent in his new environment.

He understood nothing of the army and its intimate life, of its fierce and wholesome code. He could only wonder at the courage and the endurance of those men on the ground who were cheerful in all circumstances. They amazed and in a sense depressed him. He had been horrified to see snipers bayoneted without mercy, without being given a chance to surrender, not realizing that the sniper is outside all concession and can not claim any of the rough courtesies of war.

He had placed his enemy on a pedestal, and it hurt almost as much to know that the German fell short of his conception as it would have, had one of his own comrades been guilty of an unpermissible act.

Hospitals had been bombed before, but there was a chance that the wandering night-bird had dropped his pills in ignorance of what lay beneath him. Of late, however, hospitals and clearing stations had been attacked with such persistence that there was very little doubt that the enemy was deliberately carrying out a hideous plan.

"Ye don't say?" he repeated, and the girl noticed that his voice was a little husky. "Were ye—" he hesitated.

"I was on convoy duty, fortunately," said the girl, "but that doesn't save you in the daytime, and I have been bombed lots of times, although the red cross on the top of the ambulance is quite clear—isn't it?"

Tam nodded.

"There was no damage?" he asked anxiously.

"Not very much in one way," she said, "he missed the hospital but got the surgery and poor Hector—" she stopped, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Ye don't tell me?" he asked, startled.

She nodded.

"Puir Hector; well that's too bad, puir wee little feller!"

"Everybody is awfully upset about it, he was such a cheery little chap. He was killed quite—nastily," she hesitated to give the grisly details, but Tam, who had seen the effect of high explosive bombs, had no difficulty in reconstructing the scene where Hector laid down his life for his adopted country.

When he got back to the aerodrome that night he found that the bombing of hospitals was the subject which was exciting the mess to the exclusion of all others.

"It's positively ghastly that a decent lot of fellows like German airmen can do such diabolical things," said Blackie, "we are so helpless. We can't go along and bomb his collecting stations."

"Fritz's material is deteriorating," said a wing commander, "there's not enough gentlemen to go round. Everybody who knows Germany expected this to happen. You don't suppose fellows like Boltke or Immelmann or Richthoven would have done such a swinish thing?"

That same night One-Three-One was bombed again, this time with more disastrous effects. One of the raiders was brought down by Blackie himself, who shot both the pilot and the observer, but the raid was only one of many.

The news came through in the morning that a systematic bombing of field hospitals had been undertaken from Ypres to the Somme. At two o'clock that afternoon Blackie summoned his squadron.

"There's a retaliation stunt on to-night," he explained, "we are getting up a scratch raid into Germany. You fellows will be in for it. Tam, you will be my second in command."

AT TEN o'clock that night the squadron rose and headed eastward. The moon was at its full, but there was a heavy ground mist, and at six thousand feet a thin layer of clouds which afforded the raiders a little cover.

Tam was on the left of the diamond formation, flying a thousand feet above the bombers, and for an hour and a half his eyes were glued upon the signal light of his leader. Presently their objective came into sight: a spangle of lights on the ground. You could follow the streets and the circular sweep of the big Central Platz and even distinguish the bridges across the Rhine, then of a sudden the lights blurred and became indistinct and Tam muttered an impatient "Tchk," for the squadron was running into a cloud-bank which might be small but was more likely to be fairly extensive.

They were still able to distinguish the locality, until three spurts of red flame in the very center of the town marked the falling of the first bombs. Then all the prominent lights went out. There were hundreds of feeble flickers from the houses, but after a while these too faded and died. In their place appeared the bright, staring faces of the searchlights as they swept the clouds.

Tam saw the flash of guns, saw the red flame-flowers of the bombs burst to life and die, and straining his eyes through the mist caught the "Return" signal of his leader. He banked round and ran into a thicker pall of fog and began climbing. As he turned he saw a quick, red, angry flash appear in the clouds and something whistled past his head. The guns had got the altitude of the bombers to a nicety and Tam grinned.

By this time Blackie's lights were out of sight and Tam was alone. He looked down at his compass and the quivering needle now pointed to his right, which meant he was on the homeward track. He kept what he thought was a straight course, but the needle swung round so that it pointed toward him. He banked over again to the right and swore as he saw the needle spin round as though some invisible finger was twirling it.

Now the airplane compass is subject to fits of madness.

There are dozens of explanations as to why such things occur, but the recollection of a few of these did not materially assist the scout. The thing to do was to get clear of the clouds and take his direction by the stars. He climbed and climbed, until his aeronometer pointed to twenty thousand feet. By this time it was necessary to employ the apparatus which he possessed for sustaining himself at this altitude. It was amazing that the clouds should be so high, and he began to think that his aeronometer was out of order when he suddenly dived up into the light of a cold moon.

He looked around, seeking the pole-star and found it on his left. So all the time he had been running eastward.

And then his engine began to miss.

Tam was a philosopher and a philosopher never expects miracles. He understood his engine as a good jockey understands his horse. He pushed the nose of his machine earthward and planed down through an interminable bank of clouds until he found a gray countryside running up to meet him. There were no houses, no lights, nothing but a wide expanse of country dotted with sparse copses.

There was sufficient light to enable him to select a landing-place, and he came down in the middle of a big pasture on the edge of a forest of gaunt trees.

He unstrapped himself and climbed down, stretching his limbs before he took a gentle trot around the machine to restore his circulation. Then he climbed back into the fusilage and tinkered at the engine. He knew what was wrong and remedied the mischief in a quarter of an hour. Then he inspected his petrol supply and whistled. He had made a rough calculation and he knew within a few miles how far he was in the interior of Germany, and by the character of the country he knew he was in the marshy lands of Oosenburg, and there was scarcely enough petrol to reach the Rhine.

He left his machine, slipped an automatic pistol into the pocket of his over-all and went on a voyage of exploration.

Half a mile from where he landed, he struck what he gathered was a high-road and proceeded cautiously, for the high-road would probably be patrolled, the more so if the noise of his machine had been correctly interpreted, though it was in his favor that he had shut off his engines and had planed down for five miles without a sound.

There was nobody in sight. To the left the road stretched in the diffused moonlight, a straight white ribbon unbroken by any habitation. To the right he discerned a small hut, and to this he walked. He had taken a dozen steps when a voice challenged him in German. At this point the road was sunken and it was from the shadow of the cutting that the challenge came.

"Hello," said Tam in English, and a little figure started out.

Tam saw the rifle in his hand and caught the glitter of a bayonet.

"You English?" said a voice.

"Scotch," said Tam severely.

"Aha!" there was a note of exultation, "you English-escaped prisoner! I haf you arrested and with me to the Commandant of Camp 74 you shall go."

"Is it English ye're speakin'?" said Tam.

The little man came closer to him. He stood four feet three and he was very fat. He wore no uniform, and was evidently one of those patriotic souls who undertake spare-time guard duty. His presence was explained by his greeting. Some men had escaped from the German prison-camp seven miles away and he was one of the sentries who were watching the road.

"You come mit me, *vorwärts!*"

Tam obeyed meekly and stepped out to the hut.

"I keep you here. Presently the *Herr Leutnant* will come and you shall go back."

He walked into the hut and waited in silence while the little man struck a match and lit an oil-lamp. The sentry fixed the glass chimney and turned to face the muzzle of Tam's automatic pistol.

"Sit down, ma wee frien'," said Tam, "let ma take that gun away from ye before ye hairt yeerself — mairciful Heavens!"

He was staring at the little man, but it was not the obvious terror of the civilian which fascinated him, it was the big, white, unshaven face, the long upper lip, and the low corrugated brow under stiff-bristling hair, the small twinkling eyes, and the broad, almost animal, nose that held him for a moment speechless.

"Hector O'Brien!" gasped Tam, and almost lost his grasp of the situation in the discovery of this amazing likeness. "A thought ye was dead," said Tam. "Oh, Hector, we have missed ye!"

The little man, his shaking hands uplifted, could only chatter incoherently. It needed this to complete the resemblance to the deceased mascot of One-Three-One.

"Ma puir wee man," said Tam, as he scientifically tied the hands of his prisoner, "so the Gairmans got ye after all."

"You shall suffer great punishment," his prisoner was spurred by fear to offer a protest. "Presently the *Herr Leutnant* will come with his motor-car."

"God bless ye for those encouraging words," said Tam, "now will ye tell me how many soldiers are coming along?"

"Four—six—" began the prisoner.

"Make it ten," said Tam, examining the magazine of his pistol, "A can manage wi' ten, but if there's eleven, A shall have to fight 'im in a vulgar way wi' ma fists. Ye'll sit here," said he, "and ye will not speak."

He went to the untidy bed, and taking a coarse sacking-sheet he wound it about the man's mouth. Then he went to the door and waited.

Presently he heard the hum of the car, and saw two twinkling lights coming from the eastward. Nearer and nearer came the motor-car and pulled up with a jerk before the hut.

There were two men, a chauffeur and an officer, cloaked and overcoated, in the tonneau. The officer opened the door of the car and stepped down.

"Franz!" he barked. Tam stepped out into the moonlight.

"Is it ma frien' ye're calling?" he asked softly. "And will ye pit up yeer hands."

"Who—who—" demanded the officer.

"Dinna make a noise like an owl," said Tam, "or you will frighten the wee birdies. Get out of that, McClusky," this to the chauffeur.

He marched them inside the hut and searched them. The officer had come providentially equipped with a pair of handcuffs, which Tam used to fasten the well-born and the low-born together. Then he made an examination of the car, and to his joy discovered six cans of petrol, for in this deserted region where petrol stores are non-existent a patrol car carries two days' supply.

He brought his three prisoners out, loosened the bonds of the little man, and after a little persuasion succeeded in inducing his three unwilling porters to carry the tins across a rough field to where his plane was standing.

In what persiflage he indulged, what bitter and satirical things he said of Germans and Germany is not recorded. They stood in abject silence while he replenished his store of petrol and then—

"Up wi' ye," said he to Hector O'Brien's counterpart.

"For why?" asked the affrighted man.

"Up wi' ye," said Tam sternly; "climb into that seat and fix the belt around ye, quick—A'm taking ye back to yeer home!"

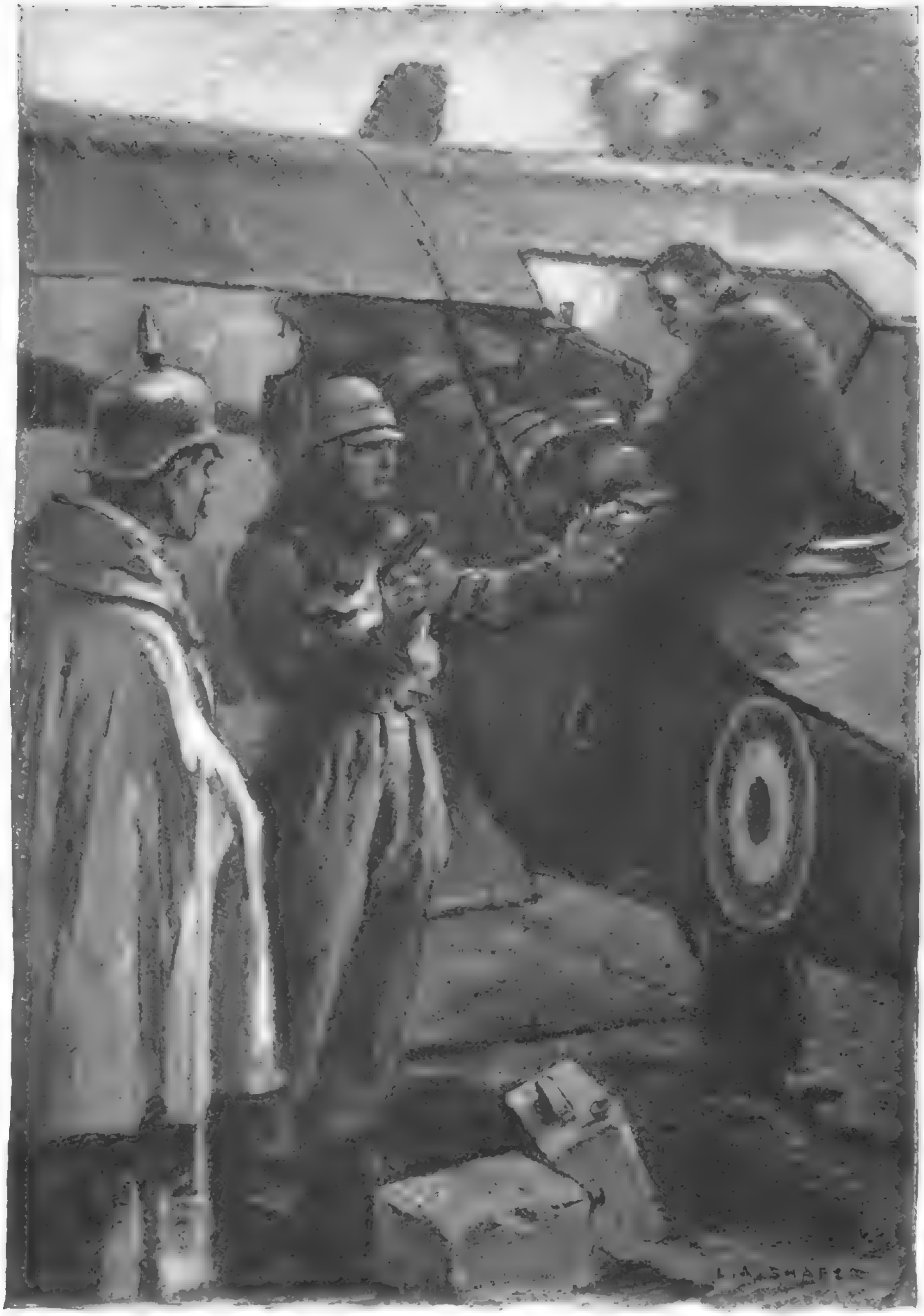
His pistol-point was very urgent and the little man scrambled up behind the pilot's seat.

"Now, you, McClusky," said Tam, following him and deftly strapping himself, "ye'll turn that propeller—pull it down so, d'ye hear me, ye miserable chauffeur!"

The man obeyed. He pulled over the propeller-blade twice, then jumped back as with a roar the engine started.

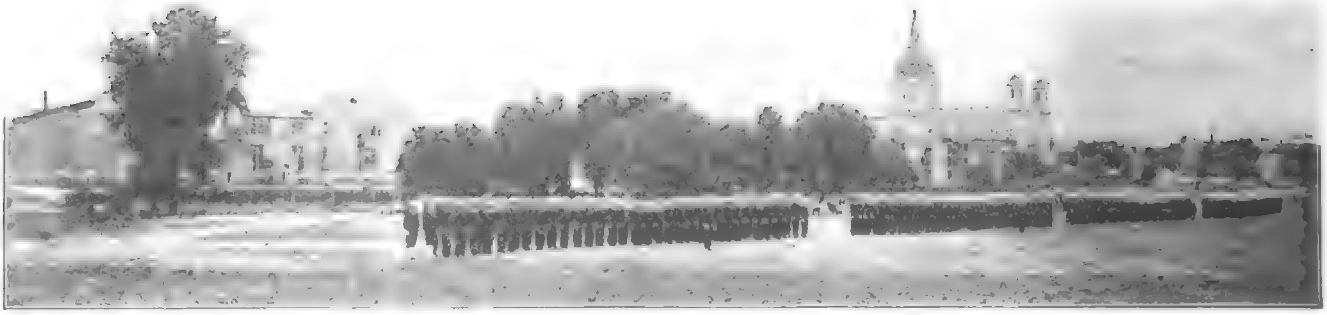
As the airplane began to move, first slowly and then gathering speed with every second, Tam saw the two men break into a run toward the road and the waiting motor-car.

Behind him he felt rather than heard slight grunts and groans from his unhappy passenger, and then at the edge of the field he brought up the elevator and the little scout, roaring like a thousand express trains, shot up through the mist and disappeared from the watchers on the road in the low-hanging clouds, bearing to the bereaved and saddened staff of One-Three-One Hector O'Brien's understudy.



"Up wi' ye," said Tam sternly. "Climb into that seat. A'm taking ye back home."

Another adventure of Tam o' the Scoots will appear in the July number.



Inspection at an inland naval training-station.

MAKING SEAWORTHY SAILORS ON DRIEST LAND

By Willard Connely

PRECEDENT, the hobgoblin, was put to rout when the Navy Department authorized for bluejackets a training base in our uttermost inland state. But in these quasi red-tapeless days which shriek for red-tapeless deeds, officials are emboldened to reach out for all means to an end, the end of the super-celestial Kaiser, and added efficiency in our sea-fighting personnel is no inconsiderable means. Enlisted men of the Navy can absorb trade instruction in Minnesota as well as in South Carolina or California; neither salt water nor ships are indispensable for that.

The greater part of a year has passed since the inception of United States naval training in Minneapolis, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the seaboard. The primary *raison d'être* of this departure was Dunwoody Institute, a trade-school established, curiously, in the year which saw the beginning of the world war. As the work of the bluejackets there took hold and broadened, unforeseen potentialities crystallized.

At Harvard, the Naval Radio School wanted wireless operators capably grounded in the craft; at Columbia, competent machinist's mates were in demand at the Naval Gas-Engine School for finishing instruction as submarine-chaser crews; at Great Lakes Naval Training-Station, Lieutenant John Philip Sousa desired additional musicians of proven ability for his famous naval band. Within two months the Minneapolis detachment became a steady artery of supply, more than a preparatory school, for all.

Naval aviation, as a national need, was expanding. Ensign Colby Dodge, U. S. N., detailed to duty at Minneapolis, saw his opportunity to start a unit of pilots and mechanicians. To secure first the requisite financial backing he proposed an Aero Club of representative local men, and when the organization demonstrated a concrete earnest of its intentions it succeeded in obtaining Government approval. Still again,

Sheet metal men in their drafting rooms, where they also study thoroughly both plain and solid geometry. The instructor at the right is explaining to two of the men the connection for a marine ventilator.

Carpenters, maturing into shipwrights, constructing a 20-foot motor-boat in which the mechanism will be mounted by the gas-engine bluejackets.

it was planned to give advanced training to companies of hospital corpsmen, surgeons' assistants to care for our sick and wounded bluejackets at sea. The University of Minnesota Medical College volunteered to assume this extra service, one hundred men at a time. This latter feature is especially distinctive because it marks the first time in history that a school for physicians has tendered its facilities to any but duly qualified medical students.

While the foregoing resumé embodies the more notable outgrowths in the development of this inland naval station, of which the commandant is Commander Warren J. Terhune, U. S. N., the hundreds of other dextrous artisans already sent from this unique detachment to the fleets must be considered as well. Ship's cooks, arriving with a wofully meager knowledge of food preparation, begin in the galley with dishwashing, proceed to serving food (the cafeteria system is employed), study in classroom balanced diet, menu making, and cooking methods, and finally are given their chance at the big gas-range to make ready the general mess for their mates.

Bakers are taught in three months the composition and functions of all raw materials which go into bread and pastry, how to make war bread with oat or barley flour, and biscuits, which must be subsituted aboard ship when heavy seas would cause the bread to slide against the oven sides and scorch. Coppersmiths learn to make not only utensils and ventilators of that metal, but to work in tin, galvanized iron and sheet iron, all with geometric exactness,

Bluejackets getting practical experience in diagnosis and treatment at the Nose and Throat Dispensary, University of Minnesota Medical College.

The galley at Dunwoody, with Miss Anna Stanley, Chief Commissary student, U. S. N. R. F., the only woman ever appointed to that rating in the Navy.

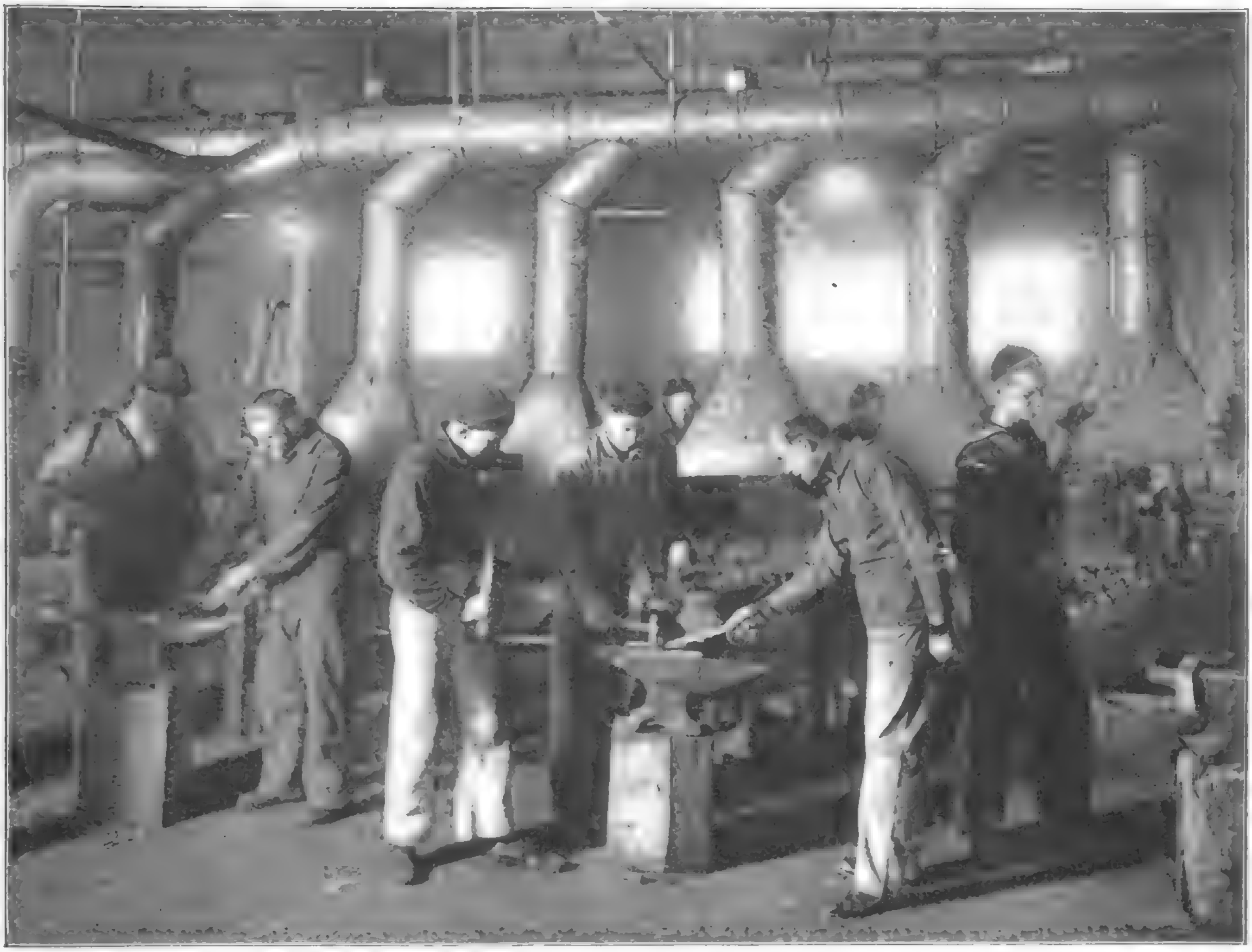
"I enlisted in the Navy so I could find out what I was good for," said one of the apprentices, who as a civilian youth had never taken the trouble to discover in himself a predilection for any specialty. Since his transfer to the Minneapolis training-schools he had become an excellent baker. "When my enlistment is up I'm going to start a little bakery of my own. I've got some ideas, money ideas too. For one thing, I believe the people like war bread better than peace bread."

"The Navy looked good to me," nodded another, a hospital corps member, "because it gave me the chance to serve my country and to keep up my medical studies at the same time. After the war I'll have a lot of practical experience to help me on toward my M. D. degree."

So naval vocational training appeals both to the undecided and to those who, having chosen their course, wish continuously to maintain and amplify their apprenticeship in it. No longer is the bluejacket a mere rope-splicer, funnel-painter, deck-swabber. He earns his rating because he knows his particular craft better than he knows anything else; eagerness for promotion animates him, he visualizes a career rewarded through aptness.

As soon as the electricians-radio are able to receive ten words per minute in the international wireless code they are sent to Harvard to be speeded up before they are detailed to war-ships or transports. In no branch of the service is the acumen of the sailors more rigidly watched by the instructors than in the radio classes. To a man these students must, of all acquirements, be alert, cool and accurate. They are first given an entrance examination in common arithmetic and elements of electricity. If an apprentice is weak on decimals, fractions, or square root, he is given a few more lessons before he is admitted to operating practise. To the latter duty is devoted half of each work-day, while related work takes the

The galley in action—apprentice cooks preparing the noonday mess for eight hundred bluejackets.



These bluejacket blacksmiths built the five-fire forge behind them, while the hoods and flues were made by the sailor sheet-metal workers.

remainder of the time, covering lectures and demonstrations in the theory of motors, batteries and dynamos, and the theory, installation, building, operation and repair of radio apparatus. The bluejackets keep log-books in which they write what they learn in class, and answer twenty questions on the work of each week. (This system prevails in every class of artisans under training.) A weekly operating examination is also held, to record individual sending and receiving ability in words per minute. Most of the novices in a month's time work up to the required ten words, and journey East.

The aviation pilots are getting perhaps the most varied instruction of all. Radio work they have as outlined above, for it is embodied in the general requirements of the Naval Reserve Flying Corps. Then they make an intensive study of navigation, gunnery, meteorology, and signals, supplemented by a comprehensive survey of the rigging and structure of aircraft and the operation of four-cycle and two-cycle gas-engines. Mastery of this groundwork by the student officers will be followed by flight instruction, for the unit is equipped with a small fleet of the latest types of warplanes.

For each pilot there are in training six landsman mechanicians (this quota will be increased), two quartermasters, two carpenter's mates, and two machinist's mates. Quartermasters, learning the upkeep and overhaul of seaplanes, specialize on fabric work and wiring, assembling of parts, and inspection of machines preliminary to flight. Carpenters, after a course of general instruction in the woodwork shop, concentrate on repair and building of wings, pontoons, and hulls and bodies of flying boats. Machinists begin in the auto shop where they study types of gas-engines, proceed to the ignition room to take up starting and lighting, then to the operating laboratory for drill in carburetion and lubrication. Those gas-engine apprentices who have preferred the thrill of hunting U-boats to the novelty of seaplane tinkering have been advanced to the submarine-chaser classes at Columbia.

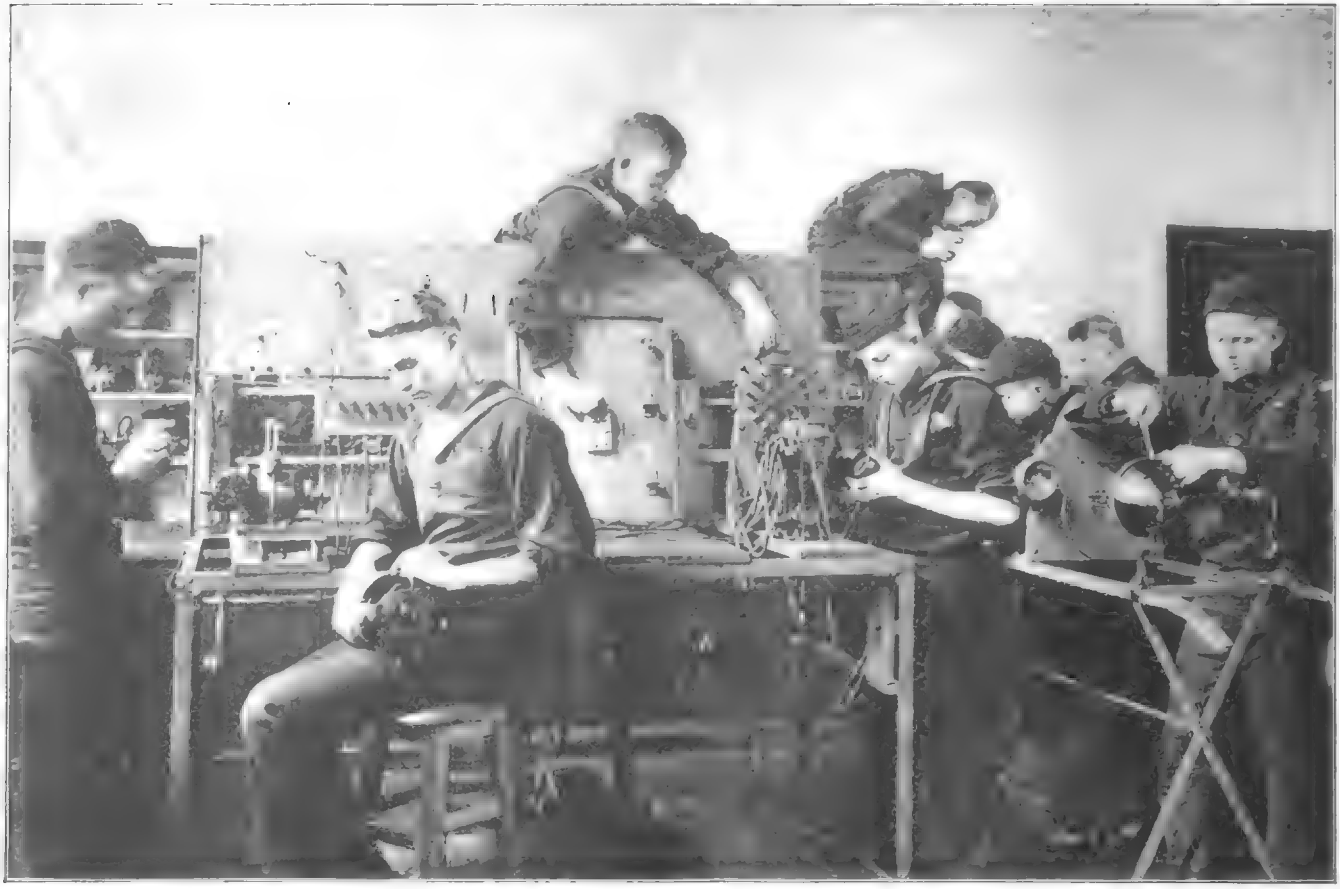
"How do you know you can handle men?" asked an officer of one candidate who came up for transfer to the chaser engineer corps.

"For three years, sir," came the steady reply, "I handled fifty Mexicans on an Arizona ranch, and never lost a horse."

A U. S. Naval Band of professional musicians was organized to enliven the morale—does not such an august factor as morale need enlivening?—of the detachment, as well as to drill extra men for Lieutenant Sousa. This bluejacket band serves such excellent needs as leading patriotic parades, "rendering" concerts for Liberty Loan drives or Red Cross subscriptions, animating rallies for recruits. Too, the bluejackets under training have "music with their meals." Daily at the noon mess the band plays the newest war airs, while vocally those bluejackets with hunger appeased stand by to enrich or impoverish the choruses.

The hospital apprentices receiving medical-college training enjoy an opportunity with prospects unsurpassed in the enlisted ranks of the Navy. Here again, eminently, the Navy awakens in the bluejacket a zeal to "do something" in life. Many of these sailors, especially those who were attending a college or professional school at the time they entered the service, have announced their purpose of returning eventually to the University of Minnesota for their degrees in medicine.

For the first month of the four months' course the apprentices are



Gas-engine apprentices studying magnetos and ignition. They are qualifying to be motor-boat pilots and engineers for the new submarine-chasers.

drilled in the rudimentary points of medicine before they are admitted to receive practical instruction at the university hospital. The mornings are given over to lectures and demonstrations in minor surgery, pharmacology and therapeutics, anatomy, dentistry, physiology and hygiene, and bacteriology, while in the afternoons the men observe and assist at clinics or in the various laboratories. This schedule obtains during the three final months as well, except that the major afternoon periods are then devoted to the three chief forms of hospital work: bandaging, invalid cookery, and practical nursing.

Naturally the hospital work is immensely popular. The bluejackets are keenly desirous to work on real patients, irrespective of how those patients feel about it. Be it said, however, that while the sailors are learning ward management and nursing, the patients are having as much fun out of relief from the tedium of convalescence as the Navy apprentices practising with them, practising massage, administering medicines and hypodermics, applying poultices and compresses—every bit of the work first-hand experience of immediate utility.

The superintendent of nurses, the assistant superintendent, and the dietitian are the chief instructors at the hospital, while periodic lectures and demonstrations are also given by the internes. In bandaging, the bluejackets practise on one another. In invalid cookery, lessons in light, semi-solid, liquid, and general diet, each student has his own stove, utensils and ingredients. The only instruction not given by a member of the medical faculty or hospital staff is the course in clerical procedure and naval sick-bay management, taught by a chief pharmacist's mate of well-rounded sea experience. This recording work is to acquaint the men with the details of ship practise, morning report of sick, binnacle list, and monthly orders for supplies.

Such superior surgeons' aids for our fighting ships are of inestimable value to the service in this war. And the Samaritan work of these men will reach further than sick-quarters aboard ship, for our marines in France depend on the Navy hospital corps for active medical assistance.

The daily life of a blue jacket in the Minneapolis training detachment has unique points. Segregation of barracks is a general policy for either Army or Navy men under instruction, for health precautions, to encourage regular and studious habits, and to prevent indiscriminate mingling with civilians. However, since Government barracks are lacking in Minneapolis the sailors are quartered in hotels in the heart of the city. Another tradition has been punctured, and the results are not dire. Not only has there been no epidemic, but the detachment has not lost a single man, and illness reported at the naval sick bay has hardly run over two per cent. of the entire quota.

The sailors are given no liberty except the usual Saturday afternoons and Sundays. This is not a hardship, because assiduous study is the rule on all other evenings, whether the apprentice is taking trade instruction at the Institute or medical training at the University. To make the rating so ardently sought the men must get their lessons consistently.

Very few are the youths who enlist in the Navy to-day because they want to escape school, though many until they did enlist escaped more school than was advisable. Curtailment of liberty is indeed not a feature characteristic of the Minneapolis naval detachment only, but the noteworthy point is that when these jackies do have freedom they are to a man entertained by the community with a warmth and solicitous concern which speak eloquently for a solidification of civilian pro-war enthusiasm.

When the war shall have been won, when many bluejacket craftsmen of the sea shall ply their vocations on land, when industrial managers shall cast about for recuperative forces of disciplined skilled specialists, more than ever will the Navy become recognized as a great American Training-School for enlisted men.

The WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The REAL ADVENTURE"

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one Army post after another, where she has gathered a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal, and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

Soon after this, Hugh is allowed to see what he can do to improve conditions at his grandfather's factory. He goes to work, conscientiously, to develop a scheme. But about a year after the inauguration of his welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

In his efforts to break up the strike Hugh meets Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. They fall in love with each other, and when Helena runs away to New York, Hugh follows, and they are married. Later they return to Chicago and Hugh becomes a partner in the Corbett firm.

In working out a practical plan of settlement for the strike, Hugh finds himself alone between Helena's friends and his brother Greg, understood by neither side. A fire destroys a great part of the Corbett plant on the very night that Hugh makes the last of a series of speeches to the strikers. From this night Hugh's estrangement from Helena begins, along with a growing away from his former interest in the factory. He returns to his interest in metallurgy, and starts a research laboratory of his own.

Here he invents a metal which he calls Corbettite. In spite of having kept this a secret from every one, he shows a piece of it to Jean Gilbert, and tells her of what advantage it would be to airplane service. Jean has been in Europe for three years, where she and her mother have been nursing in a military hospital. Her experiences have made her intensely pro-Ally, and she is amazed at the apparent lack of concern shown toward the war in America. She goes to Hugh for an explanation of this and their talk cements the old friendship between them.

The war is indirectly responsible for Helena's renewing her association with the radicals of the southwest side of the city. She meets Frank Gilrain, who claims to have been a friend of her father's, and promises to help him to escape from government officers who are on his trail by receiving him in her house as a guest. She does this partly in a spirit of defiance because of a quarrel she has had with Hugh in which her taunts make him realize that he is in love with Jean. Hugh and Jean face their love for each other and decide that one of them must go away.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Hugh Shuts Himself Up to Work on Corbettite

"OH, WAIT just a moment," Hugh heard Brigham saying, evidently into the telephone. "I think this is he coming in now." Then, turning around and seeing that he had guessed right, he told Hugh that Mrs. Corbett was on the wire for him.

"My mother, or my wife?" Hugh asked, and learned that it was Helena.

This was around three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. He was just back from Lake Forest—from Jean—from his great voyage of discovery!

He didn't want to talk to Helena yet. Didn't want to think about her. But this was one of those compulsory situations which leave no choice. Had he come in at any other moment except when his wife was actually on the wire, he could have avoided her with a blanket instruction that he was going to be very busy and should not be called for anybody. He had done that often enough before now.

But it wasn't possible to say to Brigham, "I won't talk to my wife." He said, "All right," instead; hung up his hat and overcoat to give Brigham time to get out of the room, and sat down before the instrument. The last time he had heard her voice it had cried out in frantic exasperation: "Oh, don't go on standing there! Go! Go away!"

There was none of that quality in it now, as it came over the wire. She meant it, apparently, to sound good-humored and casual, to match her words. But his ear detected a suppressed excitement in it—a sort of reckless hilarity—a ring of challenge.

"I tried to get you earlier," she said, "but they told me you weren't in."

He answered that they had told her the truth. He had been out all the morning. She then asked if he meant to be home to dinner, and he told her no.

"That's just as you like, of course," she said. "But I'm expecting a visitor—an old friend. Quite a good friend. He's getting in on a train from the Coast, late this afternoon. I don't know how long he'll stay, but probably several days."

"All right," Hugh said. "Nevertheless I shan't be home to dinner. I'm starting a piece of work here now that will keep me pretty constantly occupied for some time. I don't know when I shall be home."

"Do as you like about it," she said satirically, then added: "If you'd come home last night, you'd have found a note from me on your pillow." Then after an instant's silence, he heard her "Good-by, Hugh," and the click of the disconnection as she hung up.

He pushed the instrument away, but remained staring at it for a moment in an uneasy abstraction. Something admonished him that he'd gone wrong. The sensation was so sharp and clear that it was as if he had been spoken to in audible words. "Go home. Have it out with her now."

All the way back to town on the train, an idea had been knocking at the door of his mind, without ever getting full admission; the idea that he must, of course, come to some sort of understanding with Helena. It was unthinkable that he could continue on terms of marital intimacy with her, and, sometime, if not at once, that fact would have to be made explicit. The situation, in so far as she was involved in it, was one to be faced and dealt with, not merely retreated from.

He had recognized his visitor on the doorstep as one fully entitled to admission and serious entertainment. Only not now; not to-day. To-day he had something else to think about.

He was not thinking about Jean. The new ozone that he breathed was Jean, the exultant rhythm of his pulse was Jean, and the new light that transfigured the world. But the engine of his thoughts, running swifter and more smoothly than it ever had run before, the full dynamic force of his imagination, was at work on Corbettite.

It was odd about that. He had been working for months, with a patience he had described to Jean on the day of her visit to the laboratory, as something less than human, without gaining a single step. He had gone over the old ground again and again; repeating experiments, checking old data, methodically sweeping the whole area of possibilities as an astronomer sweeps the heavens for comets. This was a familiar experience, of course, but it had never been so hard as it had been this winter. Life had got a new urgency. His fence no longer shut out the world. That was Jean, of course, though he didn't know it. Disappointment had a new poignancy. The successive frustrations of his search became more nearly intolerable. The impulse he had avowed to Jean, down there on the beach, to chuck the whole thing and go to France, to do something—serviceable, was one that had often assailed him.

But he stuck doggedly to the task that seemed to be his, whipping his tired mind back to work as often as it revolted. It should know no rest during the longest working hours it could be made to endure, until Corbettite was a fully accomplished thing.

BUT out there in Lincoln Park last night, in all the chaos of his rage and bewilderment, in the very vortex of the tempest, as he had stood for a moment staring at the spectrum refracted by a swirling cloud of snow-crystals round an arc-light, something, in a flash, came to him. He ignored it so completely that his only conscious and memorable mental process on reaching the laboratory had been, as he described it to Jean, the slamming of a door upon it. Something was there, but he would be damned if he would look at it now!

It was not until Jean told him that she must be the one to go away—that he must stay and complete the discovery of Corbettite—that he thought of it again. And even then, he did not take out his clue and look at it. Simply he reminded himself once more that it was there, with an increasing confidence, born of the strange exaltation of that moment, that it was good.

He stayed to lunch with the birthday party. Not at all because of the inferences which his failure to do so would have suggested to Miss Muirhead, but simply because he wanted to. It had been a hard thing to do, of course. But it was the sort of hard thing he gloried in doing. He took an immense pride in devoting his attention, wholeheartedly, to the little boys; in offering suggestions for their afternoon's entertainment, that were received with riotous joy and the tempering regret that he could not stay to share them. He looked at Jean and talked to her, without a stolen glance, or a veiled meaning.

"It's a good thing, in a way, that it's us it happened to," Jean had said, "because we'll stand it." She was confident of him, that meant, as she was of herself. Well, that confidence should be justified.

It was Philip's suggestion that the whole party, including Miss Muirhead and Jean, should escort him to the train. And, with unanimous consent, this thing was done. On the station platform, it happened, while they waited, that some mild diversion drew away the rest and left Jean and Hugh for a moment, alone. There was no exchange of whispers; no fugitive contact of hands; not even a meeting of eyes. Just an infinitely gracious silence. That was their parting embrace.

The train came in, he mounted the steps of it, and his parting look and wave of the hand, and his shouted good-by, went out impartially to all of them.

His mood was antipodally remote from the melancholy despair of the traditional lover bereft of his mistress. He even afforded the recognition of this fact a smile. His whole being was an instrument newly set in tune, and tuned to the very highest pitch. Last night he had dreamed. To-day the reality had outrun his dreams. The great need in him was for something hard to do. Corbettite met that need. He had gone to work upon it before the train was fairly out of the station.

The new surmise which had, unregarded, found lodgment in his mind last night for all the world like some migratory bird blown in on the tempest—suggested, made necessary, a revision of all he had done; put a whole series of experiments—the labor of months—beside the mark altogether; called for a new set of determinations.

It was maddening not to be in his laboratory now, this moment, with his diagrams and tables within hand's reach (he was going to it, of course, as fast as the train would carry him) but it was marvelous how his memory helped him, bringing him, with photographic fidelity, whole pages of computations. Such mnemonic feats are not so very uncommon. Hugh knew an orchestra leader who said that when he conducted from mnemonic he saw the pages of his score photographed like that. Only it was a power he had never supposed he possessed. But he had never worked in an illumination like this before. If it would only last!

So far as he could see, the new idea was right. It grew, not like a plant, but in long, ramifying leaps, like a pattern in frost-crystals on a windowpane. It might, of course, prove to be nothing more than that. Under the pitiless light of experiment that it must be subjected to, it might melt away to nothing.

The man he had once been would have pretended—and honestly tried to feel—a complete indifference concerning the result of these experiments. The cause of purely scientific truth would equally be served by disproving his new theory or by proving it. But Hugh had forgotten the very existence of that man. The hope that his hypothesis would stand the test was almost agonizing in its intensity.

A necessary corollary to every discovery is the finding of the means for putting it to the proof. Columbus would have dreamed in vain of that western passage to the Indies, if he had not found his ships. In some cases, of course, the means are ready to hand, and obvious of application. In others, paradoxically, it is the means that lead to the discovery. The mere having of the ships results in the finding of America.

But this case of Hugh's fell in neither of these categories. His was one of those staggering hypotheses that no man of science would consider seriously until it was demonstrated up to the hilt. And this demonstration demands quite a different set of qualities from those which produce the hypothesis itself. A philosopher might have reasoned out Corbettite—the new Corbettite. Hugh, having imagined it, had still to make it. A matter of technique, that was; of ingenuity and resourcefulness and skill. Mechanic, chemist, electrician—he must be all three, beginning where the philosopher in him left off.

Fortunately for him, he was still all three. And he attacked the task with an exultant confidence. Even while he sat there in the train, he was scheming out the means in terms of metal, crucibles, electric current and chemical reaction, for determining this factor and eliminating that. And, by the time his taxi reached the laboratory, the preliminary experiments were all decided upon. He was absolutely incandescent with eagerness to begin.

That being his mood, it seems to me that the wonder is, not that Helena's veiled hints and warnings, her note of challenge, her contemptuous "That's as you like, of course," failed to bring him home, on guard against the thing she appeared to be meditating against him, but that an uneasy thought of her should, even for a moment have broken in upon his preoccupation. Not that he failed to heed the voice that spoke in his ear after he had pushed the telephone away, but that he heard it at all, and, for a moment sat staring at the instrument, before, springing up, he called his two assistants and began telling them, swiftly and eagerly, what they were to do.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Jean Decides Not to Go Away

AN OLD perplexing question about the merits of making a fool of oneself, granted the occasion—was again distracting Constance. And it concerned itself with the same three people who had thrust it upon her before, Hugh and Jean and Helena.

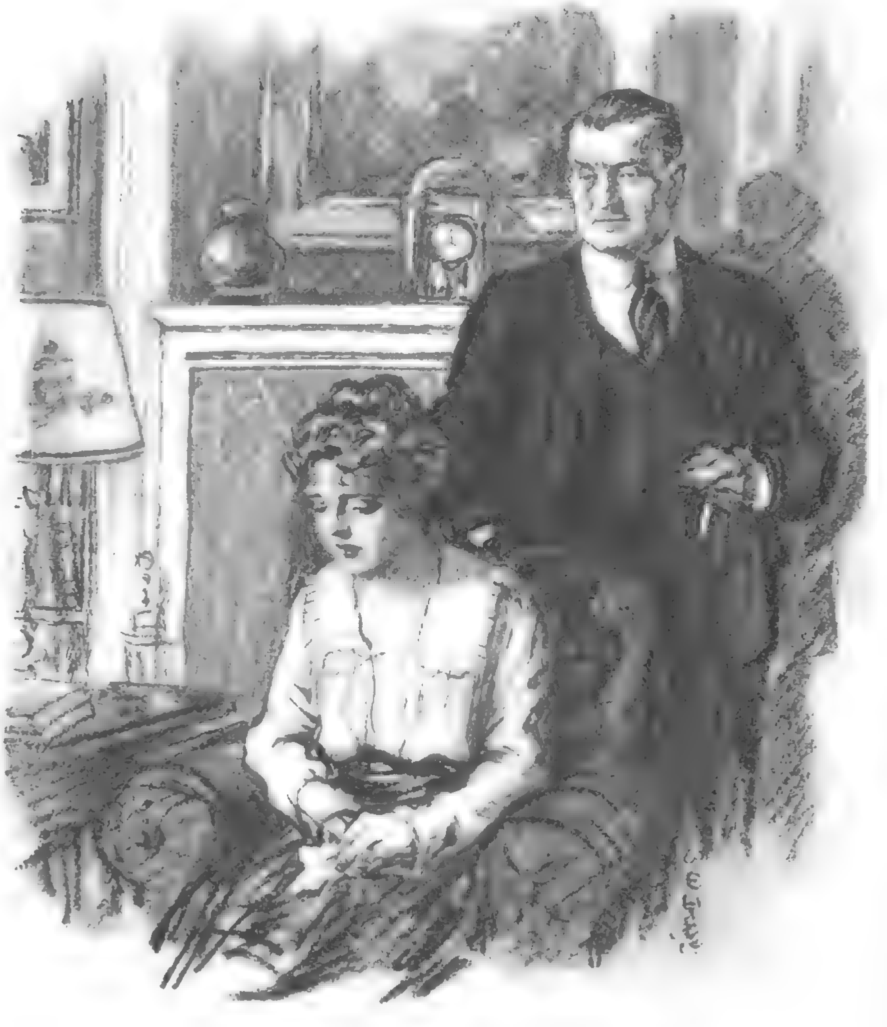
This time, however, the triangle was sinister. It was a double triangle, too. There was a man of Helena's in it. It was this aspect of the situation that all the scandal was about. It was this that had horrified Eileen and that Gregory, coming home from New York any day now, might be expected to try to deal with in his own fashion. Even without the complications it was ugly enough; by no means just "another of Helena's episodes."

Helena and her flirtations had been a fruitful theme for gossip since the very early days of the marriage—since the days of Boyd Barr and the *Red Review*. Helena was always making a fad of somebody; usually a sojourner, who, if he did not actually live in her house during the whole period of his stay in the city, at least made himself very much at home there and was to be found about the premises at the unlikeliest hours.

The prevalent notion was that you were always likely to stumble upon some sort of masculine exotic when you went to Helena's. She had always made a great parade of them; rammed them down the throats of her friends, insisted that people read their poetry, or go to their lectures and exhibitions. Her manners toward them were usually familiar—would have been judged intolerably so, but for the fact that familiar manners were the new thing anyhow. And they were often, these men of Helena's, flagrantly sentimental about her. And all that, taken in connection with Hugh's hermitlike ways, made a lively topic for talk.

But she had never, in any of these affairs, gone beyond a certain loosely drawn, but quite visible line. It was always possible to talk about them jocularly—with an air of jocularity, anyhow.

But this new thing that was happening at Hugh's house, didn't fit in that series at all. No one knew who the man was who had been there all week. He had been there, though, it appeared, ever since late last Saturday afternoon. And nobody knew where Hugh was, except that by Helena's own statement, he had not been at home since Sunday morning anyhow. Helena in that time had hardly gone out at all; had broken, or defaulted, most of her engagements. She had told a few insolently transparent lies about where she was going and where she had been. Not many people knew, to be sure, quite how bad it was, no one, Constance thought, outside Eileen and herself. But even the glints of the situation which their friends had got, had been ugly enough—not to start gossip going, but to stop it short. It was as bad as that.



"Rude!" said Eileen, with another shudder.

What Eileen and Constance knew was absolutely damning. It was no wonder pretty little Eileen was aghast. Where was Hugh? What was he doing? What was he thinking of to let his honor be outraged like that?

Yes, it was bad enough. But it was not what horrified—fascinated—Constance. Constance was afraid she knew what he was thinking of.

It had been on the Sunday morning after Philip's birthday party that she began looking at Jean and wondering what it was about the girl that made her different. She couldn't satisfactorily express it to herself, and attempted, intermittently, to make herself believe that it was all her own imagination stimulated by her worries about Hugh and Helena, which had already that morning begun. The effect produced by that childish observation of Philip's shouldn't be taken as evidence of anything. Frank had been right to treat it—as he had—with a chuckle of pure amusement.

The birthday party had come back to town, packed into one big motor-car. And, arrived at the Rush Street house, the little boy had begged Jean to come in, as a last protraction of the party. When she went home, it would all be over. Jean, after learning by telephone that her mother and grandmother were both at church, consented to assist in the recital to Frank and Constance of the glorious deeds that had been done at Lake Forest: the battles and stratagems in the snow; the nocturnal pillow-fights and feasts, in all of which, it appeared, Jean had fully participated. She could hardly have been a whole-hearted ally of Miss Muirhead's.

The fact that Hugh had turned up, on Saturday, for lunch was of course elicited, the fertility of his suggestions dwelt upon, and a passionate regret expressed that he had not been invited for the entire period of the party and had callously insisted on going home again so soon after his arrival.

Constance didn't take that circumstance very seriously; told herself it was just like Hugh, and was disposed to let it go at that. That was not, at all events, what started her looking at Jean. It did remind her that she had been looking at Jean and seeing something different about her ever since she came into the house. It was after a short reflective silence on Philip's part, that he threw his bomb. He had his hands in his pockets and stood looking at Jean.

"Why don't you get married to Uncle Hugh?" he asked. "I wish you would."

I don't suppose it was more than a second before Constance undertook an explanation of how the monogamous arrangement of society stood fatally in the way of this project.

"Well," Philip insisted, "I wish you would, anyway."

Whereupon Jean—with a smile, to be sure—asked, "Why?"

But evidently her question rang true to Philip; did not strike him, that is, as one of those adult attempts to betray him into saying something that could be laughed at, for he made a serious attempt to answer it.

"Well, of course," he said, "if you and Uncle Hugh lived together by yourselves—not with grandmother or Aunt Helena—why, that would be an awfully nice place for me to go to visit."

This was said a little dubiously, as if it were, after all, a secondary consideration, the primary one remaining to be formulated. But he got no further, for, at that point, Constance, having got her breath again, interrupted vigorously. Frank, as I said, did nothing but chuckle.

Well, perhaps that was the way to have taken it. But Constance found she couldn't dismiss it like that. It was nothing, of course, that Jean had remained speechless for rather a long second after Philip threw his bomb. She might well enough have gasped, or flushed, or laughed a little self-consciously. She had done none of these things. Her silence hadn't seemed like the result of shock at all. It almost gave Constance the impression that she was considering the child's question seriously. That notion, unbelievable as it was, was fairly rammed home, a minute or two later, by Jean's serious, though smiling, "Why?" She had wanted the boy's answer.

It was then that Constance got, for the first time, and full in the face, the horrifying surmise that had been tormenting her all the week. She dashed it indignantly out of her mind. But it attacked again and, within the next twenty-four hours or so, had dug itself in.

Her mother-in-law's bulletin the next morning, had for its chief item the announcement that the project for a move to San Antonio had been revived—this time by Jean herself, who had been very half-hearted about it before. Now she was talking impossibilities, such as a start that very week. Within a day or two! Of course it would be at least a fortnight before they could hope to start.

This was significant, and became more so when it appeared later that Jean had persisted in her attempt to hasten their departure, even to the point of irritating her grandmother into a doubt whether she would go at all. This wasn't a bit like Jean. Obviously something had happened.

But it was not the thing that most deeply impressed Constance. What did impress her was just—well, the look there was about the girl. It reminded her of the look she had seen in Hugh's face and tried to tell Frederica about afterward, on the day of his grandfather's funeral — the day he started off to New York in pursuit of Helena. A look with a kind of clear serenity of purpose about it; an open-eyed look that counted costs, assessed perils and difficulties yet could afford to smile at them.

There was nothing exalted, though, or entranced about the girl's actions. She went about where she was supposed to go, responded alertly enough to all the social demands that were made upon her—conversational and other. Constance noted that Hugh had dropped out of her talk, that she had not seen him since the birthday party, not had any communication with Helena. She must have heard some of the gossip from her grandmother, who simply battened on fare like that, but she never came to Constance with it, and when Constance approached the subject once or twice, definitely veered away.

THESE facts, as far as they went, were evidence. There had been some sort of explosion and Jean had been involved, if no further than merely by her knowledge of it; a rude expulsion from the Arcady she and Hugh had been wandering in. Her unobtrusive breaking off with Hugh, her withdrawal from Helena, her proposed retreat to San Antonio, all fitted into that pattern.

But that look of hers did not fit into it. It was not the look of one in retreat; not the look of one who contemplated the barest possibility of retreat. It was, on the contrary, the look of one committed, waiting for the hour.

It fairly took possession of Constance before the week was over. She didn't see why every one else hadn't noticed it—why they weren't wondering what it meant. Finally some one else did notice it. This was at the concert Friday afternoon. On the spur of the moment she had gone to sit in the Whitneys' box with Frederica and Rose Aldrich.

Rose was the lure here. There was something—romantic about that young woman. They had always found her so, ever since Rodney had electrified them all by marrying her. People spoke of her as thrilling, and with a very happy use of a much abused word. And now, as once before, approaching maternity heightened that quality in her. It had completed, for the second time, the conquest of Frederica. Sitting by her, you weren't likely to think about anybody else. And Constance, whose thoughts had begun spinning in a circle like a falling airplane, clutched at the invitation as a rescue—temporary, anyhow.

But it didn't work out that way. Rose sat where she could look across the circle into the Crawfords' box, where Jean sat full in view. Old Mrs. Crawford was there, too, falling asleep, as she always did (she never missed the concerts when she was in the city; evidently got some sort of somnolent remote pleasure out of them), and two guests of hers. But it was to Jean's face that Rose's look kept going back during the whole immortal, lovely length of Schubert's C-Major Symphony number ten, which made the first half of the program. In the intermission she said to Constance something about what a beauty Jean was getting to be, and then asked, rather suddenly:

"Is she going back to France?"

"Why, no," Constance said, startled. "Not that I have heard of. Why?"

"I don't know," Rose answered thoughtfully. "It was just her look, I guess, that made me think of it."

So it wasn't imagination!

They rode home again after the concert, Jean and her grandmother, in Constance's car, and at the carriage door of her apartment Constance said to Jean:

"Do you want to come back, after you have gone up with mother, for a turn in the park with me?"

She made a point of asking it casually, so that the old lady wouldn't decide that she'd go too. But it was plain enough that Jean gave the suggestion a definite meaning and importance.

She nodded and said simply, "Yes."

When the girl was once more seated beside her, Constance said into the tube to the chauffeur:

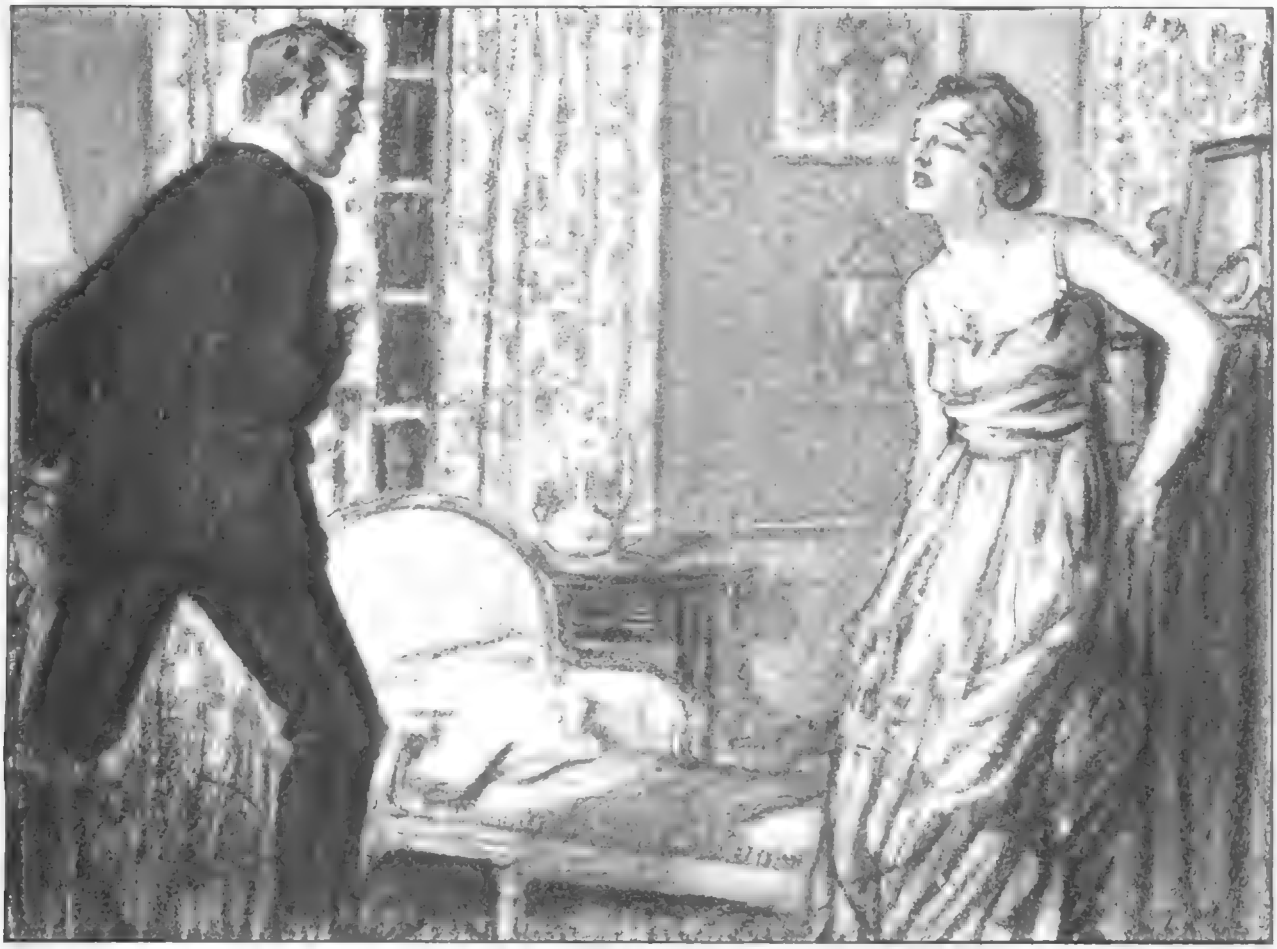
"Just drive along north—toward Evanston." She was not quite sure what the little sigh Jean gave on hearing this direction meant, and asked: "That isn't more of a turn than you bargained for, is it?"

"No," Jean said, "I'm glad we've—plenty of time."

That settled the preliminaries then and there. This was going to be a real talk—a real coming to grips. Jean both understood and invited it. But for a few minutes, while they were rolling through the park, Constance hung on a dead center. She had her opening thought out well enough, but she was in the clutches of a contradictory impulse. The youthful loveliness of the girl at her side, the fine, straight grain of her, the spiritual—resilience, affected her somewhat as they must always have affected Hugh. Her impulse, mad of course, was to say: "Jean, dear, if you and Hugh are lovers, and don't know what to do, count me in on your side. I'll help. I'll do anything you want me to."

She entertained the notion for a while, in silence, as I have said. Then with a movement of resolution, a stiffening of her moral backbone, she began as she had meant to begin:

"I see you haven't made any headway with your grandmother about going South."



Then, frozen, breathless, he watched her fall.

Jean admitted she had not. "Grandmother's theory is, no matter how little there is to do getting ready for a trip like that, it takes at least two weeks to do it."

Constance drew a long breath. "Frank can get *you* off," she said, "if I tell him to. If you want to go—now, to-morrow. We'll think of some excuse for your going ahead. Getting things ready for your mother. I suppose that wouldn't be a bad idea, you know, considering how fragile Ethel really is. Anyhow, Frank can put it over."

"But that wouldn't do me any good," Jean said. "It's mother I want to get away with." She reached out for Constance's hand and clutched it tight. "I want to talk with her," she went on, an edge of released emotion in her voice. "I feel as if I had to talk with her. The doctors keep on saying she mustn't, on any account, be excited or worried by anything. But I thought if she could be back with father—with him to—hold on to, it wouldn't be so bad." She smiled and added, "Nor seem so serious to her. But you see, I couldn't go away alone—leave her here—to grandmother."

"Jean, dear," said Constance, "would talking to anybody else do you any good?—To me?"

The girl was silent for a moment. Her clutch tightened on Constance's hand. "Not much," she said. "It has to be mother—for my feelings, I mean. I do want to talk to you," she went on, "only not that talk. Because, of course, my feelings aren't the only thing in the world—even to me."

For the present, then, her "feelings" were to be dismissed from consideration—packed in their box and locked away. That was the air with which she dried her eyes, put herself a little farther back on the cushions, and—her old childish trick which Constance remembered with a clutch of the throat—squared back her shoulders.

"You thought," she said, "that I wanted an excuse for getting away quickly—for running away. Is there any . . . Do you know any reason why I ought to run away?"

"I don't believe so," said Constance—rather dubiously, though. "Not if you don't know of any."

"I don't know whether it's safe to trust to that or not," Jean said after a little silence. "I haven't been very sensible this winter, I don't believe. I mean there are things I ought to have seen that I haven't."

It was with an apparent effort that Constance went on. "Jean," she asked, "how much do you know about Helena? I mean about what she's been doing lately—this past week?"

Jean's eyes came round to her, wide open. "That isn't just gossip, then?" she asked, and added: "Why, grandmother said something the other night. But I didn't think it was anything anybody *knew*. And I didn't much want to listen. Not because I don't like gossip well enough. I had a special reason."

Constance ruminated over that a moment, not quite sure that she understood. What could the girl's special reason be? If she were in love with Hugh—and there wasn't much room for doubt on that head any longer—hadn't she a legitimate ground of interest in the reported misbehavior of Hugh's wife? But not in an unfounded rumor. It was not a pretext Jean wanted. Nor to be tempted with one. That was it, of course.

"We do know," she said. "It's all true. We haven't spied on her. It was really by accident that we found out. Greg wanted to see Hugh before he went to New York. Tried to find him and couldn't. There was some paper it was important Hugh should sign. Greg told Eileen to find him and get it done as quickly as she could. That was Sunday. She drove out to the laboratory, found it locked, and nobody let her in—if any one was there. So then she went to his house. What she saw there made it all plain enough. And then there are things that have happened since. I can go into details if you want me to, but——"

The girl shuddered, then steadied herself. "I'd rather you didn't," she said. Constance, after a reflective silence, her gaze fixed on the black ellipse of her chauffeur's cap, said:

"I'd have talked to you about it sooner, but—I had an idea you knew."

Jean echoed that wonderingly. "But how could I know?" she asked.

"I thought," pursued Constance, finding the thing more and more difficult as she went on, "that Hugh might have told you."

"But Hugh doesn't know!" Jean cried. "I don't believe he knows!"

"I think he must," Constance said. "Why else has he gone away? Disappeared like that?"

"Gone away?" echoed Jean. "I didn't know he had gone away." The girl's voice wavered over that. Constance could hear incipient panic in it. But the old code and the old drill came to the rescue. She squared her shoulders, flattened her back, and repeated the assertion steadily. "I didn't know that he had gone away. Are you sure?"

"I'm not sure of anything," Constance admitted. "Only Helena says herself that he hasn't been home, and that's hardly a thing she'd lie about. And when we try to telephone the laboratory, sometimes they don't answer at all, and sometimes they say he's not there and that they can't tell anything about him. They'll ask him to call us, if he comes in. And he never does."

"Well," Jean said steadily, "I don't believe he's gone away, and I don't believe he knows. And I'm sure he hasn't gone away because he knows. That's not what Hugh would do."

"No," said Constance, "it isn't very accountable. But then, this that Helena's doing isn't very accountable, either. You wouldn't think she'd do a—crazy thing like that. A perfectly reckless, abandoned thing like that. . . ."

She didn't add the word "unless"; pulled up on the brink of it. But Jean caught the implication.

"You do account for it some way," she said. "You've got a theory. Tell me what it is."

Constance found that her throat had gone dry. She had never had to say so hard a thing before.

"Yes, I have a theory," she said at last. "That's the whole thing, really —what I wanted to talk to you about. You mustn't hate me for this. You wouldn't even be angry with me for it, if you knew how I felt.

"Jean, it worried mother — my mother, I mean—away back last Fall, just after you came home, the way Helena seemed to be deliberately throwing you and Hugh together—'throwing you at his head' was how mother put it. She thought Helena might be doing it for some detestable purpose of her own. I tried to laugh her out of it. I never liked Helena very well, but I didn't believe she was capable of anything like that.

"Well, I believe, now, she's capable of anything—of trying it, anyhow. And I've been wondering—if she succeeded. I couldn't help wondering. I don't see how she could have thrown away all she's got in the world, her position—everything, for a shabby little transient love affair. I can't believe she'd have risked it, unless she had something she thinks will protect her—some sort of threat against Hugh that would make him keep quiet—pretend not to see.

"And the only threat I can think of that would work that way, would be one that involved you—with him . . ."

SHE stopped there, not quite sure whether she had gone far enough. Did the girl understand? Did her life afford her the data for understanding a monstrous supposition like that? And if she understood, how had she taken it?

There was nothing in the silence to afford her a clue, and her courage faltered from looking around into the girl's face. Finally she said—and the words were almost a cry:

"Jean, darling, do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I understand, of course," Jean said quietly. "I was thinking."

Then Constance did look around, amazed.

There was no look of anger or hurt in the girl's face; no expression of horror, or even of protest. The attitude of her body, the poise of her head, were tensely alert. Her gaze was fixed out the window in concentrated thought.

"I don't know how much one needs to make a scandal of," she went on, at last in that quiet voice—"not very much, I suppose. And still less to threaten one. But there's nothing that Helena knows, or can have been told, by any one who's telling the truth, that's any different from what you know about us yourself."

The phrase struck Constance as curious, but in an instant she understood. All Jean saw, all there was room for in her mind at that moment, was Helena. She was eying her as one might eye a movement in the grass where one suspects a snake. It hadn't occurred to her to protest her innocence to Constance. It was only from that latter point of view that the use of the phrase might have seemed evasive. So it was all right, after all!

But just as the older woman was drawing her first long breath of genuine relief, a gasp from Jean checked her. She looked around again in time to see a flame of color leap into the girl's face.

"Why, Jean!" she cried. "What is it?"

It was a matter of seconds before she got an answer. Then, "There's nothing that anybody knows—except that nobody knows but Hugh and me. Unless he told her—that same day that it happened—Saturday—after he went back from Lake Forest. I—I wasn't thinking about that."

There was a long silence after that. Constance had simply gone limp. As for Jean, she showed no disposition to add anything to the amazing admission she had just made, either by way of explaining or qualifying it. Her mind, so far as Constance could sense from the way she sat there, so still and so alertly poised, seemed to have gone back to the consideration of Helena once more.

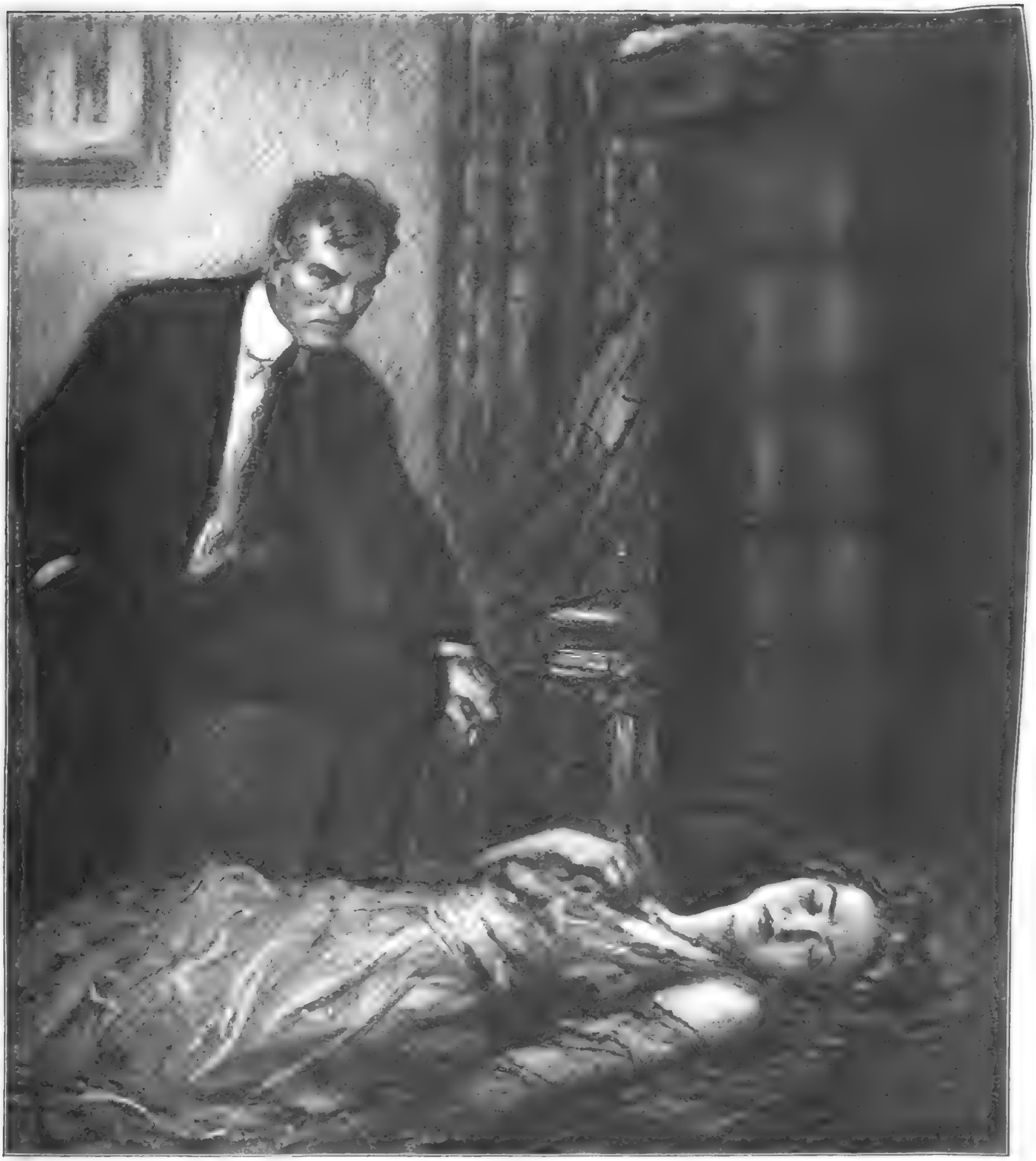
Finally Constance said: "Jean, dear, won't you go away? Just as soon as it can possibly be done? To-morrow. Don't you think Hugh would feel better if you were safely out of the way? She's terribly dangerous. Especially if Hugh has told her—what—whatever there is to tell. And if she's threatened him with making a scandal of it . . ."

"I don't believe that's it at all," Jean interrupted. "I don't think he's seen her since they quarreled last Friday night. There was some terribly important work he meant to do at the laboratory, and I think he went straight back to that. I think he's been there all the time. And I don't think he knows what Helena's been doing. If I *knew* that was so, I'd go away. I told him I would go, and I think he'll expect to find me gone when he comes out of the laboratory. But I'm not going. Not as long as there's a chance that she's done what you think. If she's done that, he must fight, of course. And I must stay and help him. I'm about the only one who can. Why, it would be admitting I've done wrong, to run away! Shall we go home now?"

Constance weakly assented. To say that she had got out beyond her depth is an utterly inadequate way of putting it. She felt as if she had come through a mill-race. But along with her sense of her own complete helplessness there came a curious confidence that her young niece was not going down to shipwreck. Storm-battered she was, no doubt, going to be; she would probably lose a sail or two. But the essentials of her were going to come through intact. When they clasped hands, it was Constance who was clinging to Jean, not Jean who was clinging to Constance. That was the way it felt to the older woman, at any rate.

THEY didn't say much all the way home; not a word that bore on the subject that was in both their minds, until, the chauffeur having taken the inner drive through the park and turned down Astor Street, they passed Gregory's house.

"I've been glad he was away," Constance said, "and dreading his coming back. Because there's sure to be an explosion when he does. But I'm beginning to wish he would."



Then he laid it on the floor near her hand and tiptoed out.

"He came to-day, I think," Jean said. "At least, Eileen was expecting him this noon, when I saw her. He'd telegraphed or something."

It was with an equal mixture of relief and apprehension that Constance received this news. "I wish it were to-morrow at this time," she said, "and nothing—terrible had happened."

Jean left her with a reassuring hug and an affectionate kiss. It was a strange reversal of rôles, for a fact.

Nevertheless, the young girl paused outside the door of their apartment for a steadying breath or two, and then she rummaged in her wrist-bag for her latch-key, in preference to ringing and having to face a maid.

She walked swiftly across the hall and down the corridor to her own bedroom. Arrived at this haven, she allowed herself just one moment's indulgence in the friendly darkness of it before switching on the lights, ridding herself of her outdoor wraps and changing to a house frock for dinner.

This moment of "recollection" was broken in upon by the jangle of the telephone bell. She started at it and sat breathless, listening with strained ears. She had done that, poor child, since Sunday morning, every time the telephone bell had rung. The apartment was very quiet, and the voice that answered—that of one of the servants—though faint, was audible.

"No, sir," it said, "Miss Gilbert has not come in. She returned from the concert and went out again. . . . Oh, no, sir. She's not left the city. She's expected for dinner."

Jean snatched up the extension that was in her room—one of those little English instruments with the receiver and transmitter all in one piece. The way her face nestled to it was a caress. But she said steadily enough, "I've just come in, Mills. I'll answer from here."

There was a dead silence over the wire for an instant after the click which told that the other receiver had been hung up. And then, in Hugh's voice—the voice she had been so certain she would hear:

"Is it you, Jean? I was afraid you'd have gone before this." And then, in the moment before she answered, "You're there, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Only my voice wouldn't come, for a minute. You're there, too? At the laboratory? You haven't gone away, either?"

"Gone away!" he echoed. "I should think not! I haven't had my head out-of-doors since last Saturday afternoon. Jean, I've got it! I've had it ever since three o'clock Monday morning! Since then I've just been making sure. I swore I wouldn't call you till I was. But I've checked it every possible way. There isn't any doubt about it. I'm free now! The job's done."

"Oh," she said, breathless. "Oh, I wish we didn't have to—talk!"

Evidently it was as difficult for him as it was for her. At last he said, "Jean, can we see each other again? Once more before you go away? I didn't mean to ask that!"

"We must," she agreed. "Not because we want to so much, Hugh. But we can't talk like this and there are things to say. I won't go—I can't possibly go—until I've seen you. I won't go at all if—if I think you need me here. —No, not—that way. That's not what I mean. Need me for a special thing. If it's a question of—fighting instead of running away. Oh, Hugh,—you don't understand, do you?"

All he understood, it appeared, was that there was some new emergency that he knew nothing about. "We can't talk like this," he said, crisply. "I'll come straight over."

"No, it's not like that, either," she said. "It's not me. I'm all right. It's you. Hugh, don't come to-night. Go and see Gregory, instead. See him before you go—home. And if you don't find him, go to Constance."

He agreed to this, but made it a matter of sheer docility. "I want to see Greg, anyway, but I shouldn't have thought of tackling him to-night. I had a notion of getting about a week's sleep, first."

There was a vibrant silence then, two or three breaths long.

"I want a promise from you," she said at last in a tone of deep seriousness. "Hugh, I want you to promise that—that you *will* come to me. When you're ready. To-morrow or whenever it is."

"You want me to promise that!" he echoed incredulously. "Promise to come to you!"

"Yes," she insisted. "Whatever happens."

It was in a tone of troubled wonder that the words she wanted came at last. "Yes, I promise."

That satisfied her, and with a little gasp, she said, "Good-by."

There was one blessing in store for Jean that she had not counted upon; one sacrifice which she had resolutely braced herself to make, that was not demanded of her. The one almost unendurable aspect of the situation that had resulted from her discovery, there on the beach that Saturday morning, had been the necessity for keeping her mother in the dark about it.

They were companions—confidants, that pair, as mother and daughter seldom are. It was something much solider than a mere intuitive understanding (that is a sword which cuts two ways) that this relation was built upon. It sometimes took a good deal of explaining, indeed, to get a situation fairly understood between them. But the point was that the explanation was always possible. They could have kept secrets from each other, if they had wanted to. Indeed, I think it is the inability to do this that often reduces two intimately associated, and affectionate, companions to bare nerves and almost unendurable exasperations.

THE bond between Jean and her mother was a profound—and quite unconscious—respect, in each, for the integrity of the other's life; of the other's right to a separate, individual entity. I don't know that a respect like that—reticence it almost amounted to—is accountable, but I'll venture to guess that in this case it was partly accounted for by the completeness of Ethel's love for her husband—by the extent to which he satisfied and absorbed her. The child, much as she had been loved, had never taken his place.

And then, being the grave, responsible little thing that she was, it had been possible to treat her as an adult in matters of responsibility before she could even talk straight. Jean had been enlisted as an ally of her mother's long before she could remember, in the business of helping make her father's arduous life run smoothly where it could. As a child of ten, she had had problems brought for her help in solution, that many a daughter grows to womanhood without ever having been asked to consider.

Confidence, then, between the pair never having been forced or pried into, was as natural a function as eating and breathing. And it is the simple truth that that strange elation of Jean's, about which she had so wonderingly commented to Hugh in the moment of their parting, did not leave her until the realization came that here was something she could not tell her mother.

Ethel's condition was far from satisfactory. For a while after their arrival in Chicago in the autumn, it had steadily improved. But this improvement reached its peak around the Christmas holidays, when her husband came North on a twenty-day furlough. Since his return to the border, it had steadily grown worse. The doctor who was looking after her had taken the orthodox line—and stuck to it—rest and quiet, an exact regimentation of her days, and, above all, no excitement—no shocks. And, of course, the less she improved under this treatment, the more rigorous the treatment had to be.

Anyhow, it was transparently clear to Jean, when she came home that Sunday from Lake Forest, that Ethel was in no condition to be told that her daughter had embarked upon a mutually avowed love-affair with a married man. The only hope the girl could see—and it was a passionate one—was that which she had expressed to Constance. (There was not a trace of bitterness in the girl's prevision that Ethel, re-united to her husband—"with him to hold on to"—would take her daughter's affair less seriously.) There was nothing to do but wait for that.

But accident intervened. As Jean hung up the telephone after her talk with Hugh, she heard her name spoken quietly, and from near by, in her mother's voice. It came from the next room and the communicating door was open. She switched on the light and went in.

"Here I am," her mother said. She was stretched out in a long chair. "I didn't mean to be an eavesdropper," she went on. "I must have been asleep when you came in, and wakened rather slowly. I just enjoyed the sound of your voice for a while, before I realized what it meant. And when I did, it was too late to interrupt."

"I didn't think," Jean said. "I didn't remember even you. I heard the maid telling him I wasn't at home, and I forgot everything else." Then, dropping down beside her, she took her mother's arms in a strong grip. "It's all right, mother," she said. "There's nothing—not one thing in the world for you to worry about. No harm has been done to anybody, and none is going to be. And I'm not unhappy. I've never been—really—happy before. Can't you just believe that? Let it go at that? Put it out of your mind and not be excited or distressed about it?"

"Oh, my lamb!" her mother said. "You haven't done me any harm. Take off your things so that I can feel you, and light that little reading-lamp so that I can see you a little, and then come back and tell me all about it."

Jean obeyed the first of these instructions quite simply, like a little girl. But when she came back and seated herself once more upon the long chair beside her mother's knees, she was all of a tremble and voiceless, and she put her head down on her mother's breast and cried a while instead.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Agreement On The Republic

Wherever you tour this summer it will pay you to ascertain the general attitude toward Republic Tires.

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This conviction is founded on the experience of thousands of users of Republic Tires.

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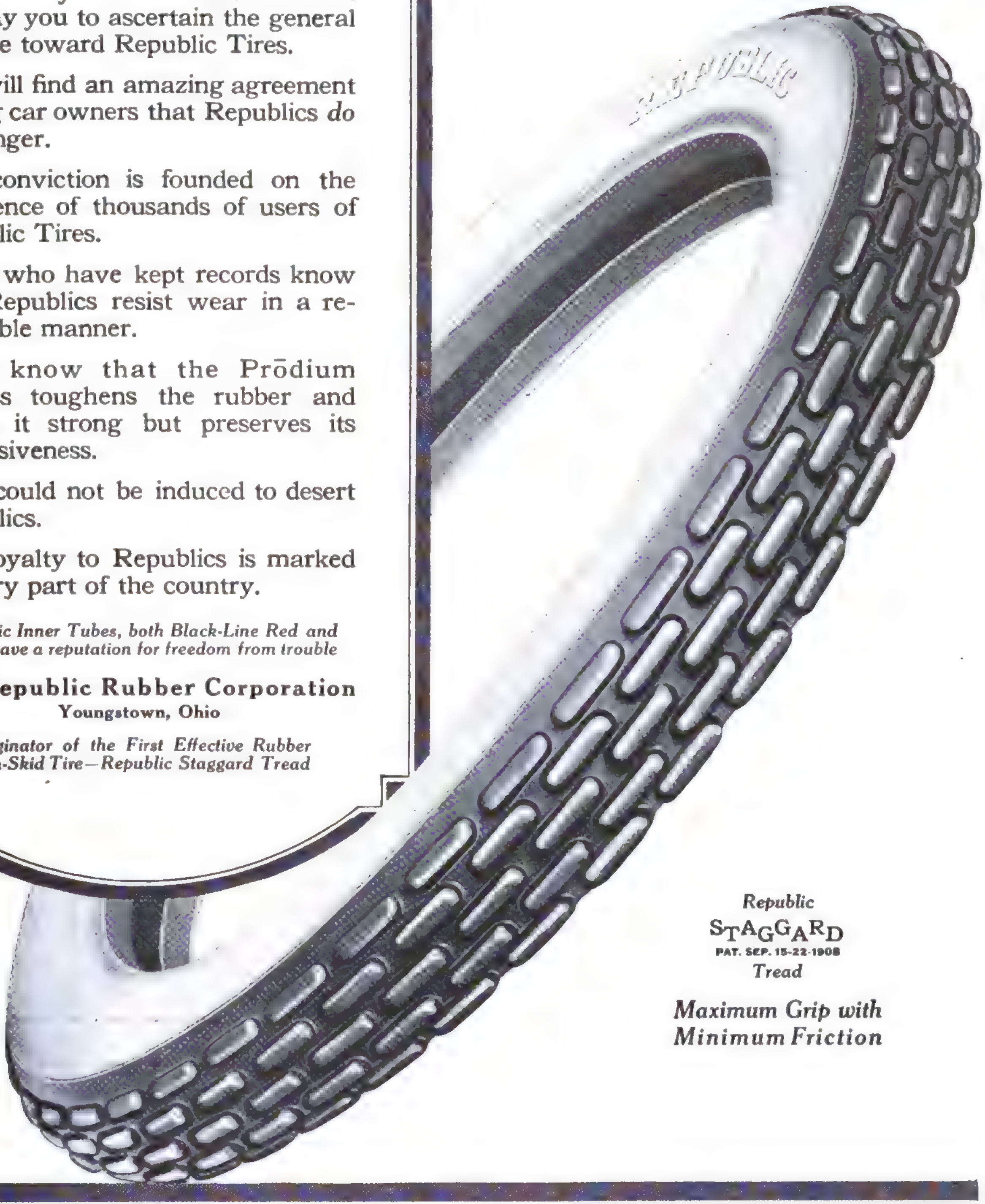

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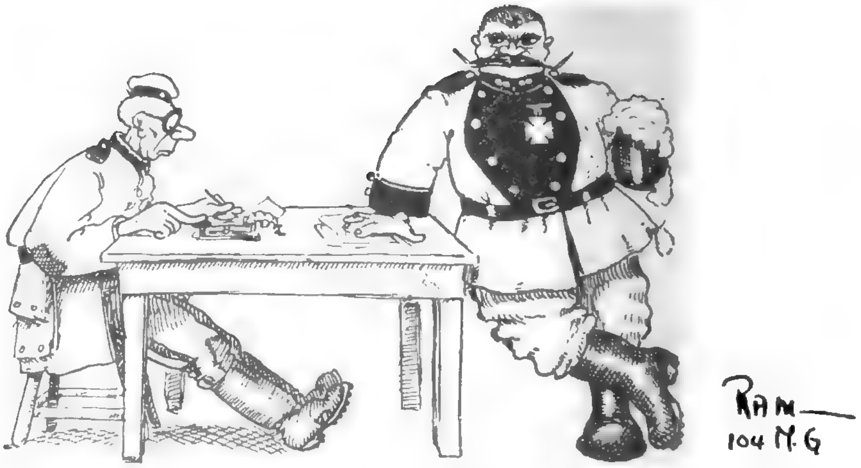


Telegrapher von Pabst—"Sir, General von Pilsener reports that there are four reasons why he can't capture the town of Crêpe de Chine."

General Speck Hans Eitel Friedrich von den Wurtzberger—"Himmel, what are they?"

Telegrapher von Pabst—"Three Irishmen and a pile of bricks."

The Gas Attack.

Company H, 105th U. S. Infantry

She—Will you be happy when you start for France?

He—Happy? We will be in transports.

Sergeant Whoozis—I would take you to the vaudeville at the Harris, but I know you would be uncomfortable.

Miss Converse—How is that?

Sergeant W.—You know the Government now puts tax on the seats.

We are getting three meals a day: Indian meal, oatmeal, and corn-meal. A. G. A.

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth.

Sergeant Mutt, after vainly trying to teach a new recruit the Manual of Arms: "Private Nuts, you should be in the aviation corps."

Private Nuts—"Why, sir?"

"Because you are no good on earth."

How Sweet!

Since coming to the sunny South
We've had so much molasses,
We all are getting quite stuck up
And feel like silly asses.

The Sheridan Reveille.

A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart

DERE MABLE:

I been thinkin of you a lot durin the last week, Mable, havin nothin else to do. I been in the hospital with the Bronxitis. I guess I caught it from Joe Loomis. He comes from there.

I got some news for you, Mable. The cook says we only drew ten days supply of food last time. He says he guesses when we eat that up we'll go to France. Hes an awful smart fello, the cook. Hes got a bet on that if the allys dont buck up an win the germans is comin out ahead. Max Gluckos, a fello in the tent, is refere. We're all eatin as fast as we can. Perhaps we can eat it all in less than ten days. So maybe we'll be gone, Mable, before I write you from here again.

There's a french sargent comes round once in a while an says the war is goin to be over quick. He ought to know cause hes been over there an seen the whole thing. He smokes cigarets something awful an dont say much. That because the poor cus cant talk much English. It must be awful not to talk English. Think of not bein able to say nothin all your life without wavin your arms round and then lookin it up in a dickshunary.

I feel so sorry for these fellos that I'm studin french a lot harder sos theyll have someone to talk to when we get over there. Im readin a book now thats wrote all in french. No English in it anywhere, Mable. A fello told me that was the only way to talk it good. I dont understand it very well so far. The only way I know its french is by the pictures. Some day Im goin to find out what the name is. Then Im goin to get the English of it. Those are some pictures. Aint I fierce, Mable, I guess thats why I get on with wimin so well.

As soon as we got the hot shouers all fixed the pipes busted. So the other day the Captin walked us all in town to take a bath. I didnt need one much. I used my head more than most of em. Last fall when it was warm I took as many as two a week and got away ahead of the game. I went along, though. More for the walk than anything.

I saw the Captin didn't make no move to take a bath himself. I thought he might be shy. He dont mix very well with the fellos. I felt sorry for him. Every one else was laffin an throwin things around with him standin off an no one throwin nothin at him. I went up an says "Aint you goin to take a bath this winter to, Captain?" Just jolly, Mable, thats all. I says: "You dont want to mind the bunch. They dont care a bit. There as dirty as you are, anyway. Probably more." An I bet they were, Mable, cause I aint seen the Captin do a stroke of work since we come here. Just stands round givin orders.

I says, "If no one won't lend you a towel you can use mine. I was just goin' to have it washed anyway." He got awful red and embarased, Mable. I thought he was goin to choke. Hes awful queer.

I keep herein more about this fello Broggins. I suppose he belongs to the Home Gards an wares his uniform round in the evenin. An I suppose he has an American flag on his writin paper. It dont mean nothin in my life, though. I aint goin to put up no arguments or get nasty like most fellos would. Dignity. Thats me all over, Mable. Let me tell you though if I ever come home and find him shinin his elbos on the top of your baby grand Ill kick him down the front steps if I only have one leg to do it.

as ever
on guard,
BILL.

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth.

Me
And Bill went
Down to the
Picture show
The other night.
The orchestra played
"Over there," and Bill
Thought it was
The national anthem—
Bill stood up.
So did I,
Darn Bill.

The Sheridan Reveille,
Camp Sheridan.

105th Infantry, Company C

Private Leo O. Haires' voice is so pathetic that when he sings, even the trees begin to leave.

Private J. A. Murphy is a fashion plate; he even presses his shoe-laces.

Cook Magle is teaching his nine kitchen kids to peel macaroni.

Private Noonan likes to hear reveille blow, but he would like it better if it blew after dinner. S. G. W.

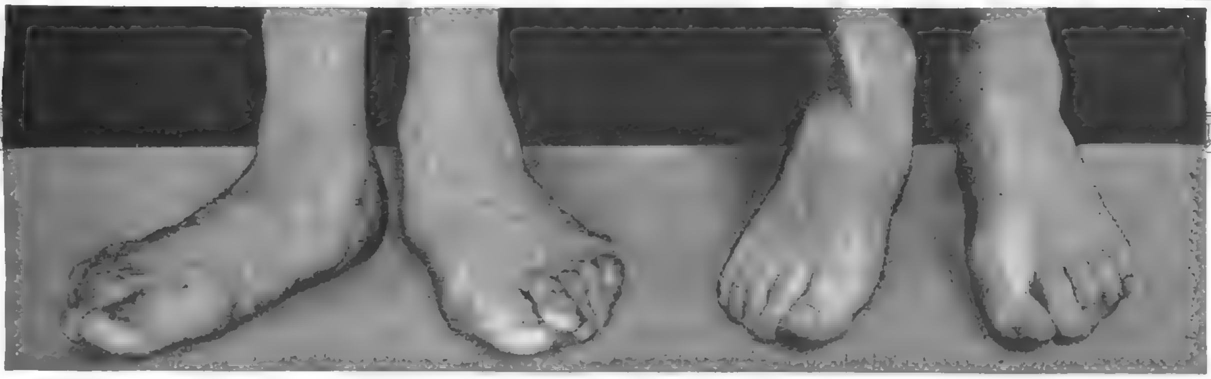
Lou Tellegen, eminent actor and husband, has organized a "Stand by Wilson League for Actors." We hope they won't do their standing by in the tap-room of the Claridge.

My name is Percy Dense,
Heaven is my station;
I thought it was a joke,
To duck inoculation.

It is reported on good authority that the doctors at the Base Hospital are working on a new serum with which they can inoculate us against mule-bite.

Sergeant Tompkins, the Ammunition Train mule charmer, calls the salmon to which some mess sergeants are addicted, "submarine chicken."

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.



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Or, are your feet like the above, which typify seventy-five per cent of the feet of persons who are compelled to be on their feet long hours. Notice the weakened and depressed arches—the cramped and contracted toes—the crooked and enlarged great toe joints (bunions)—corns on the tops of the toes and callouses on the balls of the feet. Such feet mean inefficiency. They tire easily; the soles burn; the heels ache and frequently cause pains in the ankles and legs, like rheumatism. These conditions can be quickly relieved and permanently corrected with

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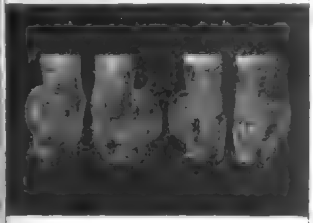

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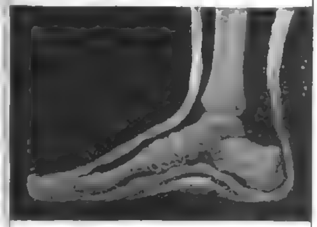

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Dr. Scholl's Absorbo Pads. Instantly relieve corns, callouses and tender joints. Remove by absorption. Made of antiseptic rubber. All sizes: 10, 15, 20 and 25c.

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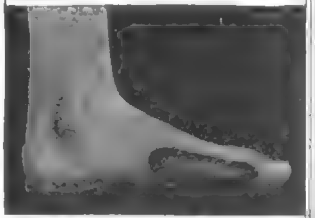
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex corrects bunions by straightening the crooked toe. Soft antiseptic rubber. Extremely comfortable. Three sizes. 50c each.



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Watch Your Feet

BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 19*)

that the German troops were to have been passing through the city had lengthened into three weeks, and the Germans were installing a government, the townspeople had persistently considered the conditions as temporary. They were convinced that Antwerp was impregnable, and every time the wind blew the sound of cannonading nearer they were persuaded that the English were coming to the relief. But slowly the hand was laid more heavily upon them. One morning I came downstairs and found a man with a very long, dark, serious face.

"It's the last straw! The people won't endure it!"

"What?" I asked.

"Why, the order about the pigeons," he said.

There was a new *affiche* that morning stating that German soldiers had orders to fire on any civilian riding a bicycle, and that any one possessing carrier-pigeons would be tried by court martial. The interdiction of pigeons was the last straw; the population would be in revolt. We laughed; it seemed so ridiculous. Of what importance were a few pigeons?

But it was important to the Belgians, for, as de Leval explained, the rearing and training of pigeons was a national sport, almost as popular as archery. Every Belgian who could afford it had a dove-cote, or, if it were not quite that popular, many persons had them. They had their clubs and on Sunday their contests; the land was filled with pigeon enthusiasts as jealous of their rights as the lords of the olden times when the possession of a dove-cote was one of the seignorial privileges.

The Germans, no doubt, feared that pigeons might soar away with information; a similar fear was the motive for the harsh measures with regard to cyclists. The guards were increased everywhere; sentinels were placed at the Porte de Namur, at the Porte Louise, at the entrance to the Bois—everywhere.

Each morning had its new prohibition. It was forbidden to take photographs in the street and public places, or to distribute newspapers, or to tamper with telegraph or telephone wires. There were oft-repeated menaces, embracing whole populations: "localities in the neighborhood of which telegraph or telephone lines are destroyed will be punished by a war contribution, no matter whether the inhabitants of the locality are guilty or not."

And then one morning there was an *affiche* that gave a last blow to Belgian pride, an *affiche* that bore a final humiliation—the Belgian flag was everywhere ordered down. Many had taken in their flags and closed their windows and shut their doors the day the Germans arrived, but there were houses where the flags of black and yellow and red still floated. And now these must come down. They might be "considered a provocation," announced the notice of General von Lüttwitz, "by the German troops sojourning in or passing through Brussels." And he added, "The Military Government has no intention by this measure to wound the sentiments and the dignity of the inhabitants. It has no other end in view than to preserve the citizens from harm." But the people read the *affiche* in sorrow and in shame. The flags came down—those on the Palace Hôtel at the significant touch of a pistol by its wearer.

But the following morning there appeared another *affiche*, signed by Burgomaster Max, a proclamation that was like a cry of wounded pride, that rang clear with patriotism; it recalled the original proclamation of the Governor-General Baron von der Goltz Pasha, which said that no Belgian would be called upon to renounce his patriotic sentiments, but it begged the people to make this additional sacrifice and "patiently to await the hour of reparation."

The answer of the Military Governor of Brussels to this appeared the next day, all over the town on all the walls—the proclamation of the Burgomaster had been covered during the night by white paper—blank.

XL

I CAN not follow in all their sequences and to their dénouements all of the incidents that were so constantly coming up in our experiences. They happened as things happen in life and not in books, in that casual, detached and unrelated way in which life weaves its mysterious romance, without the regard for unity that enslaves conscious art, largely because, I suppose, our vision is not broad enough in its scope to embrace the whole of the action. In romances, the war, or the earthquake, or the calamity, is an incident in the life of the individual; in life itself, the individual is but an incident, and usually a most insignificant and pitiable incident of the war, or whatever the calamity may be.

Indeed, little difficulties followed so swiftly one on the other, that there was not always time to follow them to their end. If it was not a woman in trouble or the latest American arrival to be got out of the country, there seemed to be always a British Red Cross ambulance to be concerned about.

No sooner had the Duchess of Sutherland been released than three young Englishmen, belonging to the ambulance then serving at the railroad station at Schaerbeck, disappeared. We found them eventually where most of those who disappeared, during all the time in Belgium, were to be found, at the Kommandantur. The three young men of course were charged with spying. The Red Cross ambulance had remained in Brussels and had nursed German wounded, under the assurance that they would be respected in accordance with The Hague Conventions. The phrase, however, was beginning to lose some of its magic, and when the three were arrested, I tried to arrange not only for their release, but for their departure by way of Holland.

The German physician who was then at the head of the Red Cross, a Dr. Sturtz, wished to send them to Liège. When objection was made—Liège being more directly in the route to Germany than to Holland—the doctor produced a paper written in German and signed by Mr. Wyatt, the young Englishman at the head of the ambulance, in which he expressed his willingness to go to Liège; Dr. Sturtz insisted on this. Wyatt was young and in a difficult position; he could not read German, and not only had he not known what he was signing, but he had signed it under threats of the Germans.

I pointed all this out for Dr. Sturtz's benefit, and argued that it was not only unfair but in most countries illegal to hold a man to a signature obtained under duress. The point escaped the German mind, and for the time I could obtain no decision.

The Germans, indeed, had a policy, not unpractical, one must admit, of preferring to discuss the shortcomings of the duties and responsibilities of others rather than their own. When I went to see them, they always introduced some other disagreeable topic before I could selfishly mention my own; they always had some complaint at hand, usually about an American or the Legation or one of our English protégés.

At that moment when I would go to them, it was the visit of the secretaries of legation to Louvain they preferred to discuss. They were beginning to feel the reaction from that monstrous horror, though they were slow to realize it as a monstrous horror themselves. One young officer then temporarily in Brussels, remarked to me that the affair was not of great importance, and that he failed to see why so much ado was being made about it. "After all," he said, "nothing of great value was destroyed." I spoke of the library—I had always the vision of the old priest bursting into sobs as he tried to articulate the word "*bibliothèque*"—but he said that there was little of real importance in that.

I do not mean to write unkindly about him; he was in reality not bad at heart, but always ready and even anxious to do favors and little helpful deeds. He had come to see me in an effort to get Gibson and Poussette and Bulle to testify that they had seen civilians firing at Louvain. Several other officers called on the same mission, among them von S——, who in civil life was a banker, and he was so much a civilian always that even his uniform did not militarize him. He was a man of education and culture and he felt the stigma on his land that Louvain had indelibly placed there. The younger military men among them did not have much concern about it; they were getting used to it and sweeping on to others like it. As Talleyrand said, "One can militarize a civilian, but one can not civilize a military man."

I had not the slightest intention, I may as well say frankly, of helping any such evidence to go back, for the simple reason that the young men had no means of knowing who it was that was firing, and that even if civilians had fired it would not be surprising. That which had been going on for three days was enough to make any civilian fire, if he had anything to fire with, and his firing three days after the horror had begun could not throw the slightest light on the question of the initial responsibility.

I told them that I should have to ask, in any event, the advice of the Government at Washington, and von der Lancken, with his knowledge of the ways of diplomatists, trained or untrained, remarked that in making the request I would probably so word it as to suggest the answer desired. I should not wonder if he were correct in that suspicion; at any rate the testimony was not forthcoming.

And yet, not all of the visits we received were so prolific in difficulties. When they had not to do with some flagrant and exasperating injustice or some revolting cruelty, they might be of that minor quality that is amusing in a cynical way. Some Frenchman—Talleyrand, I suppose, since all the witty French sayings of the last century are attributed to him—has said of some deed that had been referred to as a crime: "It is worse than a crime; it is an indelicacy." Thus we had the story of a certain châtelaine near Brussels who tried to be polite to the German general who had quartered himself and his staff in her château. Thinking to make the best of it, she asked the general:

"At what time will you have dinner?"

"Never mind about that," he said; "I have already given orders."

And its companion story, that of the *gouvernante* in a château in the Ardennes where German officers were quartered. One morning an officer drew his revolver and said to the *gouvernante*:

"I have a notion to shoot you."

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"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, simply because I feel like shooting some one to-day."

Then she replied calmly:

"Why don't you shoot yourself?"

XLI

WHEN we got home one September evening from Louvain, Gibson and de Leval were waiting for me to say that during my absence word had come that there was at last no more flour in Brussels. The situation as regards food had grown more and more desperate and now it had come to be acute.

It was not a surprise. Ten days before we had made the first effort to meet the situation that was now upon us. Mr. Daniel Heineman, the American who had so efficiently organized the relief for the stranded Americans, had been in to confer with me and, on the twelfth of September, to be exact, since the date is not without its interest, he and Mr. Millard K. Shaler, an American engineer resident in Brussels, had gone to see certain men in the German administration to discuss possible means of getting food in.

A simple fact will express the whole difficulty of the situation. In normal times of peace Belgium must import from four-fifths to five-sixths of her total food supply. The most densely populated, the most intensively cultivated country in the world, this was the best she could do. Now, ravaged by war, with crops ungathered and industry dead, the need was even greater, and the ports of entry were closed by England on the sea. We had heard, however, that there were certain stores of wheat in Antwerp belonging to the Belgian Government, and Davignon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had contrived to get a letter through to me saying that the wheat, or a part of it, would be sent through to Brussels if we could contrive the means.

The excellent Heineman had been busily at work and he assured us that the Pasha would consent to its coming in. Heineman, indeed, could work marvels. He had large financial interests in several countries, Germany among them; he could speak German, and he could be addressed as *Herr Doktor* himself, if necessary, since he had a degree of Ph.D. from a German university. He was a member of the *Comité Central d'Alimentation et Secours* (Central Food and Relief Committee), and he had worked untiringly to aid in that great work of charity, a work that so soon became a work of justice.

There may have been in Brussels men in and out of that committee who suspected what a task it would be to feed Belgium, but I doubt if any fully realized it. I am sure that I did not. In my house breakfast was brought up punctually; luncheon and dinner were announced at the usual hours. That was the least of my concerns. I had never known what it was to be hungry in all my life, or perhaps I would better say, never known what it was to go hungry; the appetite of the golf-links, of course, was but one of the many pleasures of the experience—and there was a waiting table in the country club. The words of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," had never had for me, I fear, any other than a poetic meaning. My own attitude toward food was as insouciant as that of a lap-dog, for whom nourishment is provided, though it was not as gracious or as grateful as that of a lap-dog, since I often grumbled if it were not prepared to a somewhat fastidious taste.

I speak of my own attitude in this respect as a confession and as an illustration, too, since it was the attitude of nearly every one that I knew, on both sides of the Atlantic. The war was soon to bring us face to face with the great elementary facts of human existence; we were, as Kitchener said, to taste the salt of life. And there was this phenomenon: the rich were as badly off as the poor, for not all their money could buy food. The old prayer was to acquire significance; it was to become the principal concern of each moment, not only for us, but vicariously for seven millions and ultimately for ten millions of people. So that now I never see any one idly crumbling bread at dinner without a shock. . . .

But we had no notion then, and well it was that we had not; if we had had, we never could have accomplished what we did; the monstrous task would have appalled us. Just then, that autumn evening, it meant merely that there were certain stores of wheat in Antwerp. There were armies between us and Antwerp, but if we could get the wheat through, all would go well—for those anonymous poor who were hungry. As for our being hungry, the thought was inconceivable! I went, then, at once that evening to see von der Lancken. The question was, how to communicate with the Belgian Government in the beleaguered city. Von der Lancken was entirely sympathetic. Sitting there in that great bureau in the *Ministère de l'Agriculture* we talked across his great table. The question, as I say, was to communicate with Antwerp.

"It is simple," said Lancken.

"How?"

"Max can communicate with Antwerp," he replied quietly.

"How?" I repeated.

There was a shrug of the shoulders in the gilt epaulets, and the trace of a smile. . . . But such a request to Max? No, not that. Max's means of communication were then the important thing! And I came away.

I saw von der Lancken the next morning; he still thought I should ask

Max to communicate; there were rumors of a secret telephone of some sort. But I refused to ask Max. The next afternoon I suggested that inasmuch as we seemed unable to agree on Max, we compromise on Gibson and send him to Antwerp—he knew the way; and during several days the Baron and I tossed the two names back and forth with the most amiable persistence, and finally he agreed to Gibson's going.

The journey as planned this time was not dangerous. The German army was investing Antwerp too closely and the battle was raging too fiercely for him to go directly; he would have to turn, as it were, the German right flank from the rear—a thing that your military man would say could not be done—that is, go around by Maestricht into Holland and enter Antwerp from the north.

And as he was going this way, we decided that it was best to take advantage of the opportunity and send out the two old ladies of our household with him. We had been concerned about them; there was too much danger in the air; no one ever knew. The recollection of the mother of Madame Poullet, who, at eighty years of age, had walked all night all the way from Louvain into Brussels, was ever present and too suggestive; and there were always those horrid tales of what happened whenever the Germans were checked anywhere—for Belgium not only suffered from German victories but paid the penalty of Allied victories too. We would be easier with the dear old ladies away, sad as we were to see them go. They had been so fine, so brave, never a word of fear, playing cards in their room, keeping away from the windows lest if the Gare de Luxembourg, half a block away, should be blown up by bombs from some air-craft the pieces fly that way; taking their walks and drives, and disappointed of their trip to Paris—like the Germans.

And so it was agreed that Gibson should go with them in the motor to The Hague and leave them there while he went to Antwerp to arrange for sending through the wheat, then rejoin them and escort them to London. We asked for the passports.

XLII

WHILE we were engaging in the first negotiations for the revictualing of Belgium, another curious and complicated series of events was mounting to the climax that had been inevitable from the beginning: the *duel d'esprit* between the Burgomaster and the Germans was rapidly approaching an acute phase. When Max's *affiche* asking his "*Chers Citoyens*" to make one further sacrifice, to take down their flags and to wait the hour of reparation, was covered that night with white paper by the

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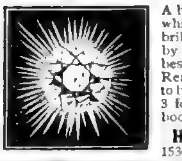

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military authorities, this did not close the incident, for Max was arrested by the German authorities. The Commandant of the Place, Major Bayer, had appeared at the Hôtel de Ville with four German soldiers and informed him that he was under arrest.

"*Je m'incline*" (At your service), Max replied, and so went like a gallant man to be informed that he was a prisoner and would be sent to Germany.

Max bowed. He said:

"I regret, of course, that I can not continue to discharge my duties to the end, but I must submit. However, I have the satisfaction of having done my duty. You told me at the beginning that you wished to avoid trouble and difficulty in Brussels; I know the temper of my people better than you do, and if I had not interposed myself between you and the population of Brussels, we should have had bloodshed here. Therefore I can not regret having done what I did. I am glad, too, that up to this time when my authority ends, we have had peace here. Now that you have made me prisoner, I find a certain relief in the fact that I shall not be responsible for what occurs hereafter."

General von Lüttwitz started; he had not foreseen such a result, and he said: "Wait a minute," and went away. At the end of a quarter of an hour he came back, having seen the Pasha, extended his hand and said:

"You are free."

The story got abroad. Max expressed the resistance of the splendid proud old city; people could liken him to St. Michel, the city's patron saint, with the dragon bent down under his feet, just as he stands forever on the tower of the Hôtel de Ville. The town burst suddenly forth into admiration; everywhere there were little plaster busts and pictures of the Burgomaster, growing very popular, too popular, I feared, in my walks through the charming old streets that twisted about in the lower town; for to an old head used to politics, which are the world over everywhere the same in essence, this phenomenon had a meaning and a danger too apparent.

On the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of September, going from the bookstalls — quite deserted now — in the Galerie Borthier to the Galerie St-Hubert, where there was more life and movement, I saw, in the Rue de l'Écuyer, a new *affiche*, and stopped to read it:

PUBLICATION

The German Government ordered the payment of requisition receipts, having good reason to suppose that the city would voluntarily pay the whole of the war contribution that had been imposed upon it. It was only on that condition that the exceptional treatment which the city of Brussels had enjoyed could be justified, in contradistinction from all other cities in Belgium in which the requisition receipts would not be paid until after the conclusion of peace. Now that the city administration of Brussels refuses to turn over the balance of the war contribution, from this day forward no requisition receipts will be paid by the Government treasury.

Brussels, September 24, 1914. The Governor, Baron von Lüttwitz; Major-General.

The announcement bore an immense significance which was not perhaps instantly seized by the small group that so idly read it. They did not, I fancied, all of them at least, feel its dark presentment of impending evil. I hurried home.

On the twenty-fourth of August, Burgomaster Max and General von Jarotsky had had some negotiations as to the fifty millions of francs which the Germans had demanded from the city. Max had declared, as he had told von Jarotsky in our presence, that he could not procure the entire sum. However, he agreed to try to procure a million and a half down and, within eight days following, eighteen millions and a half; and he tried to induce von Jarotsky to reduce the sum demanded to twenty millions. Von Jarotsky said that he had no power to do this, but he promised to use his influence with the superior officers of the army to have it done, as soon as the twenty millions had been paid. The contribution, as it was so politely termed—war having need of so many euphemisms!—was subsequently reduced to forty-five million francs.

The General also agreed, at the request of the Burgomaster, that for eight days the German authorities would make no further requisitions of food or provisions, either in the city or in its outskirts or from the inhabitants. This agreement was drawn up August 24, 1914, signed by von Jarotsky and the Burgomaster and witnessed by Grabowsky, the *conseiller aulique* of the German Legation. And the very next day a German general passing through Brussels told the Burgomaster that he would not observe this convention unless Max made it possible for him to bring at once by railroad from St. Trond, a place northeast of Brussels, some stores of food and provisions that he had there. Max wrote to protest to von Jarotsky, insisting that the convention had been made without condition and that for a German general to introduce a condition later was to break the given word and destroy confidence in a contract regularly signed by the German Government.

And again, on the twenty-seventh, two days after the agreement made by von Jarotsky to the effect that there would be no more requisitions for eight days, a superior officer sent by a general in charge of any army fifty kilometers from Brussels, came to the Hôtel de Ville and ordered Max to furnish him with fifty pounds of yeast. Max again invoked the convention, but this general said that he was not bound by Jarotsky's word.

In the meantime Max had succeeded in obtaining a respite of thirty days for the payment of the forty-five million francs. It had been decided among the delegates of the various communes of the *Agglomération bruxelloise* (Greater Brussels comprises fifteen communes, each with its burgomaster, but the burgomaster of the old historic Brussels had always been considered as the titular head of the whole city) that the Commune of Brussels would pay twenty millions, and the other communes thirty millions, divided among them pro rata to their population. The city—that is, the Commune of Brussels proper—made its payments regularly, and when the thirtieth of September came, there were only four million four hundred thousand francs left for the city to pay. The suburban communes had not succeeded in raising thirty millions, and the Commune of Brussels itself did not possess the funds necessary to pay the part of the other communes.

On the twenty-sixth of September, then, Baron von Lüttwitz published the *affiche* set out above. Following this and in reply to it, M. Max wrote to M. Dufaire, the director of the Deutsche Bank in Brussels, that the certificates of indebtedness which the city had given to the German authorities could not be paid on the thirtieth, and that he did this as a reply to the Governor-General's publication.

When I returned to the Legation, Villalobar was waiting there to see me. We had chatted a little while when the aldermen, Jacquemain and Steen, were announced, and M. Jacquemain came down the corridor swiftly, his dark face darker still in the stress of a vivid emotion.

"Bad news!" he exclaimed, as he entered the room. "Max has been arrested!"

He sank into a chair, well-nigh overcome; he was perhaps the Burgomaster's closest friend.

Max had been arrested at two-thirty in the afternoon while at a reunion of the delegates of the *Agglomération bruxelloise*, which was discussing the measures that they had to take in view of a situation that was growing more and more alarming: oil difficult to obtain, the gas plant and the electric-light plant which belonged to the city would soon have to cease their production because coal was growing scarce; the bakeries could no longer bake the bread. It was difficult to get coal to Brussels; the railways were taken by the German authorities for their own transport; the canal to Charleroi was being repaired and was no longer navigable; horses, wagons, all had been requisitioned; the only means of transport that remained was the tramway

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vicinal—what we would call our interurban. The city fathers were discussing all these questions and how they could be remedied when a German officer appeared and ordered the Burgomaster to report to the Military Governor, von Lüttwitz. There he was informed that he had been relieved from his functions as burgomaster and that he would be sent to a fortress in Germany.

At five o'clock that afternoon Aldermen Jacquemain, Lemonnier, Maes, and Steen had gone to see the Military Governor and had told him that all the administrative measures that Max had taken had been with the approval and with the accord of the Collège Échevinal (Board of Aldermen), and insisted that Max had not broken any of his pacts with the military authorities, and asked that all be arrested with Max. General von Lüttwitz produced the letter that the Burgomaster had written to Dufaire of the Deutsche Bank—it was that for which he had been suspended; he should have written to the authorities, said the General, not to the director of the bank. He asked the aldermen to take the direction of affairs of the city; if they did not do so he would name a German burgomaster, who would take the necessary steps to have the entire amount of the indemnity of war paid. Jacquemain proposed to General von Lüttwitz that he be held as hostage in Max's place, but this the General of course refused to do. Then they came to the Legation.

Villalobar and I decided to go to General von Lüttwitz, asking the aldermen to await our return. It was half-past seven o'clock, already dark, and a chill wind blowing.

At the old Ministry for Foreign Affairs there were signs of perturbation and ill-humor: the sentinels were nasty; we had difficulty in getting in. The young aid in the anteroom was very truculent, glancing contemptuously at our cards and saying curtly:

"What do you want to see the General for?"

Villalobar's Spanish pride bristled at once.

"*Monsieur!*" he said, in a tone that might have blasted the young fellow where he stood. The officer handed our cards back to us, saying that the General was at dinner and could not be disturbed. It was difficult to keep one's temper with such a boorish fellow as this youth, and it was unpleasant to adopt in dealing with him the only tone he understood; perhaps it was because we could not quite do the one that we succeeded so well in doing the other. We told him that we should state our business to no one but the General, and, in short, that we were not accustomed to speaking to *aides de camp*.

A flush of rage reddened the young cheeks that were marred by the scars of the student duels, but the phrase did its work, and young jackanapes clicked his heels and went in, came slamming out presently, shouted angrily to us that Monsieur le Général wished us to wait, clicked his heels again, and flung out of the room in a fine show of temper.

"How polite!" said the Marquis.

WE SAT down and waited, cooling our heels if not our tempers, while the General finished his dinner. We waited long. German generals are good trenchermen, and the wine that poor Davignon had left behind in his cellar was excellent. But all things come to an end, and finally the General came in. He had dined well, of course, and we had not dined at all. He came in very friendly and with a certain loud laughing geniality, begged our pardon for having kept us waiting and showed us into his, or Davignon's, private room. We spoke of the arrest of the Burgomaster.

"Well, what can you do?"

It was, of course, none of our affair, as we admitted, but our good offices were at his service in the exigency. Then he told us the whole story. It was, he said, the third serious difficulty he had had with Max, and when he mentioned Max's name he had to restrain his feelings; he said that the difficulty was that Max had been growing too popular and that his popularity had gone to his head, in the intoxicating way that popularity will at times.

"That man has never written me a letter," he said, "in which there was not concealed some sharp pricking point," and he gave a vicious stab with his finger in the air to illustrate the effect of Max's piquancy.

"I said this to him the other day," he went on: "'Monsieur Max, do you know what I think you are trying to do? I think you are trying to become the first president of the Belgian Republic!'"

He spoke then of the first disagreement with Max, the affair of the famous *affiche*. "I had no intention of repeating what Max told me," he went on, "but I felt in duty bound to report it to my Government. They told it to the Commandant at Liège, who *affiched* it."

Then he spoke of the next notice, the one concerning the Belgian flags, which was subsequently covered with white paper, and at last came to the case under notice, his latest bulletin and Max's letter to Dufaire of the Deutsche Bank.

"There was nothing left for me to do but to arrest Max," said General von Lüttwitz. His face grew very hard as he sat there, and very red, his gray hair giving him a distinguished look.

"One or the other must rule here," he exclaimed, "he or I, and I am put here to rule. When this house burns, I'll burn with it, under the ashes of the door-sill." He clenched his fist, then gave a harsh laugh. We made a last effort to get him to reconsider his decision and release Max, but he shook his head determinedly.

"He has already been sent away," he explained. "I gave him a fine dinner," he concluded, and relaxed more comfortably in his chair. He added that Max would be sent to a fortress at Namur, in honorable confinement. That seemed to close the incident. He was prepared for trouble when the worst became known; he had posted guns everywhere. But he hoped to avoid it; he wished the aldermen to continue in their functions, and he asked us if we could help him by any suggestions.

"If the police continue at their posts and maintain order," I asked, "will you leave that work to them?"

"Yes," he said. "If we can keep order for three days, the worst will be over."

We left him then and returned to my Legation. It was about nine o'clock and Messrs. Jacquemain and Steen were still waiting. We asked them to get Monsieur Lemonnier and meet us again at the Legation at half-past ten.

Monsieur Lemonnier was a lawyer in Brussels, and the ranking alderman. He had been indicated, by reason of his length of service, as Burgomaster, but Max had been chosen instead. There were, therefore, certain points of delicacy in the situation. According to precedent, Monsieur Lemonnier, as ranking alderman, would become Acting Burgomaster, but when he arrived, at the hour fixed, with his colleagues, he was reluctant to assume the duties of Acting Burgomaster precisely because of the old ambition to fill that very post; he had a delicacy that did him honor, and a reluctance to seem to profit by the misfortune of his ancient rival. He was a large man, and determined, and he seemed fixed in his determination. It was a position, under the circumstances, doubly difficult for him, and one could sympathize with his reluctance. And yet there were interests at stake larger than any one man's delicacy, however creditable it might be to him; if local self-government could be maintained, so much at least might be saved.

Sitting there around that long table where so many problems were to be discussed during the troubled months and years of the future that was so kindly hidden from us, my thoughts went suddenly to another city far across the sea, and to its problems, which in coming to Brussels I had too fondly hoped to escape. It was a lucky thought, for suddenly there flashed into my mind the peculiar coincidence that here was the same old problem that would not down, the old ineluctable struggle of the city to be free. The free city! And Brussels was one of the oldest free cities in the world.

I leaned forward toward Monsieur Lemonnier. In Belgium there is one chord in every citizen that vibrates instantly to the touch, and that is the chord of the old city spirit. It seemed strange to be stating the argument in another tongue, but I did the best I could, and I said to Monsieur Lemonnier:

"This is not the first time that the city of Brussels has been occupied by a foreign power. To-day it is the Germans; not so long ago it was the Dutch; before that it was the French and the Austrians and—the Spaniards." The Marquis smiled and bowed. "Before that it was the Duke of Brabant with whom you struggled. But during all those occupations, during all those changes, there was one thing that did not change, one flag that always floated over the Hôtel de Ville down there in the Grand' Place. That was the city of Brussels; that flag was the red and green."

Monsieur Lemonnier did not wait for me to finish. He leaned forward out of the deep chair where he sat:

"I'll do it!" he said.

And so it was settled. There were a few details to arrange. Would the police obey him? Yes.

The aldermen prepared a proclamation informing the people that the Collège would continue in their functions, would maintain order, and keep things going (*"feront marcher les affaires"*).

Villalobar and I wrote a note then to von Lüttwitz, asking him to post this notice; and he thanked us for suggesting it. It was after midnight.

XLIII

I WAS startled out of sleep by the heavy booming of cannonading, and then suddenly it was still, and the church-bells were ringing in another Sunday. For days we had been waiting for the passes that would permit Gibson to go to Antwerp for the wheat, and our two mothers to leave. Their trunks had been packed and were waiting, and now, more than ever, since we did not know what might follow the arrest of the popular Burgomaster, we were anxious to have them gone, and to know them safely out of Belgium. That morning the passes came, and at ten o'clock they, with Gibson, in the motor piled high with luggage, drove away under the American flag. A little knot of people gathered in the Rue de Trèves to see the departure—a little knot that quickly grew to the proportion of a crowd, a fact not without a disquieting suggestion. They went away bravely, and as they went we watched them, with hearts full, but a great load lifted from our minds. They expected to reach Maestricht that night and The Hague on the morrow. The crowd outside melted away and

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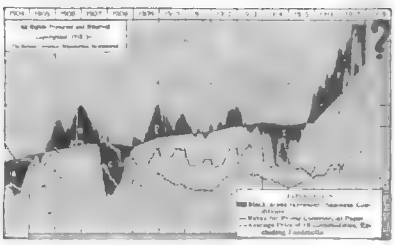

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the town was still. Villalobar came in and we chatted for a long time, oddly enough about the Spanish-American War and the King of Spain, who felt that the future of America and the future of Spain were mysteriously bound together, and so tried to do away with every trace of feeling and bitterness.

And then M. van Vollenhove, Chargé des Affaires of the Dutch Legation, appeared to say that he had just been down to the Grand' Place and that a German lieutenant with some want of tact had selected that as a propitious moment to parade there some Belgian soldiers, prisoners of war. As the morning wore away the atmosphere of the city became surcharged with a nervous quality that was not reassuring. The news of Max's arrest was spreading, and then by noon there were callers at the Legation anxiously inquiring if it were true that the American Minister had left. It was precisely what I had expected: the crowd that had gathered to watch the motor drive away laden with luggage had already done its work. A number of citizens suggested that some means be devised to counteract the effect of the rumor, so in the afternoon, shortly after luncheon, I took an open motor, and with my wife drove all over Brussels.

The day was fine, clear and cold, and in the sunlight crowds were gathered everywhere. Our motor carried the flag and we drove along the Boulevard Bischoffsheim to the Gare du Nord, the Boulevard Anspach, the Rue Haute, the entire length of the Rue de l'Escalier and all through the popular districts of the Marolliens. Children were playing on the sidewalks and people were gossiping at the doors; there were carts everywhere with fresh English walnuts for sale, the women before them gesticulating with their stained hands. We drove through the Boulevard du Midi, Rue Neuve, out to Laeken, and then across the canal the only incident of the drive worth mentioning occurred. The German sentinel stopped us and a great crowd gathered, and when they saw the flag they raised excited cries of *"Vive l'Amérique! Vive l'Amérique!"* The Belgian police rushed everywhere among the crowd crying:

"Allez! Allez!"

It took the thick-headed German sentinel as long to read the pass as though it had been "Chitty on Pleading," but he finished, finally, and we got away, and I can still see among the red and excited faces, the Belgian with a pointed yellow beard shouting frantically as he swung his hat in the air:

"Vive l'Amérique!"

Everywhere people were waving their hats and shouting, but nothing happened, and we came back late in the afternoon, half frozen and reassured.

XLIV

WE WOULD fall asleep at night to the lugubrious booming of those heavy siege-guns the Austrians had so ostentatiously dragged along the boulevards on their way to Antwerp; and we would awaken to the same sound in wan mornings of care. Now and then there would be the drumming of those iron heels on the pavement, and the exultant music of a military band, adding irony to despair.

"Ah! Ils sont très gais; ils sont contents!" (Ah, they are gay, indeed, they are happy!) said one of the servants one morning, bitterly.

The incessant thud and rumble shook the house so that it trembled, it rattled the windows in their casements; and it got on the nerves. The doom of Antwerp was not far away. One evening, Baron von der Lancken said that the Germans had again taken Malines and that they could no more be dislodged. One by one the outer forts were falling, and then one morning the Baron came to say that the bombardment of the city itself was about to begin, and would I be so kind as to say to the Belgian Government that if the Belgians would promise not to use the towers of the cathedral and other monuments for military purposes, they, the Germans, would promise not to bombard them?

"We do not wish a repetition of the affair of Rheims," von der Lancken said, "and we are tired of being called barbarians."

For the diplomatic representative of a neutral government it was a delicate question, for we were not to take any action that might have relation to military operations without instructions. The German authorities were most eager that the arrangement be made, and their interesting and original opinion was that this was not a military operation. They knew certainly far more than I about military movements, and I could only say to them that if the bombardment of Antwerp was not a military operation, I should like them to do me the honor when they had a real military operation on hand, to let me know.

I was, of course, anxious to aid in sparing those monuments, and yet, so readily does doubt poison even the most credulous mind in a world where agreements had a way of transmuting themselves into scraps of paper, that I was a prey to unworthy suspicions, and so sent a dispatch to Washington saying that if the Government desired, Gibson, then at Antwerp, could be instructed to bring the locations of the buildings to Brussels.

Then one morning—it was the sixth of October; we were getting off the English nurses, one hundred and twenty of them, that day, and the doctors as well, including Wyatt, for all of which we were duly grateful—came Hermancito, always a very mine of gossip, and told me that the presence of military attachés proved that the Kaiser was in Belgium, perhaps in Brussels. Antwerp was to fall on the morrow; the city had been summoned to surrender and the time had expired at six that very day. The news spread abroad, in the way it used to do in those dumb days without a press. The city settled under a sodden melancholy. As the troops marched down the streets, men stood on the corners and watched them in despair.

The next morning—Wednesday, the seventh of October—Villalobar being at my house, at ten o'clock the Baron von der Lancken and a Colonel von Leipsig arrived. They came to ask us to inform the Government at Antwerp of the Germans' intention to bombard the city unless they surrendered. They came officially, wearing their swords, and bearing official documents, The Hague Conventions, no less, or what was left of them, and on these they squarely placed themselves. Article 26 was the rock that yet projected itself from the welter of chaos about us. They said that according to Article 26 it was their duty to use all means to notify the town, and inasmuch as the Belgians refused to receive any representatives for a parley, they had to have recourse to us. Curiously, almost at that very moment, I had a dispatch from Washington about the preservation of historic monuments at Antwerp. It had all been arranged nicely, and we set to work on a letter citing the premonitory Article 26 and communicating to the local authorities at Antwerp the request made to us by the Germans. We decided finally to send the letter by Señor Sorela, Villalobar's white-bearded naval attaché. He was to go in my motor with Adrien—one of our chauffeurs—to drive him and the Baron von der Lancken to see him safely through the lines. I wrote a letter to Davignon and one to our Consul-General, Mr. Dietrich, setting forth the facts, and Colonel Sorela departed in state under the Spanish and American flags, with a white flag to use at the lines.

XLV

COLONEL SORELA, who, according to some Spanish rule, was a colonel even though he was in the navy, and Adrien, came back from Antwerp the next morning at three o'clock. They had had a wild, adventurous time. It was with difficulty that they got out of Antwerp, and once out they had even more difficulty in getting back into Brussels, for the bombardment had begun and shrapnel was bursting over the hood of the automobile. "*Mon brave Adrien!*" said Colonel Sorela enthusiastically, laying a hand on the little chauffeur's shoulder, as

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though he were giving him an accolade.

Arrived at Antwerp, Colonel Sorela had gone to see General de Guisse, who did not at first understand and refused to receive the colonel and his message. He would receive, indeed, no parleys, would not surrender, would fight to the death. But when Colonel Sorela explained that he had not come demanding a surrender, and that he was merely placing the local population in possession of the information, the general thanked him for his services to the city of Antwerp.

Such was Colonel Sorela's official report, officially delivered with appropriate salutes. But it was his unofficial report that was the most interesting, and that I did not have from him until I had it from Adrien. Arriving at three in the morning, Adrien had not been able to arouse the house and had patiently sat in his motor before the door until half-past five in the morning, when Joseph awoke from the sound slumber with which he was nightly blessed, and opened to him the great iron gates in the courtyard. And when I came down—not at half-past five, by any means—Adrien came to me and with great blazing eyes told me an astonishing secret.

The English had arrived! Antwerp was full of them! Oh, there could be no mistake; he knew the uniforms, and they were everywhere, thousands and thousands of them, in short—the British army! All day we lived in the pleasurable excitement of the news, not daring to mention it, wondering if the Germans knew and almost every minute expecting some great event to be born of it.

And then that afternoon at five o'clock came Gibson, with as many adventures to relate as Adrien, and great sacks of mail, and the news that the mothers had sailed the day before on the *Baltic* in the care of Richard Harding Davis. Gibson was accompanied by Harold Fowler, of the London Embassy, come to take out the English nurses. We could tell him that they were already out—but what of Antwerp and the British army?

Ah, Antwerp! The army had gone, the Government had gone, the King and Queen had gone—out on the road, in the night, to Ostend.

But the British army? Gone too; it had been only a little handful of troops, come too late—and Antwerp must fall.

We were up late that night hearing from Gibson and Fowler the news from London, reading a great mass of mail from America, the first in many weeks, and the newspapers full of good news indeed—long stories to the effect that I had sent protests to the Kaiser for having bombarded Antwerp from Zeppelins; that I had appointed Max secretary of Legation in order to save his life; that I had gone out to meet the German general and ordered him not to lay a hand on Brussels. Too bad that the cinema man could not have been there!

Gibson within ten minutes after his arrival had taken to the Germans the list of monuments in Antwerp, which in accordance with the agreement were to be protected in the bombardment, and one of the German officers, with that peculiar sentimentality that seemed always to lie side by side with their ferocity, was particularly interested to know that the zoological garden was marked down as immune.

"The poor animals!" he said.

I do not think that a list of buildings to be protected was of much benefit, and it was, as it proved, hardly necessary. The bombardment of the inner city had not lasted very long and was then indeed nearly over.

XLVI

THERE was no sound of firing the next day, and we had grown so used to the sound that the stillness left us vaguely uneasy, as though some normal thing were missing. We were like the women to whom Villalobar gave refuge in his legation during the bombardment at Lisbon at the time of the revolution: at every report of cannon they screamed, until he had them sent to the cellar, and then, in a little while, they sent up to complain that they could no longer hear the guns. It was a strange, silent, portentous day. In the afternoon Madame Davignon came to inquire after the health of her husband. He was well, was he not? And safe, was he not? And I did not have the heart to tell her that, as a result of his responsibilities and perplexities and worries, he had just had a stroke of apoplexy.

The German headquarters was deserted. For once they were not working there. There was an unwonted air of somber quiet, as though life and affairs were in suspense. No one was to be seen until Conrad, the good-natured, serviceable, kindly clerk, saw me and said:

"Antwerp has fallen," and he added, diplomatically, "officially."

I went back to the Legation; de Leval was there.

"Antwerp has fallen," he said. He said no more, too much depressed to comment on the fact.

Later in the evening came Madame W——, lovely in her mourning.

"Antwerp has fallen! I am completely ruined!" she said. She had large factories in and near Antwerp, and German soldiers, she had heard, were taking away all they contained, though later we were able to save something for her.

And then came Villalobar with a long face, and the same note. Antwerp fallen! The news was not only all over town, it was all over the world, for he had had a telegram from Madrid.

Another caller arrived, Monsieur J——, a Brussels lawyer.

"Is it true that Antwerp has fallen?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said.

And then a curious phenomenon occurred, an eccentric reaction of human nerves to a long-dreaded catastrophe at last arrived. He grew instantly livid with rage, his eyes blazed, he advanced toward me with clenched fists.

"How dare you!" he said. "How dare you tell me that! It is not true! It is not true!"

He was furious, indignant, as though I had insulted him wantonly, as though I had impiously sullied some point of honor.

"It is impossible! It is impossible! Those forts were built to be impregnable! Nothing could overthrow them! Not the Germans; not you!" And he sank on to my table, beating it convulsively with his fists.

Down the long corridor there was the sound of voices and, strange in that moment, the gay sound of women's laughter. Denys was there, Denys of the Belgian Foreign Office. What was the news? I heard him ask.

"Fallen," said a voice, and the laughter ceased.

Gibson came; he had seen the Germans; they had told him, and added: "and now we'll push the Belgian Government into the sea."

I HAD one more visitor that evening, quite late, von S——, a German officer. He came in from the field, cold and wet and weary. He sat down in a chair before the little open fire that burned in my room. He threw back his grayish-blue overcoat, took off his cap, revealing his gray hair, arranged his long saber between his knees and was for a moment silent. He was a distinguished man in appearance and not all the mire and dirt of war could hide a certain elegance that was implicit in his attire. He had lived long years in London, long years in France; he spoke all the European languages as well as he spoke German. He sat there a moment and stretched out a white hand toward the grateful blaze; a gold bracelet that he wore glistened in its warm light. Then, suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, as though the fire had burned his fingers, he withdrew his hand, passed it wearily over his face, and then covered his eyes with his palm.

"Are you tired?" I asked.

He took away his hand and looked up, looked at me with an expression in his blue eyes that was terrible to see. He did not answer my question; perhaps he had not heard it.

"This thing," he began, "this thing of standing old peasants up against the wall—well, it's no business for a gentleman!"

The next instalment continues the story of the German yoke, and tells of Cardinal Mercier's heroic stand against its tyranny.

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Spring Doings

THE last spring events were great days for the Volunteers. It was their first National Competitive Review, their first camp; their first high enthusiasm after a year's splendid progress; but the war had not yet sunk in, had not colored the emotion, sobered the bearing of the boys.

This spring there will be a new note, a sterner tread in the Volunteers that march in Chicago for the national events. Their march, their games, will have won a new significance in the shadow of a darkening year of war.

This competitive review and the other events will be a real Review Before Battle. The Volunteers in hundreds will be called to the front—to our farms, to the Food Front—to assist in the spring planting of what must be the biggest crop our fields have borne. They will step from the *preparation for*, the rehearsal of, one aspect of war to *actual participation* in what is perhaps the most vital part of it. They will become combatants; this will be their first battle, the battle against starvation.

For this reason our national review will he held early, on May seventeenth; it will be shortened, given the brevity of real business, but it will leave a no less strong impression upon those who see it this year. The entire corps of the city of Chicago will constitute the body of the parade, which begins in the morning, and will be reviewed by General Carter and the school authorities. There will follow a company competitive drill, exhibition battalion drill, signal drill, and wall-scaling competition. Besides the National H. S. V. U. S. banners there will be new prizes.

The events will be reported in full soon in these pages.

After the spring review Captain F. L. Beals, in charge of the H. S. V. U. S. work in Chicago, will conduct a training-camp for physical instructors, and high-school military instructors, to finish the correspondence course in H. S. V. U. S. work which he has been giving. The camp extends from May twentieth to May twenty-ninth. Full information may be obtained by writing Captain Beals, Board of Education, Tribune Building, Chicago. A charge of ten dollars is made for the training-camp course. Attendants furnish their own uniform and bedding. All other equipment will be provided. It is expected that two hundred physical directors will attend the camp. At the end of the course an H. S. V. U. S. commission will be given those who take the work.

Following this, a series of spring training-camps for H. S. V. U. S. cadets will begin on June first and continue as long as may be necessary. The Northwestern Military and Naval Academy at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, has tendered the use of its grounds and equipment for the training-camp, both for the athletic directors and the high-school students. Cantonments costing about twelve thousand dollars will be built here and the equipment is to remain permanently the property of the H. S. V. U. S. and be used for their mid-western encampments. It is planned to accommodate about three hundred boys at a time, in periods of two weeks. The Volunteers will furnish their own uniform and bedding, the camp supplying all other equipment. The camp cost, per boy, is a dollar a day. Full information may be obtained from Captain Beals. This—*Camp Steever*, as it will be called—the first permanent H. S. V. U. S. training-camp—is going to be watched with the closest interest. It will supply a great need of the boys of the Middle West. It is going to be an important success.

The Volunteers of the Eastern states will have opportunity to use the camp established by the Junior Training Camp Association at Wurtsboro, Sullivan County—Camp John Pershing. The cost will be the same as for the western H. S. V. U. S. camp—one dollar a day. Write the Junior Training Camp Association, 258 Broadway, New York, for full information.

We hope by next summer to have a complete series of camps for the Volunteers in operation from East to West. The importance to the Volunteer of two weeks' training in the open can not be overestimated. We would welcome any aid or suggestion to assist in realizing this project.

CARING FOR LIGHT COLORED SHOES

The beauty of a white kid or calf shoe is in its newness and this fine original condition should be preserved as long as possible. The means of preserving its newness is entirely different from the means of making the shoe look as well as possible after it is considerably worn. Yet many people use the same white cleaner in either case.

To make a white shoe that is in poor condition look well requires harsh treatment which is unnecessary and harmful to a new shoe and makes it deteriorate more rapidly than is necessary. If the public will distinguish and adopt the difference in treatment required for new and for badly worn shoes a great deal can be saved in wear and in the appearance of the shoes.

This principle applies to colored and black shoes as well as to white. Using the same cleaner on new as on badly worn shoes is a good deal as if a lady should use the same soap for cleaning her hands that a machinist would use.

A polish made expressly for new shoes is Chainlightning Shoe Cream. It was made deliberately to maintain shoes in their original condition as long as possible. It is a mild cleaner and polish and is not recommended for badly worn shoes. It is made in White, Natural, Gray, Brown, Tan and Black. It is a cleaner and polish combined so that one thin coat of it takes the place of two thick coats of other style cleaners and polishes. It is the correct treatment for new shoes.

On the other hand when white shoes become so badly soiled that the wearer is at a loss what to do with them, Whitehope is a cleaner which will do most towards making them look presentable, but Whitehope contains a grit necessary to clean badly worn shoes but unnecessarily harsh for new shoes. For a slightly soiled white buck or canvas shoe Bagof should be used. If badly soiled, Whiterightoff or Whitehope should be applied.

Always there is a difference in the treatment which is correct for new and for badly worn shoes.

George J. Kelly.

Lynn, Mass., April 10th, 1918.

(Advertisement)

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Passenger Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	122 122	Salisbury Salisbury	¾F	32x4 34x4	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Stromb'g	Remy Remy	$1295 1595	$1295 1595		$1295 1595	$2150	$1920 2150	
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	own	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1195	$1095			1395	
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	Al-Chal.	3½x4½ 3x4½	15.63 21.60	106 114		FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal. W'house							
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3¼x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Atw. Kent	1695	1695	1645	1695			
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.25	120	Columb.	FF	33x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	1475	1475 1925	1475	1525		2165	$2750
APPERSON Kokomo, Ind.	3	6 8 8	Own	3½x5 3¼x5 3¼x5	30 34 34	130 130	Own	DF	34x4 34x4 32x4½	Vac.	Rayfield Johnson	Bijur		2200 2550 3500		2200 2550 3500		3400	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont. Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	23.4 29.4	120 131		¾F FF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy Delco		1345 1685	1345	1685		1595 1985	2450
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	5000		5000	5250
BELL, York, Pa.	2	4	G. B. & S. Cont.	3¾x4½ 3⅜x5	32 36	114 114	Peru Adams	FF	31x4 32x3½	Vac.	Zenith Zenith	Dyneto	995 1145	995 1145	995 1145				
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5⅛	22	121		¾F	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4-6	Lycom.	3½x5 3 x4½	20	114 116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			895 1055				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x5½	29.4	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy			1850				1600
BREWSTER, New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	7200	7700	7700		8400	8400	8500
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.187x5⅛	16.25	104	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	825		825				
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	Own	3⅜x4½ 3⅜x4½ 3⅜x4½	18.2 27.3 27.3	106 118 124	Own	¾F FF	31x4 34x4 34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco	795	1265	795 1265	1495	1695	1185 2175 1845	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5		116	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Delco			945				
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3⅛x5⅛	31.25	125 132	Timken	FF	35x5 34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2805	2805		2805		3650	4145
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS, Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	117 122	Timken	SF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1565	1565	1565	1615		1950	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4-8	Own	3.687x4 3.687x5¼ 3⅜x4	21.7 21.7 36.45	102 108 120	Own Own Own	¾F	30x3½ 33x4 34x4	Grav. Vac. Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	620 935	1385	635 935 1385		1060	1060 1475	
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	33x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	2395	2395		2395	2495	2795	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1595	1450			2295	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285			2250	
COMMONWEALTH, formerly Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	1095				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	995	1055	995			1395	
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	132 142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	4250 4750	5500	5500	5500 6000
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3250	3250	3250	3250			
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	119 125	Hyatt Bock	¾F FF	34x4 34x4½	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Stromb'g	Delco Delco		1485 1785	1485 1785	1485 1785		1850 2100	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1250		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995			1375	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	35x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty				3750			
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stewart	No. East		885	885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	132	Timken	FF	33x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	105¼	Walker	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		865	865		1265	1285	
DOUGLAS 8, (formerly Drummond) Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	124	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2000	2000	2000	2100			
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¾x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch		295						
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	2	6 4	Cont. Lycom.	3¼x4½ 3½x5	25.3 19.6	116 116	Salisbury Salisbury	FF FF	33x4 32x3½	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Carter	Dyneto Dyneto		1295 1095	1285 1095			1795 1625	
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4½	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4-6	Teetor Cont.	3¾x5 3¼x4½	24 25.6	115 120	Peru Hess	SF FF	33x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite	1165	1360	1125 1345	1375		1685	
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5⅛x6¼	42	140	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Zenith	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	6500
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3 30x3½	Grav.	Holley Kingston		435		450		560	695	
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2200	2250	2250			3050	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1495	1495			1795	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4½	21.6	114	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1095	1095	1095		1575	1595	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto	985		985			1185	
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3600	3750	3600	3600		4750	5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4½	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.	Zenith	Wagner	750	985					
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	106 115	Peru	FF	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	950	1090	1080				
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	3	6 6 12	Own	3½x5 2¾x5	29.4 36.3	121 127 127	Own	¾F	34x4 35x4½ 34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Leece Neville		1950 2910	1850	1950 2910	2535 3335	2585 3385	
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	Own Cont.	3x4½ 3¼x4½	28.8 25.3	116	Own	SB	34x4 34x4	Vac.	Stewart Stromb'g	Splitdorf			1485 1285				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¾x3¾	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		2050		1950		2750	3150 3400
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x5½	16.9	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1250		1250				
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	950	1025	1000				

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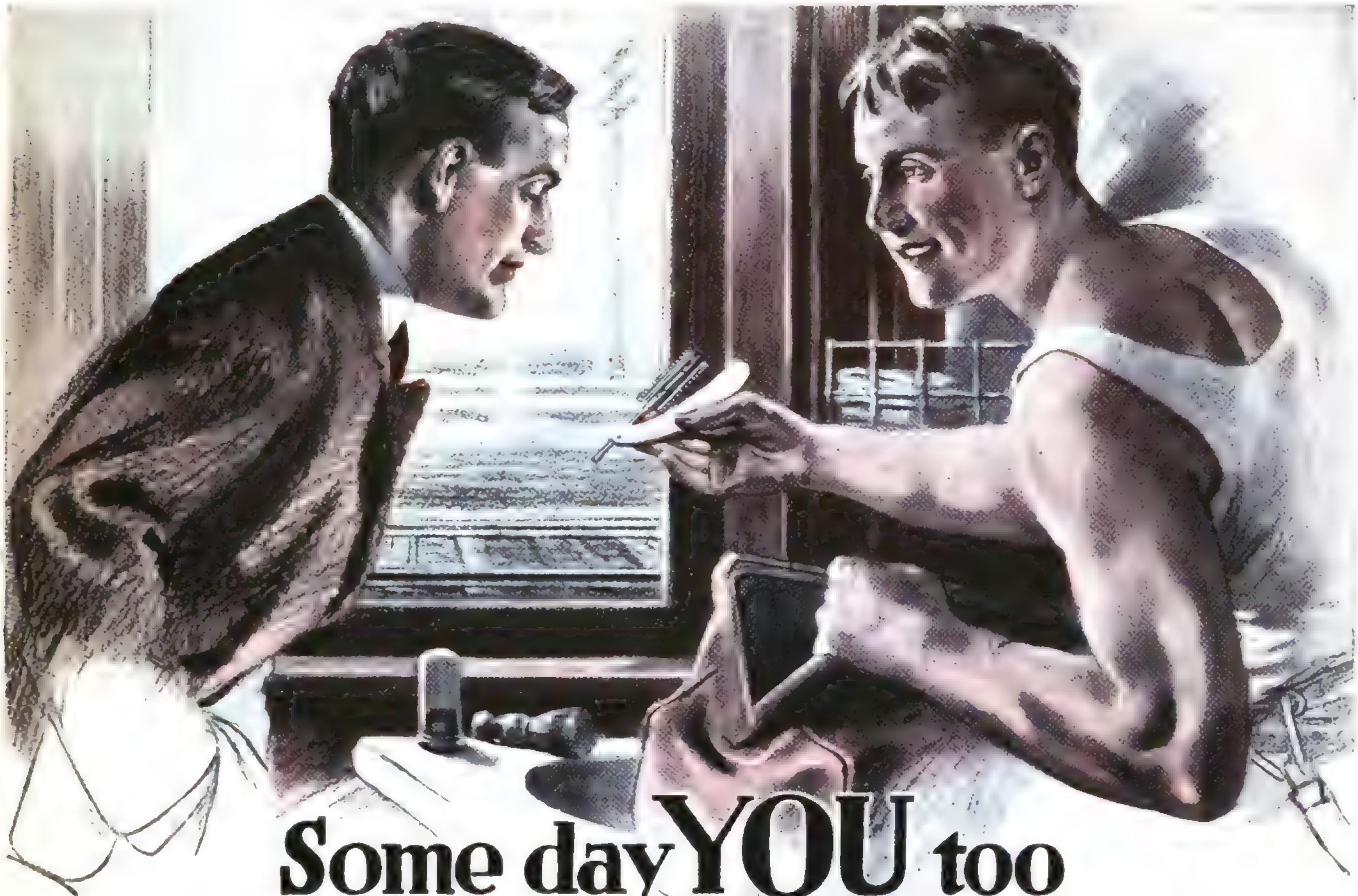
	Models	Clyinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	$1495 1575	$1495	$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	35	126	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875	1875	1875		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur		2375		1995		2825	$3500
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	32x4½ 34x4	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Bijur							
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy		2085	2085	2085	$1935	1935	
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		2850		2450	2850	3000	
KLINE KAR, Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3⅛x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1495	1495	1495			2220	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		1095	1095	1095			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON, Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3⅛x4½	29.4	116 122	Hess	FF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1385 1585		1585	1545	1885	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,			Own	4¼x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3⅞x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX, Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3900	3900	3900	3900	5000	5000	5050
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
		4	Own	3⅛x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾F	30x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	830						
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Falls	3⅛x4¼	23.44	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1050	1050	1050	1080		1650	
MARION-HANDLEY, Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5¼	33.75	136	Own	¾F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur		3750	3700	3750		5150	5250
MAXWELL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅝x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	K. D.	Simms-Huff		825	825			1275	
MERCER, Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	115 132	Own	FF	32x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	W'house	3750	3850	3850				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	695		695				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy	1250	1280	1250		1850	1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3¾x5	22.5	118			34x4					1650	1650			2280	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Wagner-Auto-Lite		1985		1985			
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR, Columbus, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3⅛x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1295				
MONROE, (Wm. Small Co.,		4	Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Vac.			565	635				965	
Inc.,) Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Own	3¼x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾F	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		995	995			1850	
		6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	19.85	114	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Tillotson	Wagner			1295				
		6	Cont.	3⅛x4½	25.3	125	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1785		1785			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1985		1985	2950	2950	
MOORE 30, Danville, Ill.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	K. D.	Auto-Lite			695				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3¾	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3600	4000	4000
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis	2	6	Own	3½x4½	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL,			Own	3½x5¼	29.4							W'house		2150		2150	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2⅞x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2750		2750	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	Own	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	1050		1050		1550	1550	
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Johnson	Remy	1195		1195		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Delco		1495		1495			
OLYMPIAN, Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅛x4½	17	112	Own	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1085			1340	1565	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	104	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	835	875					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	106	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			850			1240	
		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		965	965				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1195	1195		1420	1620	
		6	Own	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Amer.	FF	34x4½					3300	3300	3300			4350
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136	Amer.	FF	35x5					3950		3950	3600		5000
Cleveland, Ohio	3	6	Own	4x5½	40	142	Amer.	FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		5300		5300		6300	6300
			Own	3x5	43.2	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3950	3950	3950	5300		5500
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.2	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4300			5850
			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	117			32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PAN, St. Cloud, Minn.	1	4	Cont.	3½x5	34	116	Adams	FF	34x4	Grav.	Zenith	Remy			1250				
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Auto-Lite	2490	2550		2550	3050	3250	3690
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125	Amer.	FF	32x4½	Vac.		Ward-Leonard			5000				
			Own	4x5½	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4⅛x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3⅛x5	23.4	120	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1395	1395				
PREMIER, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3½x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	32x4 35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285		3285	
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	875	875	875				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4⅛x4½	27.2	120		SF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson			1225	1225				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4–6	Own	3.563x5⅛	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1550		1550			
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER,		4	Dusenb'g	4 x6	25.4	128			32x4½				2950	2950		3250		3750	
Kalamasoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2375	2475		2475		3250	
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Ward-Leonard		1850		1860			
SAYERS SIX, Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco		1445	1395				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		445						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4–6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1045	995			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,		4	Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾F	30x3½		Zenith	Remy		935					
Detroit, Mich.		6	Northway	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4		Marvel	Remy	1195		1195				
	3	8	Ferro	2⅝x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1285					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	LeRoy	3⅛x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	A.-Chal.		900	850				
SIMPLEX, New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4⅜x6¼	45.9	143½	Own	FF	36x4½ 37x5	Pres.	Newcomb	Eismann Bosch	chassis 7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1950					
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2450	2450		2450	3500	3500	4000
STANLEY STEAMER, Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Aplco Ltg.		2750		2800			
STATES,		4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac		Dyneto	1025	1025	1025				
Kalmasoo, Mich.	2	6	Own	3 x4½	30	112	Adams	FF	31x4	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	1125	1125	1125			1395	
STEARNS,				3¾x5⅝	22.5	119			34x4		Schebler			1935	1935	2300	2500	2635	3350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4–8	Own	3¾x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		2700		2700	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT SIX, Moline, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1585	1650	1585			2085	
				3½x5	19.26	112			32x3½		Schebler				895				
STUDEBAKER,				3½x5	29.4	119			32x4		Ball & Ball					1295			
Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3⅞x5	36.04	126	Own	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Wagner-Remy					1695		
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	4	Own	4⅜x6	30.6	120 130	Own	¾F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550	2650		2750			
TEMPLAR, Cleveland, O.	1	4	Own	3¾x5½	18.23	118	Amer.	SF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Remy	2255	1985			4250	2850	
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1340	1340	1340		1900	1885	2450
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy				1595			
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1990	2090	2090	2890	2890	
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¾	28.9	124½ 137½	Own	Own	35x5	Vac.	Own	Leece Neville		5000		5000	6050	6050	6200
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	120	Own	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1450		1450		2045	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1625	2275		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				2100		2800	2900
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¾x5¼	33.75	128	Own	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3150	3150	3150	3200	4150	4400	4150
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Own	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3850	3850	3850	3850	4850	5100	4850
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	[illegible]					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE, Chicago, Ill.	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		FF	28x3	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]						

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	$2400 to $4600
"ACME," Acme Motor Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 4	1900 to 3900
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2900 and 3850
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	985
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2475 to 3875
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	2050
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1950 to 4600
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1240 to 2250
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear D.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1350 to 3450
"BETHLEHEM" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 2½	1245 to 2565
"BOURNE MAGNETIC," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., New York City. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3500 to 4200
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2650
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	½	825 and 850
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2450 to 3750
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1¼ to 5	
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Bellevue Ohio, 1 model. With body. Direct bevel drive.	½	985
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear D.	1	1340 to 1490
"CONESTOGA," Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancoster, Pa. 2 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb.&1½	1050 to 1450
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4500
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 7000
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1900 to 3800
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	1045 to 4300
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1490 to 4900
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models.	1 to 5	2000 to 4750
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain D.	¾	1150 to 1250
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2685
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	4000
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4400
"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type.	1	600
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive on both axles thru center differential.	3	4600
"FULTON," Fulton Motor Truck Co., Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. 1 model chassis only. Internal gear drive.	1½	1620
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1750 to 3750
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	2100 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1490 to 2190
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	¾ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 6	On application
"GRANT," The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 3 models. 2 models chassis only. 1 model with body. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1075 to 1950
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2350 to 4200
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2850 to 4600
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	840 to 875
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Truck Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 2 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½ and 2	1850 and 2350
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HERCULES" Hercules Truck Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2800 to 4750
"HEWITT-LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"HORNER," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1½ to 5	2600 to 4750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis D.	1½ to 7	2600 to 6500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Younstown, Ohio. 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1385 and 1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1800 to 4400
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear D.	¾ to 2	1450 and 2550
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2750 to 5200
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	1½ to 5	1885 to 4350
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2400 to 5100
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 5 tons	1250 to 2165
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four wheel drive.	[illegible] and 5	[illegible] to 5000

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N.Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 5	1950 to 4450
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1900 to 3050
"LITTLE GIANT," Little Giant Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2550 to 4750
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5500
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	4000 and 5000
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	1085
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	¾ to 5	1650 to 4540
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm D.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2050 to 5000
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"NILES," Niles Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1600 to 2600
"NOBLE" Noble Motor Truck Co., Kendallville, Ind. 1 model, chassis with cab. Worm drive.	2	2300
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear D.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"OVERLAND" Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O., 2 models. With or without bodies.	800 and 1200 lb.	840 to 975
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2650 to 5400
"PANHARD," Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 and 1½	985 and 1185
"PARAGAN," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 to 6	4000 to 5300
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1½	1150 and 1350
"RELIANCE," Raliance Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 4 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	1½ to 5	1295 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1175 and 1800
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Mich., 7 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	895 to 4500
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	2 to 5	3000 to 4900
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895 to 985
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 5800
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	3000 to 4600
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	2 to 5	2950 to 4700
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear D.	1 to 5	1550 to 4950
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4600
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2000 to 4750
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2575 to 4250
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2990 to $5500
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	850 to 2295
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	1045 and 1400
"SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000
"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich, 2 models. Bodies extra.	1½ and 2	2275 and 2750
"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1	1600 and 1700
"TWIN CITY-FOUR WEEL DRIVE" Twin City-Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 2 models.	3½x5	4250 to 5250
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive.	1½ to 6	2350 to 4500
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm D.	2½ to 5	2800 to 4850
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm	1½ to-3	2000 to 3400
"VELIE," Velie Motors Corp'n, Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	940 to 3500
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 14 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	½ to 2	[illegible] to [illegible]
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and four wheel drive.	3 to 7½	4750 to 5500
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 5 models, diversified lines of bodies including Fire apparatus, etc., extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 5	2300 to 5750
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain D.	1 to 5	1800 to 4300
"WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm D.	1 to 5	On application
"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.	1 to 5	1500 to 4800
"WINTHER," Winther Motor Truck Co., Winthrop Harbor, Ill. 7 models. Bodies extra. Internal Geor drive.	2 to 5	2250 to 5500
"WISCONSIN," Myers Machine Co., Sheboygan, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	1650 to 5000



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French Women to the Rescue!

WHEN the black cloud of war broke over the fair plains of Artois, all France, with its heritage of dread, fell instantly to work to make every individual and every resource count. Food was the *woman's* problem.

Since the days of the Comtesse de Rebenac, in mediæval times, the women of France have been famous for their excellence and thrift in cooking.

As the years of war have swept on, black necessity has forced French housewives to the utmost limit of their racial genius to conserve the food.

Now that America is entered in the life-and-death struggle, we too face the duty, if not necessity, of avoiding all waste in food.

Under these circumstances, what more serviceable thing could be done than to set before the women of America the advice of their noble sisters of France, born of their tragic experience!

Alone of all American publications, The Delineator is in a position to do this; for we publish and send to France monthly a French edition of The Delineator *(Le Miroir des Modes)*, the largest and most influential magazine of its kind in France.

We appealed to the readers of the French Delineator to tell their American sisters how they are solving the food problem. We asked specifically for their best economical recipes. And hundreds of women in all sections of France have answered our appeal.

These recipes, as delicious as they are economical, are being given to American housewives each month in The Delineator. They will prove a revelation. Each one has been successfully tested by Honoré Willsie, the editor.

For instance, here is a recipe sent in by Mme. Louise Bocquet of the French town of Flers de l'Orne. It is a recipe for Hindu biscuits given her by a Hindu officer billeted at her house. The ingredients are simply one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one ounce of grated cheese.

The French recipes in one number alone will save you many times the price of a year's subscription. Do not miss any issue of The Delineator. It is a family necessity. *Invest* in it to-day.

The DELINEATOR

Butterick-Publisher

We Can, If They Can

By Howard Wheeler

THIS is the second of a series of short sketches recording impressions received during a recent trip to the French and British fronts. I found high inspiration in these impressions, awful depression. I came home with the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice. The purpose in these articles is simply to pass on what stands out most vividly. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what they gave me.

IT WAS my first visit to England. I had just come from Havre, where I had been arranging with Brand Whitlock for the publication of his story of Belgium. It had been dreary in that dingy port in old Normandy—fog and rain, and a damp chill against which no garments were proof. I had had visions of a dismal, foggy England and a damp, murky London. The crossing had been through heavy fog.

My first visit to England, and I awoke to a glorious October day—bright sunshine, and an air like wine! My spirits were high as I stepped from the boat at Southampton. I was new to the war. The bare fact of war had not settled down on me then as it did only a few days later out on the front. To-day was sunshine and crisp air—and I was to see London.

I saw London that day and for several days afterward. To put what I felt about London into words is a difficult thing, an impossible thing. There was something there, though, that made me feel just a little selfish, perhaps just a bit ashamed of the high spirits in which I had set out from Southampton. In London I began to get hold of the fact that I was looking upon a nation that had suffered terribly. The whole city seemed to me to be mourning in a way new to my experience. There was a great city with the hand of war resting heavily upon it. Any glamour there may have been in the early days had disappeared. I could not find any one who was laughing—very few even smiling. There were many women in deep mourning. Yet it was not depression. I soon got hold of this. Whatever the spirit was, and is, it is largely sheer determination—the spirit of a country that had settled down grimly to plugging and plugging and plugging, with no regard to suffering or sacrifice. It seemed to me that each individual had made the country's great job his own great job. There was no room, nor time, left for personal sensations or emotions—not even for the enjoyment of a perfect October day.

I was in London during an air-raid by Zeppelins. The sheer ruthlessness, the cold brutality, the calculated inhumanity of a Zeppelin raid at last got home to me in a personal way. People were killed in that raid right in the heart of London—killed horribly. It was no new thing, that. And the people there in that city had come to accept such a frightful thing as this as part of it all, as an unavoidable incident to the big job. I talked with many people—with officers, diplomats, private soldiers, business men, hotel-keepers, women, policemen, taxi-drivers. I talked with every one I encountered who I thought could give me ideas about the war. I found few who spoke of the end of the war—none who spoke of the end of the war without victory.

One evening I had the privilege of talking for an hour with an elderly woman who had lost three of her four sons early in the war. The fourth had been invalided home. She told me of England's spirit in the early days; of the prayers that it all might be avoided; and of the ready acceptance of responsibility when the black thing became inevitable. She told me of her own feelings; of the breaking down all over the land of selfishness; and of the development of the spirit of self-sacrifice. She told it all in a very impersonal way, this brave little lady. Just before I left I remarked:

"It's become an old story to you now, yet I don't see any signs of England's being tired of it."

"You will find none, I think," she answered gravely. Then, with a smile that I shall never forget, she added:

"We can stand it, if those boys out there can."

I WAS standing on the crest of Vimy Ridge. I was trying to whip my imagination into giving me even the dimmest of pictures of the terrific scenes that had been enacted there. I was talking to a British officer while we were watching the artillery fire over toward Lens. The noise of the artillery had been incessant all the afternoon.

"That will keep up off and on all night," the officer told me. "That is the way we are playing the game now. Nothing spectacular, you know, but a steady pressure—and no rest for Fritz."

That same day, as we were tramping back over the road we had come, I glanced back at Vimy Ridge with its monument on top to speak of the heroism of the Canadian troops that captured it. It seemed incredible, a miracle, that human flesh and blood could mount those steep, churned slopes and drive an enemy from defenses constructed painstakingly and considered impregnable.

When we reached our autos I asked the British officer about this. "When all is said and done and all the figures are down," he said, "it will be found that Vimy Ridge was captured with astonishingly small loss to the British. You see," he said with a smile, "it was what you might call a psychological victory. Each day the British guns set down a terrific barrage on the Ridge. Ten minutes each day. That was all. Ten minutes' barrage and no attack. Each day, of course, the Germans expected an attack. But it didn't come. Then on the eleventh day, the ten minutes' barrage, and when it lifted—there were the Canadians *walking* up Vimy Ridge. Fritz offered but a comparatively feeble resistance."

It was slow work there along the western front; but if one inquired of any man in that British army, whether it were officer or private, he got the same answer. The British felt that they were winning; and they were content to go on as they were going—slowly, doggedly—with no rest for Fritz.

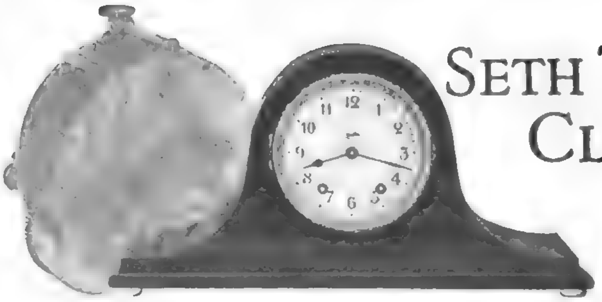
At the château where American visitors to the front are entertained, in the course of conversation, one evening I remarked to one of the officers:

"It's slow work, isn't it? And terribly hard work. Don't you ever get sick of it?"

"Oh," he replied with a laugh, *"I guess we fellows out here can stand it, if the folks at home can."*

Exactly the same feeling as had been expressed by that brave woman in London! Britain has reached the place where she is thinking straight—and fighting straight. Occasionally those bob up who attempt to turn the nation's thought away from the straight line, but they are powerless.

I am writing this while the March drive of the Germans against the English line is still in progress. Only a few weeks ago I was on the French and British fronts. I was near Ypres. I was at Bapaume, Arras, Albert, Vimy Ridge, Verdun, Fort de Vaux, Bar le Duc, Chalons, and Rheims. I know the spirit that is along that splendid line. I know the dogged cheerfulness with which those splendid boys on the



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Augustus Van Gieson of New Jersey lost his regular job because of his age. To-day he is making $1,500 a year.

British front have accepted the frightful things that go into the job of setting a human wall against the onrush of barbarism.

I TRIED to remember as I set foot again in America that America has not gone as far as Britain or France—that America's spirit has not yet been tested. But still it came to me in the nature of a shock that as a nation we are not yet thinking in a straight line. It struck me that there were too many of us setting up the wail, "Germany is winning the war."

In a newspaper I found an editorial which read something like this:

"Every business man, every loyal American, ought to have pasted on his desk a card bearing the words, 'Germany is winning the war.'"

Not once along the battle-front in Europe did I hear an Englishman or a Frenchman give voice to such a conviction. I knew that France was tired. I knew something of what England had suffered and borne. I knew that America is fresh, vigorous, powerful. I felt that the winning of the war was up to America. It seemed to me that the job of each individual American was to do his part regardless of time, pains, or sacrifice, to hasten the hour when America could strike with all her strength, and to prepare himself for the shock of sacrifice to follow. I felt then as I feel now that predictions or estimates of the probable duration or the probable outcome of the war are idle; that speculation as to whether or not Germany is winning the war is equally footless; that one thing is certain: Germany is a long way from being beaten. France is not secure. England is not secure. And above all, America is not secure.

I feel that the thing the American should paste on his desk should not be "Germany is winning the war," but, "The war must be won by America."

The Purpose

By Oscar C. Williams

BENEATH it all, this blood and soul-deep woe,
This waste of happiness, these senses numb,—
Beneath it all, like joy beneath the snow,
A balm-fraught purpose waits for spring to come.

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

(*Continued from page 27*)

for my purpose that occasionally it may consist in a keen appreciation of pain or discomfort in others.

The Duchess burst out laughing as she looked at Pandolph. So, after a moment, did the Chancellor. Pandolph stood outside the influence of their mirth.

He was dyed a deep, rich, royal, opulent blue.

His hair was blue, his face, his lips, hands, clothes. He may, perchance, have been a gaily dressed man that morning when he set out on his business of wiping up arrears of dyers' taxes. But had he been brilliant and variegated in hue as some gay freak of tropic nature, flitting, half bird, half fairy, among fantastic fronds and flowers, all his wild chord of color must have yielded to the dominance of the note the dyers had chosen for him.

They had dipped him in blue. Dipped him? Ducked him, soused him, held him under, redipped him, played him in the vat with a pole, stirred him, lifted him for a breath of God's air and plunged him in again with that hearty exuberance of enjoyment that only the free manipulation and mishandling of something alive and helpless can excite in the common breast.

The tideless Adriatic is blue; blue, Siona's skies in summer; the gentian blue, sprinkled over Rossi's great shoulder humping itself high in air to Siona's west; but none of these is blue as Pandolph was.

For his was also a spiritual blue. Blue is the color ever associated in poetic fancy with melancholy. Pandolph's very soul was blue.

He must have opened his mouth—incautious man—to shout while still beneath the flood. Now when he opened it to speak to the Duchess, she saw his teeth, his tongue—blue! You might suspect an avenue of blue through his internals.

In a word, Pandolph was well and truly dyed blue.

THE Duchess, ever a kindly and polite girl, made an effort and restrained her mirth. The Chancellor mastered his. Pandolph had none to trouble him. He stood, miserably, knees together, teeth chattering—spite of the blaze of sun outside, the great stone hall was chilly to a soaked man—and told his tale while drops of blue dripped at intervals on to the stone floor.

His story, obvious enough to the Duchess from his first aspect, was a simple one. He had descended with an attendant clerk and two men-at-arms—for the ducal dignity demanded this display when an underling so important fared forth on ducal business—with a bag for receiving the taxes he had no doubt of collecting, seals for receipting, etc. There had been, from the first, a stark unfriendliness, a flippant and coincident inadequacy of excuse that roused first his ire, then his suspicion of conspiracy. Never doubting the sacred nature of his office, he had hectored. Insolence responded. Threats bred threats, and alas, at what must have been the critical moment, his two men-at-arms had deemed it discreet to disappear. His man clerk had frankly bolted, and our poor Pandolph, helpless, discovered to be no more for all his threats than a dagger rusted immovably in its sheath, had been compelled to abide the hasty judgment of the crowd. Hence this blueness and these tears, not actually evident, perhaps, but barely restrained because of the presence of his august mistress.

Her face was now set again. Pandolph was dismissed—to begin that scrubbing, first frantic, then more methodical, which you may as well know continues long after this story reaches its finish—and duchess and Chancellor were left alone to continue their weighty conference.

Said she, coldly: "This must entail punishment."

"Punishment will not be easy."

"No officer of mine shall be so treated."

"Excellency, that's all very well, but here's a plain caution for us. Here's a temper will want handling."

"We can handle nothing if we can not command respect. Pandolph when he collects our taxes is ourself."

"In theory, yes. In practise he appears as—well—as a long, none too handsome or even agreeable fellow, disclosing himself at too frequent intervals in the guise of a detested nuisance."

Her sense of justice compelled her to admit some truth in this. She sat silent and thoughtful.

"Excellency," went on the Chancellor, despondently, "we arrive at the plain fact—our position here grows impossible. The taxes—let me be frank with you—are monstrous."

"But what can we do? Malatesta lays his imposts on us, we have nothing to do but pay—surely they see that?"

"They grow tired of paying. It's very human."

"But what will happen to them, to the city, if we do not pay? Is Malatesta to come here again? Have they forgotten his last coming?" She shuddered.

"No. But that's eight years ago. They forget or at least they think less of that than they used."

"That's folly."

"It's human."

She looked at him thoughtfully, then spoke. "And they speak of revolt—against me? What good can that do them? Malatesta would still levy."

"Madam," he spoke with some hesitation, "with this talk of revolt you must understand goes the idea that they may secure a new leader, a head of the city who can hold his own with Malatesta, and make, compel fresh terms."

"They mean war?"

"I would not say that. Their idea, I fancy, is that with stronger leading, Siona has power to force a fresh scale of levy without fighting. On this too, there have been suggestions—" he stopped.

"Suggestions?"

He faltered. Her eye rested unsparingly on him. It must out; he gulped it out: "Of your marriage."

She stopped abruptly, stared at him freezingly. "They have dared!"

"Excellency, face our situation. We are overtaxed. We have to deal with our overlord, Malatesta, who will not see fairness. Nay, who deliberately plans unfairness. What's his object? Your ruin."

Her lips tightened. She said nothing. He went on, "You are but a girl, I, an old man. Malatesta's a tiger and means to devour us. There you have it. That's the wisdom of the common folk, and oh, my dear young lady, it's not far wrong." He spoke with feeling.

"But my marriage, what good——"

"They see you allied to a man such as alone deserves you, a great soldier, a statesman, a power, able to parley with our enemy and so bring our poor folk some relief from this load, this crushing load of taxation. That's in their minds, and if they speak of revolt, it is only a knowledge of your obduracy that drives them."

THE Chancellor finished with an immense relief. For a day or two he had been in possession of what he had now disclosed to his mistress and knowing her temper had wondered when and under what circumstances he should impart his news. Now it was done, and he breathed more freely.

Beatrice paced the room thoughtfully. There was that in her face that kept him from addressing her.

Suddenly her eye lighted on him. He was a friend of hers. He had served her father well, she knew, and his loyalty to her was part of his very being. He looked painfully old, saddened, depressed, and she was a woman of unfailing charity and kindness.

Her face lit up with a smile; she came swiftly over to him and placed her hands on his shoulders. "Never mind," she said, with something like gaiety

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Everybody's Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Apr. 1, 1918. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James F. Birmingham, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Everybody's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August, 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, The Ridgway Company, (a corporation), Spring and Macdougal Sts., N. Y. *Editor*, Howard D. Wheeler, 223 Spring Street, New York. *Managing Editor*, Howard D. Wheeler, 223 Spring Street, New York. *Business Manager*, James F. Birmingham, 223 Spring Street, New York. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner*. The Ridgway Company, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders*. The Federal Publishing Company, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. The Butterick Company, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York City. George B. Black, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Illinois. Emily Josephine Donner, Park House, Summit, New Jersey. W. H. Gelshenen, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. Clara E. Kehoe, 2344 University Avenue, New York City, N. Y. H. F. Morse, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. Laura J. O'Loughlin, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. Mrs. Arethusa Pond, The Belnord, New York City, N. Y. Erman J. Ridgway, Butterick Building, New York City. Augustus Van Wyck, 149 Broadway, New York City. R. A. Van Wyck, 149 Broadway, New York City. G. W. Wilder, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. Ben F. Wilder, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. Marie A. Wilder, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. 3. *That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding* 1 *per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:* (If there are none, so state.) The Butterick Publishing Company, Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York. John O'Hara Cosgrave, 128 West 59th Street, N. Y. City. R. W. Poor, 5th Ave. and 23rd St., New York City. Mrs. J. O. Hardy, Tecumseh, Mich. Martha Lewis, Westerville, Ohio. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) J. F. Birmingham, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918. James B. Sheehan, Notary Public. (*My commission expires March* 30, 1918.)

in her voice. "Are two clever people like you and me to despair? Recollect this trouble springs from the doubling of Malatesta's levy on us. He promised it should be but for a year."

"And now two have passed. Malatesta uses lies as he uses any other weapon."

"But we have courage, we deal justly, and we have faith in God. What cowards we are to doubt. Come, smile again."

He was never further away from smiling, yet he managed to call up the ghost of a facial effort in that direction. She kissed his forehead, he kissed her hand and went sadly away.

SHE turned to leave the hall by the opposite door, but paused as her eye fell on the great chair of state.

It was the chair that Malatesta had sat in, victorious, sword in hand, on that dreadful morning eight years ago when by her father's side she had knelt in blood, to beg life for her and him.

Five years ago, only eighteen, yet a woman already steeped in the appalling irksomeness of a city's rule, she had been formally seated as Duchess of Siona in her dead father's place. Only five years—and she was so tired of it all that she drooped to the burden of her thoughts as she stood alone, looking at her chair.

What was the use—what was the end—the purpose? A long line of ancestors had sat there. Each had done his task well, or ill, and gone his way. Siona under their varying rules had been great, small, great again, and now was humble indeed. She knew what this morning's business meant, her townsfolk's rising hostility, the implacable pressure from Missona. She was plainly at the beginnings of a struggle.

To hold her seat in Siona meant effort, unceasing perhaps, demands beyond her strength. Should she struggle, or should she give it up? Her conscience acquitted her of vainglory. If she fought, she knew that it would not be so much for her rights as her duties. Yet her heart was in revolt.

It cried out passionately against this continual sacrifice of her whole self to a purpose she had almost come to doubt. Almost for a minute she gave way. Let them revolt—they should govern themselves, or choose this wonderful champion, whoever he might be; or Malatesta should take the reins, and show them what government stood for in the eyes of a man notoriously drunk with lust of empire dominion. Only for a minute this mood possessed her. It passed. She drew a long breath, wearily straightened her young back and, all her courage flying its banners again, stepped to the door. As she stretched her hand out to push it open, the Chancellor reentered at the other end of the hall. Turning, at his coming, she saw him leading in a man, booted, spurred, and caught his detaining message:

"Your Excellency, Signor Bartoldi, from my Lord Malatesta of Missona, desires speech with your Grace."

She walked slowly down the hall to meet them both.

Bartoldi was a tall, fat man, tanned, scarred, bearded, long in thigh, broad of shoulder, upright, aggressive, and frank in standing and speech. He was soldier first and foremost, and though his errand was presumably a peaceful one, he wore a steel cap, leather jerkin with rings sewn thickly over, and steel thigh-plates. He was booted above the knee, and spurred for riding; on his left thigh hung the weapon that like Malatesta he affected—the long two-edged cutting sword then slowly yielding to the rapier in general esteem.

All Aquiloja knew him, Malatesta's condottiere, whose ferocity, valor, cunning, and energy lifted him on to a par with Malatesta himself save for one quality—ambition. Malatesta was the stuff of which emperors are made—for what they are worth. Bartoldi was a merchant in blood, the killer for hire with no purpose in life but to make money in the way body and mind found most congenial.

AS FROM a soldier his greeting might pass—a curt touch of the brim of his helmet, not so much a civility, or even a salutation as an acknowledgment that he admitted himself to be within speaking distance.

"Greetings, Excellency." He clicked his spurred heels together, and from under his jerkin produced a folded parchment tied and sealed.

"I bring with me a written message from my master, my Lord Malatesta of Missona, and place it in your hands."

He offered it to the Duchess. She accepted it, glanced at it, and handed it to her chancellor. Bartoldi saluted again.

"Now, not from my Lord Malatesta, but from——"

The Duchess interrupted in surprise: "But, a moment. The answer first to this."

"There is no answer, madam."

"But doubtless my Lord Malatesta asks——"

"He asks nothing. It is an order."

"An order!" Her eyes opened. "My Lord Malatesta sends the Duchess of Siona his orders!"

Bartoldi shrugged his shoulders. "I carry out instructions, Excellency."

She was flaming, yet kept herself in hand. "Ah, but wait. Malatesta orders his dinner from his cooks—let's see what he orders from the Duchess of Siona." A bright red spot showed in each cheek.

"Madam—" ventured the Chancellor, looking at her apprehensively.

"Open, open," she commanded. He

undid the cord, spread the parchment out, adjusted his spectacles. She took the document impatiently from him. Her eyes darkened as she ran over the contents. She crushed it up in her hand and faced Bartoldi. He waited stolidly for the outburst he felt was coming.

"The man's mad!" she exclaimed.

"You allude to my master?"

"I allude to my Lord Malatesta. I say he's mad. Chancellor, read." She thrust the parchment into the old man's hands and with arms folded on her breast stared at Bartoldi. The condottiere remained and waited calmly.

The Chancellor gave a little groan. "Monstrous!" he ejaculated.

"Incredible!" burst out the Duchess. She snatched the message from the old man's hands, held it out in one hand and striking it repeatedly with the back of her other hand addressed Bartoldi excitedly: "This is madness, the sheerest madness, criminal madness! Does Malatesta think we are made of money?"

"Twenty thousand crowns, a special war levy—" this from the Chancellor. "What voice have we in Malatesta's affairs? Are we consulted as to his enmities, or friendships?"

"Friendships!" came from the duchess. "He has no friends."

Bartoldi stared very black at her. Her tone and manner conveyed hostility and contempt for message-bearer as well as message-sender.

"Madam, for God's sake—" broke in the Chancellor.

She would not be checked. "Here is an unprincipled demand and I will not submit. I can not pay. It is impossible to raise such a sum, and he knows it."

"Madam," began Bartoldi, "I assure you——"

"And 'a hundred men-at-arms, all well equipped, mounted, and furnished with three months' supplies.' For what purpose? In what war? I supply men, and am not even told whom they are to be employed against. I have no enemies. I am not at war."

"We are," interposed Bartoldi.

"Your wars are your wars," rejoined the Duchess; "not mine."

"Our wars are yours also, madam. Malatesta, as your overlord——"

"We have rights! Good God, we lost much when Malatesta broke us here eight years ago; but if we are no longer a sovereign city, we have rights, I say, and Malatesta has no power to bind us in either war or friendship."

"Times change, Excellency; circumstances alter. My Lord Malatesta stands to you in the relationship of overlord, and therefore as protector."

"We protect ourselves."

"Excellency, how long could you protect yourselves, with a wall broken as Siona's is?"

"Let him let us rebuild it, then. We have asked him often enough."

"And he has refused. Have no doubt, your Grace, of his friendship, but have regard also, I beg, to his policy."

"Tyranny!"

"Madam—" the Chancellor spoke. He was alarmed. He saw that her temper was more likely to grow than diminish with a conversation of this sort. "Madam, pray forgive me. Signor Bartoldi, I shall press you to bear an answer back to my Lord Malatesta, and to give us, first, time for some little consideration. Think, sir, my Lord Malatesta is probably under the impression that more money can be raised here, only because it is our custom to make our payments promptly, and without cavil. That is not done without effort, but it is her Grace's wish and orders that every effort should be made to preserve good feeling with my Lord Malatesta."

"As well." Bartoldi grinned openly as he said it.

"But because I yield Malatesta his lawful dues," broke in the Duchess, "it is not to be assumed that he may proceed to make what demands he chooses. I refuse the men-at-arms——"

"Without careful consideration, Excellency?" suggested the Chancellor.

"It needs none. I refuse, definitely. Tell my Lord Malatesta that my acquiescence in his extortionate demands for money in the past has sprung from my desire to avoid giving him the slightest excuse for a repetition of what we have had in the past from him. But armed men—never! I refuse them. One can be called to account for that by whomever he uses them against, and that I will not have. Let him keep his wars, his slaughterings, his burnings and starvations and all the rest of that devilish business to himself. I will not see Siona involved."

"You will vex him, madam."

"At least, we must be consulted," put in the Chancellor.

"No!" said the Duchess.

Bartoldi replied to them both: "My lord will not consult you. His plans, his alliances, and enmities are part of his own policies and because he relies upon your assistance, that carries no obligation on his part to take you into his confidences. Madam, I warn you, the matter is serious. He looks to you for cheerful and willing assistance."

"He will not get it." She rapped it out uncompromisingly.

"That is your answer, Excellency?"

"That is my answer. I stand by it. And let my Lord Malatesta know that if he presses me again he may drive me to take steps to preserve what little independence is still left me."

"Revolt, madam?" asked Bartoldi, openly contemptuous.

"I have not said so. Only, let my Lord Malatesta consider, since Siona has been almost an open purse to him, whether it is worth while to excite feelings here which will certainly do him no good."

"Nor you."

"Granted—but my hurt is no profit to him."

Bartoldi turned it over in his mind, not a very deep mind, perhaps. "Well, now, putting that on one side for the present, and touching this open purse—I thought I understood that you proposed to draw the string tight?"

"I can only tell you that the purse is empty."

"But a little pressure——"

"Sir," the Chancellor assured him, "on my word, we are come to the limits of what our people will endure."

"But surely a little pressure——"

"They talk of revolt, even under the present levy, rather than be stripped."

"Then—" Bartoldi rolled it out slowly. It was evident that he had been stuffed with what he was now discharging. "Then it appears that we shall have to come to Siona again and make our levy direct." He watched her face for the effect of his threat.

SHE drew a deep, quivering breath, a long, painful sigh. Her head drooped. In the forefront of her mind swept that terrible, unceasing memory, never more than just removed from her consciousness, even though eight years had elapsed since first it stamped itself on her brain. She saw again the horrors of the siege, the starving women with famished children clinging to them, starving because the men on the wall must eat. She saw again shattered men, dead men; heard the maniac shouting, the wild hullabaloo of deviltry let loose in the town when Malatesta's hired army broke in with free license to work its will.

"No, no," she said, "not that—not that again. If I can manage—if it can be contrived—tell Malatesta we will manage. The money shall be paid, somehow. He must let us have a little time. But he must not come here."

Her terror was evident. She was all bravery, but she sickened at the thought of what a fresh visit from Malatesta might mean to her people. As far as she could bring herself to plead, she pleaded then.

Bartoldi, brute as all men knew him, took no pleasure in her distress. He closed the incident as abruptly as he could manage, and moved at once to the second object of his visit.

"Excellency, I shall report, then, that you defer consent to my lord's demand for the men-at-arms till you have examined your resources in that respect."

She nodded. He was, she knew, taking instant advantage of her concession on the one point to weaken the opposition she had so firmly declared on the other. Mingled with her distress came a gust of anger at her helplessness. Yet, she must bear it. "I come now to a matter which I hope may be more to your Excellency's mind. I bring another message."

"From my lord?"

"From my Lord Guilielmo, my Lord Malatesta's son."

"Guilielmo!" She stammered the word. Her face was white. This was something altogether outside her range of speculation.

Bartoldi pulled at the points of his jerkin, slipped his hand into his breast, and brought out a small package wrapped in silk. This as he spoke he unwrapped.

"My Lord Guilielmo bids me bear you his greeting. He has long heard of your beauty, and now kisses your hands by me and sends you, in all love, this."

He had divested the parcel of its silk and now held it out to her. She stood rigid. Her face was white with passion. She held her hand out, not to take the present, but to repel it in open disgust. "Wait!"

Bartoldi stood stiff, the present still extended.

"Before I look at it, I take it to be a picture."

"So."

"Of my Lord Guilielmo himself?"

"So."

"Then if there be a true one I'll describe it before I see it. I saw him but once in my life, but my memory is clear. And if I had forgotten him, as I have prayed to forget all the circumstances of our meeting, tongues innumerable in Aquiloja would give him clearly to my mind. This picture then is that of a man weak but cruel, vengeful but cowardly, incompetent but boastful, plausible but dishonest, a false friend—" She raced on, at a white heat.

"Madam! Excellency! For God's sake!" The Chancellor made an imploring gesture. She was not to be stayed.

"A false friend, a mean enemy." She was shaking, her vehemence made her tremble. "And, above all else, the picture may stand for the image of lust that sets no bounds to its vile ambition, and reaches its ends by whatever path seems easiest, though it lead through a pigsty."

Bartoldi looked at the Chancellor. His glance said plainly, "Stop this."

"Madam, Beatrice, listen—" the old man tried to take her hand persuasively. She struck his hand away.

"That's if the portrait's true. And if it flatter him, still, I turn from it in loathing, for it claims to be Guilielmo."

Bartoldi had no answer for her. He looked undecidedly at the portrait. Suddenly she made a step toward him, her hand extended. "Give it me."

He held it out. "I render it to your Excellency, and beg for the sender a message more complaisant, and your portrait in exchange."

The picture was in her hands. She gave no glance at it, nor at its frame of gold, chased and wrought and set with jewels. She drew from its sheath at her girdle the knife she wore, and with two vicious slashes ripped the painting into ribbons.

"There's my answer!" She flung the wreck down. "Tell that to Guilielmo, Malatesta's son though he be!"

She could speak no more. Her fury had exhausted her. The Chancellor got his chance to speak. He looked imploringly at Bartoldi. If intercession could hold back the otherwise inevitable bursting of the storm the Duchess's message would infallibly bring about, it must be made to the man whose duty it was to convey her answer.

"Sir, her Excellency's but a girl. We're men of years. Signor Bartoldi, without discussion you and I can understand her Excellency's feelings and possibly her anger, too freely expressed perhaps. My Lord Guilielmo has—as you know—a certain reputation——"

"Faith, Chancellor, I obeyed orders when I brought the picture. As to the answer I'm to take back, give me one yourself." The condottiere's willingness to ease the situation was plain. Cruel and unscrupulous, as all men knew him to be, there was still in Bartoldi something that could be reached by the girl's outburst and the sight of her indignant loveliness. But she was implacable. She struck in at once.

"No answer but this. Take the picture up. Take it back to Guilielmo. Tell him minutely and faithfully what I said and did."

As she pleased. The captain of cutthroats stooped, picked up the tattered picture, saluted, turned and went out.

The Duchess stood, still breathing rapidly. Her color had faded again. Pitifully her chancellor spread his hands.

"And now—what, Excellency?"

She turned away, paced rapidly down the room, paused by the throne, stood there, her back to him, arms held stiffly at sides, hands clenched as if she would strike. The sense of outrage still animated her. She heard the Chancellor's voice at her elbow and turned to him.

"Excellency, here's our second lesson this morning." She looked inquiry. "Pandolph's treatment—a slight to you. This fellow's damned message—a slight again."

"An infamy!"

"Then regard the common wisdom. The city needs a man's governance. You must take a husband."

She was silent.

"We come to the end of our powers. Fresh strength must be sought. Where? In an alliance by marriage."

"I can not marry. I can not love."

"But marriage——"

"I know," she said scornfully. "A marriage of policy. Never! That drags a woman with her own consent through depths as repulsive as this thing Guilielmo offers. I can not marry, for I can not love."

"Perverse, perverse. Beatrice, my dear mistress, with such beauty, such charms of face, body, mind, you should be a very queen of love. And oh, with such wide choice as you have had, under the city's law——"

She was rallying. She almost laughed. "Love and I know each other by now. We are sworn enemies."

"Unsay that. Love takes strong revenges on those that slight him."

She was almost gay again. "I defy him. Yes," as the Chancellor shook his head warningly, "I defy him. Love, venture not here," she threw out her hands, "for here defeat awaits you. And I make the challenge the more freely," she swept round gaily on the Chancellor, "in that I feel a certain knowledge within me that, law or no law, I have seen the last of my suitors——"

She said it—and on that instant—

What was that? She and the Chancellor turned, both together.

There came a sound of rushing footsteps, feet falling fast on stone-flagged floor. A door opened, girls ran in, a swarm, a mob, eager-faced, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, bursting through the doorway, and as they ran, Francesca at the head of them, they called, "Madam, madam, a suitor!"

*The next instalment of "**The Duchess of Siona**" will appear in the July number.*

LOVER'S LACK

By Charles Wharton Stork

YOU'RE beautiful, you're exquisite,
  Most lovely, rare, supreme:
Such words across my dreams will flit
  Whene'er of you I dream.

Yet, when with words I would express
  Your beauty, I despair;
For God Who wrought your loveliness
  Wrought never word so fair.

The RULING LOVE

(*Continued from page 39*)

Her eyes were kinder now. "He's so lonely," she said. "You can't understand that. No one can, I suppose. It's awfully hard for him to like people, and trust them—so many have shown him that! You talk of the things I've missed! I've tried to make up to him for some of the things he's missed, and lost——"

He looked mutinous. But her eyes checked him as he was about to speak.

"Oh, I've rebelled, sometimes!" she went on. "I've had queer moods, Mr. Templeton— Last night— Oh, I hated myself for being so stupid! And I hated you—just because you could see how stupid I was! I thought of all sorts of things to say, and then I just couldn't say them. I—I never meant to ask you to dinner in that—that shameless way! I hadn't even thought of doing it, until my father came. But then I—why, I just did it! I didn't care a bit what either of you would think. It's the first time I ever let myself go, the first time I ever followed a wild impulse. I suppose it might have been any one——"

He took that exactly as it was said and meant. And he was wise enough to say nothing at all himself.

"And then, to-night, the way I sang that wanton song of *Carmen's!* I—I'm ashamed, Mr. Templeton——"

"And I'm glad!" he said, devoutly. "If you hadn't, why, it might have taken me weeks to find you out——"

He stopped short. He was rather appalled by the implication of his words. But she was neither frightened nor offended. She was considering him, her eyes grave, and now she nodded, in a curious, faintly emphatic way she had.

"It's strange, isn't it, Mr. Templeton?" she said.

"I—I think I'd better not try to talk very much just now," he said. "I'm not altogether responsible, Miss Orme. You—you're rather intoxicating——"

"I ought to pretend that I don't know what you mean, oughtn't I?" she said. "Or else to be rather offended, and very distant, at least?" She laughed. "And I do know what you mean, and I'm not in the least offended —I'm glad——!"

He caught his breath as he looked at her. And suddenly she shrank a little. "Oh, I do think you'd better go now!" she cried, breathlessly. "But, you're to come again, I want you to come again, soon——"

He walked home, in a driving, biting rain, all the miles to Washington Square and his rooms. It is to be doubted that he knew, even, that it was raining; it is certain that he cared nothing for the storm, nor for the way it soaked him. He wasn't walking on wet pavements; he was treading air far above them. He was engrossed with all sorts of thoughts, amazing, surprising thoughts, about Elizabeth Orme. He had believed her stupid! Stupid—and he knew now that she had the wisdom of Confucius and the wit of Sheridan. He had been critical of her looks—and she was, he fully understood, the loveliest creature he had ever seen or ever would. He remembered, appalled, things he had said about idiots who fell in love at first sight, or at second— Well, what it all came to was that he knew that he wanted to marry Elizabeth Orme, and would do it, if she had ten thousand fathers, instead of one, who wanted to keep her from him!

He didn't blame Orme so much. Indeed, he had many noble feelings about Orme. He wouldn't be selfish; things could be arranged. He could sympathize with the desire of a man who had such a daughter to keep her to himself.

So he thought as he marched along, thinking aloud, sometimes, so that policemen and others who had to be out in the storm regarded him with suspicion and disfavor. And, after a time, he got home, and sat down in front of his fire to think and dream, and began to sneeze, presently, and was aroused and swore, and ripped off his wet clothes, and took a hot bath, and rubbed himself down with alcohol, and then remembered, vaguely, that he'd seen a picture of a girl called Elizabeth Orme in some magazine, and upset the whole place looking for it. He found it, presently, and cut the picture out and tacked it up on the wall. And finally he went, more or less, to sleep.

IN THE morning he telephoned to Elizabeth, and told her she must hear a new contralto who was giving a recital that afternoon. And he went to call for her, and it was so lovely a day, the storm having blown itself out in the night, that they decided to walk down to Carnegie Hall. But they grew so absorbed in one another and their talk that they quite forgot to turn west at Fifty-seventh Street, and walked straight on down Fifth Avenue until they were startled by the shadow of the Washington Arch above them. They looked up, and then they looked at one another, and laughed, and went into the Brevoort, and talked more hours, over tea. And when he took her home, very late for dinner, she made him go in with her, because, she said, it was much too late for him to get his own dinner anywhere else, and besides, she would need help in making explanations to her father.

Later, she sang for him again. But this time John Orme stayed with them, in a far corner of the music-room, smoking a good deal, and saying nothing at all. Yet, though he was so silent, his presence did, gradually, lay a curious constraint upon them. Naturally, it was Elizabeth who was affected, chiefly. She would begin a sentence, and then glance at her father, and her voice would break, first, and then falter, and fade away. He remembered that evening for sentences half-spoken, thoughts queerly truncated.

But, though Steve was conscious of John Orme's odd influence, an influence almost sinister, he was far too deeply committed to his undertaking to abandon it now. He wooed Elizabeth impetuously, ardently; he threw all of himself into his quest of her. From that gay afternoon of talk and mutual obsession they were comrades; save when the shadow of John Orme's presence was upon them they were gay, light-hearted. And even when he was with them there were moments of an odd communion, when their eyes, meeting, shared a secret.

Orme must have known, from his first sight of them together, what the outcome was bound to be. Their whole world knew it, and regarded them both with a happy, smiling tolerance. Helen Dryden, especially, was delighted. Orme himself, for that matter, was, or seemed to be, acquiescent, tolerant—and more. He drew more and more away from them; he watched Elizabeth's unfolding. He interposed no bar to her acceptance of the invitations that were showered upon her now.

Then, on a day in spring, when Steve and Elizabeth had planned some excursion, she was not quite ready when he came for her, and he had to wait. He stood in an open window, looking out over the park, with its green spaces, and its clamor of new life springing up. She came stealing up behind him, smiling, mischievous; her hand on his shoulder roused him from his dreaming, thrilled him, unleashed the longing within him. He caught her hands and drew her to him. For a moment she shrank from him. And then, suddenly, there was yielding in every atom of her body, and she was in his arms.

They stood so for a long time. She stirred in his arms at last; he cried out, his voice stifled, at the sight of the tears in her eyes.

"Elizabeth—!" he said. "Oh, my dear, will you marry me?"

"Yes!" she said. "Steve, I want to! I want you, you don't know how I want you to take me, and keep me! Steve—I'm happy, and afraid——"

But never in his life had Steve been further from fear than in that moment.

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"I want so much!" she said, a little later. "Steve, I want too much, I think. I want love, oh, yes! But it's not that that makes me afraid! I've got to be so proud of you, Steve. You've got to make me so proud! My father—you see, I'm going to judge you by him. And—I suppose it isn't fair. But I've got to try to make you understand——"

THEY kept their secret to themselves, or thought they did, for a few days. And they made love, of course; desperate love. There were moments of sheer joy, untroubled by any recurrence of that strange, almost somber mood of hers. But there were interludes, too, in which, little by little, she showed him a phase of herself strangely illuminating, almost terrifying.

"I've dreamed about being married," she said. "Long before I knew you. Girls do, you know. And always dad's been all mixed up with my dreams and my ideas. You see, I suppose I can't make you see how I feel about him and the things he's done. It isn't a little bit that he's rich, that he's so tremendously successful. And yet it is, too. You see, he's had a career. He—and his work—oh, I *can't* find the words! But, I think of him, and America, all together. Do you see, Steve? I want you to be like that! Not just successful, just making money. But doing something big, something with a meaning."

He was rather rueful.

"You—you do want a lot," he said. "You know—your father——"

"Oh, I do know, of course," she said. And then she was swept, suddenly, by one of her rare moods of tenderness. She drew him down to her. "I love you!" she said. "That, oh, that's forever and ever, Steve! Nothing is ever going to change that! You could, oh, you could do anything! You could fail, utterly—and still I'd love you! But I've got to do more than love you, Steve! I've got to be proud of you, you've got to make me proud of you——"

"Steady!" he said. But he wasn't quite steady himself. He was awed, a little frightened. Here was an emotion, naked, primitive, stark in its revelation, that shook him.

Orme received the news of their engagement with a calmness that was almost disturbing. And he was not surprised.

"Yes," he said. "I have seen that this was coming. I have, tentatively, made some plans——"

Elizabeth stirred, uneasily, and looked at Steve. But his eyes were fixed, unflinchingly, upon her father.

"I won't say I'm sorry," said Orme. "Regrets are useless. As useless as opposition to the inevitable. Only—I must know that a thing I oppose, or might regret, is inevitable, before I accept it. However—I have been studying you, watching you, Mr. Templeton. I think it would surprise you to know how much I know about you and your work. What I know leads me to think that you will—do——"

Steve found himself eager to speak—with nothing to say.

"I have no son," Orme went on. "That has troubled me. I have considered the possibilty of Elizabeth's marriage. I have thought that her husband might take the place of my son. I have been thinking of you, lately, with that possibility in mind. I have decided that you should have a chance. I should like you to come into my office—as soon as you can, fairly, leave your present work. If you will take lunch with me to-morrow, we can discuss details."

"Dad!" said Elizabeth. Her eyes were shining.

"I—I don't think I know what to say, sir," said Steve.

"Let us wait, then," said Orme. He looked old, suddenly. "I am tired, to-night. Will you come to my office, at one, to-morrow?"

"Of course," said Steve.

He was troubled, when he was left alone with Elizabeth. He could not share her delight.

"Steve!" she said. "How wonderful! Oh, my dear, it's the chance you ought to have, the chance to do every wonderful thing I want you to do, to make all my dreams come true——"

"Yes—" he said. "But— Oh—to let him make me! To owe a chance like that to you—to your loving me——"

"Steve!" she said. "That's wrong. It is, dear, I know it is. You'll have to make good, surely you know dad well enough to know that. And Steve, you can do such wonderful things! I'm so sure of you! You can accomplish so much! It's just the chance, the opening, that he can give you!"

"But one wants to stand on one's own feet," he said.

He took his doubts to his luncheon with Orme next day. Orme disposed of them by sheer strength of purpose.

"You'll earn what I pay you, and more, or you'll fail entirely," he said. "I expect you to succeed—and in that case you'll relieve me of my greatest anxiety. I suppose the nightmare of every man in my position is about the same. We know what we're doing, Mr. Templeton, in spite of all that's said about us. And I know that I wake up in the night, sometimes in a cold sweat that comes from fear—fear at the thought of dying and having all I'm doing crumble into ruin because there's no one to carry on my work. A son—that's one of the reasons men want sons. But their sons fail them, sometimes. They trust them, believe in them, because they're their sons. They can't try them out—as I shall try you. No! I'm doing you no favor, Mr.

Templeton! I'm trying to help myself."

Once more Steve felt a certain awe. Orme could inspire it, as could Elizabeth. The opportunity was extraordinary, dazzling. It was such an opportunity as is offered to few men. He owed it to Elizabeth—there could be no getting away from that. And yet, he must make his own use of it; she could not help him further. There could be no real question as to his decision. He accepted Orme's offer.

STEVE was not unconscious of reservations in Orme's acceptance of him in the weeks that followed. He threw back, once or twice, to his first impression of the man; the impression Helen Dryden had given him. But he found it easy to dismiss such thoughts from his mind. He saw in Orme now a man who had been misunderstood, as Elizabeth had said: a man who, if he had ever actually sought to possess his daughter and keep her to himself, had surrendered to the invincible assault of youth and love.

It was some time before he was prepared to admit to himself that something was wrong. Very gradually, almost imperceptibly, indeed, he grew faintly uneasy. In the beginning he plunged, with a tremendous energy, an enormous degree of absorption, into his new work. He was upheld, at first, by the incessant mutability of his new work. Each day brought with it a sense of achievement. There was so much that he could talk over with Elizabeth. . . .

Probably he never really exorcised, although he thought that he had, the doubts that had assailed him at first when Orme had broached his suggestion. At any rate, they came back. They came back when he began to have a vague feeling that he was held by invisible chains; that his feet were caught in a morass he could not see—and that was equally beyond the perception of Orme and others. Orme was never impatient; he accepted, with only a faint lifting of his eyebrows, explanations Steve had to offer of minor failures, delays. Indeed, in those early days of a curious, faint, disillusionment Steve was his own harshest critic—and his only one.

Steve had never indulged in illusions. He drove straight through the complacence of Orme to the essential fact—which was that he was not making good in the measure he demanded of himself, and which, moreover, Orme had every right to demand of him. New doubts came to reenforce the ones that had troubled him at first. Then he had wondered whether he was justified in accepting Orme's offer because of its connection with his engagement to Elizabeth. Now he doubted his own ability to succeed—and that was a corroding doubt, and one he had never known before. It gave him sleepless nights. . . .

But in his mind there was something far subtler, against which he put up a desperate resistance. He could not quite banish a feeling that, in some way, he had been tricked; that there was something unfair about his failure, some intangible but definite opposition to his success. He was afraid of that suspicion; he saw in it a sign of weakness. His instinct cried out against the voicing, even to himself, of such a suspicion; he had an ingrained hatred, fierce and intolerant, for the workman who blames his tools, the man who fails and charges failure to chance, to fate, to a malign influence, to anything beyond his own control.

And yet his struggle was vain. Tiny proofs, none definite in itself, were piled, one upon the other. In a moment in which he came close to panic he had a flashing insight into what was happening. He thought he saw the true quality of Orme's surrender. Orme was giving him, deliberately, tasks hopeless of accomplishment. Orme was discounting his inevitable failure, turning that failure to account, weakening him with Elizabeth, bringing about a steady diminution of her lover's stature in her eyes. Furious, driven by his fear, he tried to challenge Orme.

"I wish you'd lay your cards on the table, sir!" he said. "Do you want me to fail? Have you some idea of turning Elizabeth from me?"

"I think I am not called upon to answer that question," said Orme, quietly. "I have never argued with Elizabeth; I have never opposed her intimacy with you, nor your engagement."

"But if she thinks I've failed, if I'm made to look like a failure!" said Steve. "She wouldn't want me, then——?"

"I think she sets a high value upon a man's capacity to succeed," Orme admitted. "Is there anything really important? I am a rather busy man, Templeton."

Steve was baffled. And he felt singularly helpless. He could begin, now, to see doubt in Elizabeth's eyes as she looked at him. It was manifest in her eager questions, in the sigh with which she accepted his terse explanation of the wreck of some plan in which she had been interested. She had an astonishing knowledge of her father's affairs. Often, now, he surprised her as she studied him, weighed him, appraised him. And, in subtle ways, she was withdrawing herself from him; the harmony of their intercourse, its flowing rhythm, were broken——

She turned, more and more, to her father. Steve, looking on, was wretched. He was afraid to appeal to her with his idea of the truth, knowing how impossible it would be to convince her. Indeed, there were times when his own conviction was threatened. The thing was grotesque, when he tried to

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examine it in the light of cold reason. Men didn't do the sort of thing he suspected Orme of doing. And yet—what of the flash of triumph that flared up, sometimes, in Orme's eyes?

If Steve was wretched, Elizabeth was as unhappy as he. Now there were long, silent intervals, when they were together, when neither had anything to say. Two or three times she cancelled an engagement with him to be with her father. Steve had a feeling that things could not go on so; that some crisis was impending.

THE Ormes were at their place up the Hudson; Steve was to be with them over Sunday. On Saturday afternoon, smarting under a new defeat, and one singularly hard to bear, he found them both waiting for him. Elizabeth was eager, vibrant; he had not seen her so for weeks. Orme was impassive. Elizabeth left him with her father after she had greeted him.

"You saw Carpenter?" Orme asked.

Steve nodded. "He refused to see our side of the case," he said.

"That is unfortunate," said Orme, after a moment. "I shall have to see Carpenter myself. I—I felt you would be able to handle Carpenter. Thursby could have done it, but, since some one else has tried, and failed, I shall have to take the time myself."

The quintessence of scorn was in his voice. Steve, stung to a breach of his rule never to make an excuse, broke out.

"But, look here, sir!" he cried. "In this case——"

"I'm sorry," said Orme, gently. "But it's not worth while to discuss this, Templeton. I have found that much time is wasted when one enters into discussions, when one considers anything but results. Your results, well, they're rather disappointing, aren't they? We both made a mistake. I thought you possessed certain qualities you do not. I pay for my mistakes, we all have to do that. I took you from work to which you were admirably suited. We will find such work for you. Your salary will stand——"

Steve was left, raging, staring after Orme as he went into the house. His face was scarlet. He hesitated a moment; then followed Orme through the French window into the great living-room. Elizabeth confronted him. He almost brushed her aside.

"Steve!" she said.

"Dear, I've got to see your father," he said. "We've got to have this out, this time——"

"Wait," she said. "We've got to have something out, too, Steve."

Her voice checked him. He turned to stare at her.

"Oh!" she said. "Steve, you know it won't do! We can't make it do, can we? I heard just enough. Steve, I've never been so wretched in my life. And it—it's as if I were hitting you when you're down—but, dear, half portions won't do for us! That's as true of you as it is of me! You, why you'd hate me if I married you, feeling the way I'd feel, the way I couldn't help feeling!"

"Look here—" he said, angrily.

"Oh, wait!" she said. "Steve, I told you! I warned you! I said I'd keep on loving you, and I have, I do! But the rest, the things that must go with love, it's not your fault! You're dear—if I were different—you see, you can succeed, the way most girls would measure success, it's not your fault that I'm different. I'm not blaming you, Steve—I'm—oh, I'm wretched—I've never been so unhappy in my life——"

"Elizabeth!" he said. He went to her, suddenly, and seized her hands. "You've got to listen! Your father wouldn't, but I'll make him! And you've got to understand. I've found out to-day something I've suspected for weeks. Do you know what Helen Dryden told me, the first night I met you? That your father kept you to himself, deliberately, that he wouldn't let you have friends, because he wanted you for himself—oh—all that sort of thing——"

"It isn't so!" she said, hotly.

"I thought at first it was—and then I thought it wasn't," he said. "And it was! What a fool I was, how easily he tricked me! I don't blame him, you know, that's the funniest thing about it. Even now I can't be really angry with him. But, my dear, it was so! He was ready to fight for you, to do anything to keep you. And——"

"But he didn't object when we were engaged—and he gave you the greatest chance. Steve, you'll make me not care for you at all——"

"Wait!" he said. "Elizabeth, stop and think! Would your father be such a fool as just to orbid you to marry me? Wouldn't he know that that was the surest way to make you do it? Do you suppose he didn't know you—understand you? Don't you see that he understood the things you told me—the way you had to feel about the man you loved?"

"But—" Her protest died away. For the first time there was doubt in her eyes.

"He knew!" Steve cried. "And so he set out to discredit me—to make me look like a failure in your eyes! Oh, don't look like that! I felt that way, too. I hate a man who blames any one but himself for his failures! I've been fighting that suspicion for weeks. But to-day I found out. Carpenter—you see, he must have forgotten to coach Carpenter. Because he saw him a week ago! I wasn't supposed to know that—no one was supposed to know it. He told Carpenter not to do anything until he heard from him again. That was why I failed! And, knowing that, I'm sure, now, about other things——"

"Steve!" she said. She was terribly shaken. "I can't believe it!"

But he knew she did; he knew that her conviction was as absolute as his own. And as he looked at her he was swept by a fierce anger against Orme, who had made her suffer so. A step behind him, on the veranda, made him turn. He sprang through the window.

"You've got to listen to me now!" he said. "I'm not excusing myself, I'm asking you why you planned my failure with Carpenter! You see, he gave you away! You didn't make him understand. He told me the reason he wouldn't agree to what we wanted was that you had told him to wait until he heard from you again——"

Elizabeth had followed Steve to the veranda.

"Dad!" she said. "Is it true?"

He couldn't meet her eyes. He nodded, sullenly.

Steve caught Elizabeth to him as she turned, gropingly, toward him.

"Look here!" he said. His voice was high, triumphant; the conquering note of youth, eternally triumphant over struggling age, was in it. "I—I've learnt something I ought to have known all along. Elizabeth—he was pretty nearly right, you know. I didn't deserve you when I was willing to take what your father was giving me—hrowing in with you! I was right when I wanted to keep on for myself. And now I'm going back, of course. I may make good—I may fail. Whichever I do, I'll do myself, by myself, for myself and you! We—we'll be making a new start, in a clean book——"

"You needn't worry, Elizabeth," said Orme. "Perhaps you'll want to wait and see—both of you. But he'll make good! I—he told the truth about me! But, by God—when I lose I pay!"

The Camera in Khaki

What it does, how it is used, and how photography has come to be the most vital thing in modern warfare. An entertaining and surprising article by Edward Hungerford—in the July number.

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

AN OLD Scotchman was acting as guide to an American tourist who was traveling through Scotland. Sandy found great difficulty in pleasing his employer, for no matter what point of interest he took him to see, it was nothing in comparison to what the American had already seen in the United States.

Finally Sandy took him to see Loch Kathrine that supplies the city of Glasgow with the finest drinking-water in the world.

"Ha'e a drink o' that, mon, ye ha'ena water like that in New York."

The American drank long, and when he had finished he turned to the old Scotchman and said, "Say, Sandy, that's the finest water I've ever tasted. If we had this lake in New York we would make a fortune out of it.

"Weel, sir," said Sandy, "ye can easy get it there."

"Impossible," said the American. "How in the world could I take a lake to New York?"

"Weel," said Sandy, "ye cud lay a two-inch pipe frae here to New York an' if ye can suck as well as ye can blow, ye'll ha'e it there in no time."

A STOUT Irishwoman, bearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded street-car in Chicago. The only sign of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth. Into this space, sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the stout lady squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth.

After a moment or so the Irishwoman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every evidence of relish. Whereupon the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust and drew the skirts of his overcoat closer to him.

"I suppose, me lad," good-naturedly said the woman, "that ye'd prayfer-r to have a gintleman sittin' next to ye?"

"I certainly would," snapped the youth.

"So would I," calmly responded the fat woman.

TWO San Francisco negroes were discussing the possibilities of being drafted.

" 'Tain't gwine do 'em any good to pick on me," said Lemuel sulkily. "Ah certainly ain't gwine do any fightin'. Ah ain't lost nothin' oveh in France. Ah ain't got any quarrel with a-n-ybody, and Uncle Sam kain't make me fight."

Jim pondered over this statement for a moment. "You' right," he said at length. "Uncle Sam kain't make you fight. But he can take you where de fightin' is, and after that *you kin use you' own judgment.*"

AN ATLANTA woman was standing on her back porch one beautiful spring morning. She did not appear to be happy or contented. She confided her restlessness to her old darky housekeeper: "I do wish I could go away! I certainly need a change!"

"Look heah, chile," said the old mammy. "Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Dis heah beautiful house? Dese heah lubbly chillun? Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Yo' gotta lug yo'se'f 'long whereber yo' go!"

IT WAS the youngster's first experience at Sunday-school and he sat eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in. Whereupon the superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragic and sorrowful tone, said: "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter."

"Try him sideways, mister!" called out the youngster.

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POETRY *of the* WAR

MEN OF THE BLOOD AND MIRE

By DANIEL M. HENDERSON

WE WHOM the draft rejected;
We who stay by the stuff;
We who measure our manhood
And find that it isn't enough;
We who are gray and burdened;
We whom the trades require—
Will you permit us to hail you,
Men of the Blood and Mire?

We of the thundering forum;
We of the pen and press;
We who are pouring our utmost
Into our land's success;
We of the Cross and Triangle,
Lofty in deed and desire—
God, how we shrivel before you,
Men of the Blood and Mire!

Aye, we are square with conscience—
We are reservists all;
Aye, when your ranks are gaping,
We will fight where you fall;
Yet, while we wait, your altar
Flames in the gas and fire—
We are the shade of your glory,
Men of the Blood and Mire!

STRANGE

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

STRANGE, in the clutch of Hate,
Strange, with a world at War,
That we should love so many
We never loved before!

Home-reft boys in the camps—
Not only your son and mine,
But all who are mates with Courage,
All who wear her Sign;

And the soldiers "Over There,"
From lands we have not known,
Fighting for us in the trenches—
They are one with our own.

Men who are moaning in pain,
Ill, and broken, and blind;
Little children who hunger,
Sorrowing womankind—
Ours is the need to succor
And ours are the wounds to bind.

And, oh, the call to the heart
Of the foreign, cross-marked field,
With each unnamed soldier resting
On Honor, as a shield!

Strange, in the clutch of Hate,
Strange, with a world at War,
That we are loving so many
We never loved before!

THEN

By JESSICA ROYER

IN TWILIGHT gray I'll meet you on the path,
When the contrite world, repentant of its wrath,
Returns to sacred plains of peace;
And nations, glad in their release,
Find nations' need grown kindred with our own
Deep longing to relight the fires of home.

And I shall place in yours my quiet hand,
And climb beside you, till at last we stand,
Deep breathing, waiting, hearts at rest,
Before the brown house on the crest.
And in dear, dusty rooms so empty grown,
Together we'll relight the fires of home.

"WHEN THERE IS PEACE"

By AUSTIN DOBSON

"WHEN there is Peace, our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be heaven? Will it be hell?
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for, this implore:
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,
When there is Peace.

—Reprinted by courtesy of the author and with the permission of the London "Spectator."

WITH THE SAME PRIDE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

ONE star for all she had,
And in her heart
One wound—yet is she glad
For all its smart
As they are glad who bear
The pangs of birth
That a new soul and fair
May come to earth,
Seeing she, too, was one
Who from Death's strife
Granted her first-born son
Proudly to Life.
Now with that very faith
Life justified,
She grants a son to Death
With the same pride.

FOR GRUB AND GUNS

By Harold Titus

A HUNDRED men in uniform, low over note-books on the wide arms of benches in a college class-room; one on the platform before them, an eye on his watch, the other on his notes, dictating as rapidly as they can follow.

He talks in what, to you, would be jargon: of incoming papers which may be requisitions from units, of requisitions for individual equipment, of armament records, the return branch. He gages the company before him, increasing the speed of his delivery until a head is lifted in protest or query; then repeats, slackens and proceeds, accelerating again. Time is precious.

On the campus a clock strikes, and from the corridors comes the shuffle of feet as a regiment of undergraduates, their hour's task completed, shift from room to room, from subject to subject. Not so with these. The one on the platform has announced a new division of his matter: Supplies division.

"One: Storehouse branch," he continues. "A, issuing house; B, receiving room——"

And so on, for another hour.

Nothing picturesque, no action, no suggestion of war. Why the olive drab? What have these men to do with the clash of arms?

Just this: They are being prepared for a service without which the National Army would be helpless; for that branch whose function it is to furnish the field forces with the means to meet and destroy the enemy.

Supplies! The major problem of modern warfare. Without supplies the best-drilled army in the world would fall of its own weight; and to deliver them at the proper place and time requires men who have been trained for their jobs just as intensively as soldiers of the line are coached in theirs.

Without fanfare, with next to no publicity at all, a chain of colleges and universities that stretches between the two oceans has been enlisted where men are taught to render service in the Ordnance Department and Quartermaster Corps. At intervals of six weeks these schools are sending out a total of from four to five hundred men who have undergone a high-pressure course of study that has given them a foundation upon which can be based that practical training at arsenal, depot, or cantonment, which will make them indispensable in this problem of grub and guns.

Many of these men will never see France. They may be detailed to quartermaster depots in this country, supervising the handling of food, clothing, horse equipment, and the thousand-odd items that this corps procures and distributes. They may serve in cantonment or mobilization camp on this side as highly specialized clerks or as storekeepers who receive supplies from depot and arsenal.

The majority will go over there, ordnance men and quartermasters, to serve in offices and warehouses as parts of that intricate clerical machinery which keeps the fighting forces equipped. Others will be in the transportation service, riding mules with wagon companies, motorcycles with motor trains, living on military railways. Each will be specifically charged with some job designed to insure movement of material only on authorization, delivery to the proper person, the securing of required receipts that records may be kept, and safe, quick transportation, in proper amounts. Some will work with the finance division, arranging pay-rolls, buying, accounting. Some will be concerned with mail and records at bases. A few may find themselves in the remount section, furnishing mules and horses to all branches of the Army.

Whatever the soldiers of the line may use, be it socks or canned goods or gas masks, or shells for big guns, these men will have a hand in getting it to them. They won't be conspicuous in the news stories, they won't be decorated for bravery, but without their bit battles could not be fought.

In the spring of 1917 colleges began searching for the places they might best fill in the emergency which confronted the country. Much was being done in medicine, in chemistry, in engineering branches to prepare men for military service. In some instances, where Harvard is a striking example, the institution threw itself directly into the work of training men to fight.

Late in April, J. A. Bursley, professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Michigan, announced a special course in storage methods, aimed particularly at training men in army-stores practise. Professor Bursley is a Plattsburg man; he knew enough of military affairs to appreciate the significance of an army's supply division. For years he has been bringing the problem of the manufacturer into his class-rooms, and this was his opportunity to bring in another problem: that of an unready nation forced to maintain an army in the field.

A group of undergraduates elected the work, devoting several hours each week to its study. About that time the Storage Committee of the Council of National Defense called on Professor Bursley to aid them, interested other educational institutions, and arranged a meeting of college heads with representatives of the Chief of Ordnance and Quartermaster-General. College after college responded: Dartmouth; Harvard; the University of Pennsylvania; Penn State; Chicago University; the state universities of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. The Ann Arbor plan was used as a foundation, augmented at the suggestion of the Army bureau chiefs; the courses were made full-time work and, under the supervision of men detailed by the Chief of Ordnance and Quartermaster-General, classes were run through in the briefest time possible. Northwestern University, the University of Pittsburg, the University of California, and Oregon Agricultural College fell into line later.

The groups which elect these classes comprise all manner of men. Attorneys, manufacturers, bankers, production engineers, farmers, journalists, teachers, salesmen have enrolled. They learn army organization thoroughly; they master the theory of army paper-work, which means the devices by which the flow of materials is controlled; they are instructed in methods of storing goods, with particular attention to the rigid requirements for ordnance supplies. Manufacturing concerns have cooperated by opening their factories and warehouses to the men. The best that American industry has developed in handling goods has been made accessible.

IN NOVEMBER the Quartermaster-General's office made plans for the opening of its own training-camp at Jacksonville, Florida, and called a stop to further instruction elsewhere. This made it possible to double the number being schooled for the Ordnance Department.

Just recall that the ordnance materials alone for the United States Army will require a base depot in France which will necessitate an expenditure of twenty millions. Consider the tonnage that will pass through such a station, then of the number of men who will be needed to handle it properly to avoid waste, delay, confusion. Without them the Army would be immobile, unfed, unsupplied. By schooling these men the American university has rendered the Army a service of incalculable value.

The WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 64*)

Eventually, and in fragments, the story got itself told—the story you already know And after it was told they talked about it for a while.

"People don't take things the way they're supposed to, do they?" Jean said thoughtfully. "Hugh and I didn't; and now you don't. I've done something that's supposed to be terribly wicked and dangerous, and you aren't angry or shocked at all."

Then, "Mother, that isn't because you don't believe it? You don't think because I could go on so long without understanding, that it's just a little-girl thing and that I don't really understand, even now? I wasn't jealous, you see. That was what I went by. I liked Helena, because I thought he was fond of her; because I thought she made him happy. I thought she was what he wanted. But when I found he wanted me . . .

"Mother, if it's wrong to love him, then there's nothing I could do that would make me any wickeder in my heart than I am now. I'm ready to do anything he wants me to do. Anything—that will make him happy. What becomes of me doesn't matter. It's like what the preachers used to say: 'Rejoicing to be damned for the glory of God.' That's what I mean. You must believe it, mother."

Her mother quieted the girl's vehemence just with the pressure of her hand. Before she spoke, she smiled. "You come by it honestly, Jean dearest. Had you forgotten—or didn't you ever know—that you wouldn't have to explain that—to me? Why, lamb, I was just your age—almost to the week—when I defied my mother—told her I didn't care whether she disowned me or not; whether I ever saw her again or not, or any of her family or friends—and ran off with Roger. We did it on what he had left of a month's salary, around eighty dollars it was, and the first thing we bought out of it was a complete outfit of clothes for me so that I could send everything I'd worn away from home back to mother in an express package. Neither of us was married to any one else, of course, but I'm not sure that that would have mattered much, granted that we'd had a chance to fall in love honestly and in good faith, first. I'd never had a father long enough to count. I'd been badly spoiled—indulged—brought up soft. But I'd have followed Roger barefoot and in rags, and gloried in it."

"I've known all that, of course, always," Jean said in a voice of wonder. "Only I never tried to think what it meant. I couldn't have understood it, I suppose, till now." She put her head down again on her mother's shoulder and clutched her in a tight embrace. "Then all you have to do is remember, and you'll understand, too. Remember hard, mother!"

Ethel winced at that, but she resisted the girl's attempt to sit up and inquire into the cause. "No, lie still. It's all right. Only—'remember,' Jean? How old do you suppose *you'll* be at forty-two? Beyond love and the hunger for it? It looks different to you now, but looking back, from then, it won't."

It was getting close to the dinner hour and old Mrs. Crawford made a point of punctuality, but they stole as many minutes as they dared just to sit there close—closer than ever they had been before—in the dusky silence. At the end of it Ethel gave Jean the one word of counsel she had to offer:

"Remember that when two people love each other completely, it isn't possible for either one to make a sacrifice for the other. You're willing to do anything to make him happy; willing to be ostracized, disgraced, damned—for him. I know. But his happiness can't be had at that price. No more than yours could be, by letting his life be spoiled and broken. Any sacrifices you make will be the sacrifice of both of you. No one told that to Roger and me. It was life that pointed it out to us as we went along."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Hugh and Greg Understand Each Other

EILEEN had no idea how important the matter was that Gregory delegated to her upon his unforseen departure for New York, Sunday morning. He had asked her to take a certain paper to Hugh, secure his signature to it, and mail it, registered and by special delivery, to an address that he gave her in New York. The fact that Gregory wanted it done, and that it was a matter of business, gave it, so far as she was concerned, a paramount importance. It never occurred to her to leave off trying when her first attempt to find Hugh, on Sunday, was baffled, nor did she think of telegraphing to Greg, and asking for further instructions. She simply kept on trying to get that signature, day after day, at the house and at the laboratory. And though it is true, as I have said, that she was horrified at the discovery of Helena's misconduct, which her quest entailed, the thing that was still in the foreground of her mind, as she sat at home late Friday afternoon, awaiting her husband's return, was the fact that she had failed to get that signature. She was, absurdly, more indignant with Hugh for being inaccessible when there was something Gregory wanted of him, than over his failure to look after his wife.

Was Gregory coming home just because she had failed? Had the trip to New York been in vain? For the want of that signature was a fortune to be lost, as a battle was once, in the school reader, for the want of a horseshoe nail?

He was very glad to see her. That was plain enough. There was no lack of ardor about his embrace. Perhaps he didn't know that the paper hadn't been sent—supposed all the while that it was safe at its destination! She hadn't thought of that.

But no. He was worried about something, she could see; was preoccupied, anyhow; had something on his mind. She braced herself and made her confession. "I didn't get that paper signed, Gregory. I couldn't find Hugh."

All he said at first was, and without full attention, "Oh, that doesn't matter." Then, waking up a little, "You couldn't *find* Hugh! What do you mean? Where is he?"

"I don't know," she said. "Nobody seems to know."

"Oh, he must be somewhere. Did you try the laboratory?"

"I should think I did. I've been out there every day. It's locked. It's always locked."

"How about the phone? Don't they answer?"

"Sometimes, now. When they do, they just say he isn't there."

"Did you tell them who you were?" he asked.

The thing that was wearing through Eileen's nerves was the fact that he seemed to be taking her failure so little seriously. She assured him, subduing her excitement as well as she could, that she had told them who she was and had made it clear to them that her errand was of first importance.

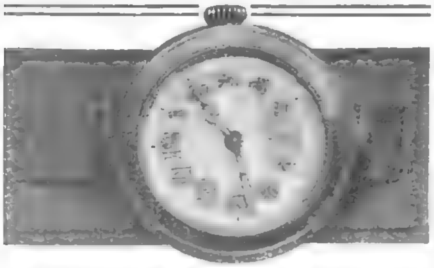
"Oh, well, don't you worry," he said soothingly. "It's not a matter of much importance, anyway. But I imagine they'll tell me where he is. I've really *got* to see him. To-night, if possible."

He said it soothingly, but that was not the effect it produced. Her eyes filled up with tears, as she said raggedly:

"It wasn't important! And I've been having this perfectly horrible, detestable time with Helena." She broke off there, a shudder and a sob all mixed together.

Greg took her in his arms, called her pet names, tried to comfort her, apologized for having given her an exaggerated idea of the importance of the business, all without success. And it gradually came over him that there was something in the situation that he didn't know about.

"What about Helena?" he asked. "You don't mean she's been rude to you?"



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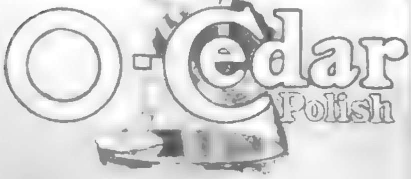

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" 'Rude!' " said Eileen with another shudder. "Oh, Greg, it's horrible! It's unbelievable! Would be, if I hadn't seen it!"

"Tell me about it," he said quietly, and just his manner of giving the command steadied her so that she could.

"I went there Sunday afternoon, after I couldn't get into the laboratory. I asked the maid for Hugh and she said he wasn't at home. And then I asked for Helena. She said she'd find her, and was gone quite a long time. She asked me to sit down in the drawing-room, but I didn't, because I only meant to stay a minute.

"Greg, you know that mirror up on the landing of the stairs in their house, built in the wall on the bias? Well, I heard her coming at last, and looked up. I looked up when I heard her step. There was a man with her. And before I could look away, he'd kissed her. It was very quick and furtive and—nasty. He took her by the neck with one hand, and when he'd done it, he tiptoed away. I heard him. And she came down-stairs, looking—oh, wicked! There was a smell of cigar-smoke in her clothes and in her hair. It almost made me sick. She said she didn't know anything about Hugh, except that he wasn't at home. She supposed he was at the laboratory. I'd better try there if I wanted him.

"And she asked me if I wouldn't come in and sit down. She didn't say anything about the man being there. But, of course, I didn't. I wanted to get out into the air again.

"Greg, he's been there ever since. At least I think he has. I've been back at the house twice. I thought I *had* to go if there was any chance of finding Hugh. Once I saw him, and once only I smelled his cigar again. He'd just gone stealing out of the room before I came in. And Hugh hasn't been home at all! At least Helena says he hasn't. That was Sunday, and this is Friday."

She heard Greg say: "By God!" and read some unguessed intention in his dark face.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

His manner instantly became cool again. "I'm going out for a little while," he said. "Don't you worry about it, dearest. Forget it, if you can. Don't think of it again."

She asked him, timidly, if he wouldn't surely be back for dinner.

"I don't know," he said. "Don't wait for me."

She had to stop to dry her eyes and powder her nose before she could follow him down-stairs (she didn't want any casual servant she might meet to see that she'd been crying in the hour of her husband's return), and he was just going out the door in his big ulster and with his big thick walking-stick hooked over his arm, when she caught her last glimpse of him.

A quarter of an hour later he rang his brother's doorbell and was promptly admitted by one of the maids. It happened he knew her. She'd worked for his mother once. So the first exchange of words between them was his "Good evening, Martha," and her "Good evening, Mr. Corbett." And then, "Mrs. Corbett at home?" he asked.

The maid said she thought Mrs. Corbett would be coming down for dinner in a few minutes, and volunteered to find her.

"No hurry," said Greg. She hesitated, and with a gesture offered to help him out of his coat. But he said, "No, I'm not going to stay," and strode across just as he was, into the drawing-room.

It all happened very quickly—quicker than it can be told, almost. Certainly before the man, who had been lounging very much at ease in a big leather easy chair before the fire, could get himself together to meet the emergency; almost before he could get to his feet, for he had sat quite still for a paralyzed moment after he had heard the maid say "Mr. Corbett," trying to decide what line to take. And anyhow, the apparition of Gregory—six feet and nearly three inches tall—huge and formidable enough even without that great ulster, and the heavy walking-stick that was in his hand, was enough to account for a blink and a gasp. He hadn't vizualized any such man as that, nor reckoned upon him. He had to swallow before he spoke. Then:

"Mr. Corbett?" he said. "My name's Gilrain. I'm an old friend of your wife's—go back to the San Francisco days. You've heard her speak of me, I guess. She says she—told you I was going to be here for a while."

"I'm not Mrs. Corbett's husband," Gregory said. "I'm her husband's brother."

There was an electrical intensity in the silence that followed this statement. Gregory, standing still and looking steadily at the other man, was thoughtfully weighing, among other alternatives, the wisdom of dragging Helena's guest out to the front door and kicking him down the rather long flight of stone steps. And the guest, as was apparent from the way he clenched his hands and moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue, had a clairvoyant perception that this project was being considered. There wasn't the smallest question in his mind, any more than there was in Gregory's, that Gregory could do it if he chose.

But, in the silence came the sound of Helena's step on the stair, and Gregory, with no preliminary notions at all, strode into the hall to meet her. Gilrain, hesitating whether to follow or not, dropped back rather limp, into the big chair again.

Gregory said, with only a nod of greeting, "I understand Hugh isn't home. Can you tell me where to find him?"

Even to Helena, his sudden emergence through the drawing-room door, was formidable. Was Gilrain in there? Had Gregory seen him? She didn't know. It wasn't as easy to treat him with insolently smiling defiance as it had been to treat that slip of a wife of his.

"Why," she said, "I don't know whether he's coming to dinner or not. He hasn't been home much lately. He's likely to be at the laboratory, I suppose." Then she came the rest of the way down-stairs and, in the interval, got herself a little better in hand.

"We're just sitting down to dinner," she said. "He may come. Won't you stay?"

"I think not," he said. "But, if I may, I'll telephone."

The instrument was at the end of the hall and he went back to it quickly, hardly waiting for his sister-in-law's curt, "Of course!" But even as Helena said the words her eyes left him and sought the drawing-room doorway, looking for Gilrain, or signaling to him, he couldn't make out which.

He called the laboratory number from memory and got immediate connection. It was Hugh himself who answered.

Gregory said, after telling who he was, "I want to talk with you to-night. At once. It's a matter of great importance."

"I've just this minute been calling your house," said Hugh, "to tell you the same thing. But Eileen said she thought you were already on your way out here."

"I came to your house, instead. I'm there now." Gregory paused there; then, with a significant edge to his voice, went on, "I'll come out to the laboratory, or I'll wait here for you, just as you please."

"Oh, come out here," said Hugh. "If you haven't your car with you you can find a taxi around the corner."

HELENA was still at the foot of the stairs when Gregory came back from the telephone, and Gilrain nowhere in sight; lurking around the corner in the drawing-room he must be. Some sort of communication had passed, no doubt, between them, while he was at the telephone. The woman had got herself thoroughly in hand again; color was in her cheeks and an insolent spark in her eyes. She looked wicked, just as Eileen had said.

"Is he coming home? Or are you going to the laboratory?" she asked.

"I'm going to him. Good night."

She said "good night" in reply, but did not move toward the door with him. She had not moved when he closed it.

The laboratory door was locked, but a man was waiting down in the machine-shop to let Gregory in, and conduct him to the foot of the stairs. Hugh sang out from the head of them, "Come up."

It was symptomatic of something unusual in the atmosphere between them, that the two brothers gripped hands. Demonstrations of that sort weren't their rule.

Hugh's first words were, "I hope you haven't had dinner. Because I haven't. I don't believe I've eaten a meal this week. But I've ordered a real one to-night for the two of us. There's a little saloon around the corner where they have a man that really understands steaks."

"No, I haven't dined," said Greg. "I'll be glad of a steak." Then he added: "You're looking first-rate."

There was not, it may be noted, the faintest doubt in Gregory's mind that Hugh knew the essentials, at least, of what had been going on in his house during the past week. That conviction took possession of his mind the moment Hugh said over the telephone that he wanted to see him that night about a matter of importance. His remark now, about Hugh's looks, meant a great deal more than it said. There was a clear brightness in the younger brother's eyes, a ring of confident authority in his voice, that made it plain to Gregory that he had risen to the situation—had his plans—knew just what he was about.

"You wouldn't have said that half an hour ago," said Hugh. "I've just had my first news since Saturday morning." Then he called down the stairs, "Come up and set the table, Fred. We'll be ready for dinner as soon as it comes along." And at the man's "All right," Hugh led the way into the library. Fred came along too, and with an expedition evidently the result of practise, set the table, producing his materials from a sort of kitchenette that opened off the library.

There was something curiously attractive about that library. There was not an article in it that made any esthetic pretensions, but the total of it produced an effect of homeliness and comfort. Eileen, in her mystical way, might have said that this was because a man was happy here—secure—content. Hugh himself produced an effect at variance with Gregory's habitual thoughts about him; an air of "knowing what was what." One who saw him here wouldn't think of sighing over him as "poor old Hugh." And he "did himself," as the English would say, "rather well" out here, too. This man—Fred—whatever his other functions might be—was doing the work of a man-servant very effectively.

His presence in the room made it, of course, impossible to talk, so Greg's eyes lazily followed him, with the sense, just faintly stirring, of recognition.

When they heard a knock on the street door down-stairs—with dinner, doubtless—and he went to answer it, Hugh asked: "Do you remember him?"

"I've been half thinking I ought to," said Gregory.

"He's Jean's burglar," Hugh reminded him. "He came out and asked for a job two or three months ago; had another one, but thought he'd like to work for me. I hadn't heard anything of him in years, but I was very glad to get him, of course. He's an absolutely first-class tool-maker and machinist, and he can make a shot at anything. He's the only one of us that keeps regular hours—seven to seven."

"You're not afraid of him, then?"

"I don't know anybody," said Hugh, "whose loyalty I'd rate any higher."

IT *was* the dinner that had knocked, and the two brothers now settled down to do justice to it—a big thick steak apiece, a platter of fried potatoes, a pie and a pot of coffee. They could eat, those big Corbetts, and it was their habit to treat food seriously. Fred was dismissed as soon as they were fairly settled, sure that they had everything they wanted within reach, but except for an occasional word of friendly, idle reminiscence, there was no attempt to talk until they had finished. Then Gregory lighted a cigar and Hugh loaded his pipe.

"You've something you want to talk over with me, as well as I with you," Hugh said after a little silence. "Tell me your story first."

Gregory was, for a moment, profoundly disconcerted. It was true he had wanted to talk with Hugh. He had come from New York intent upon that interview as the first step in a course he was determined, if possible, to follow. But it was also true that he had forgotten his intention so completely, since his talk with Eileen, that he could hardly, now, bring it back to his mind at all. Certainly, though, a discussion of Hugh's wife and of Hugh's honor should be begun by Hugh himself and upon his own terms.

So Gregory began, rather vaguely; but presently he got into his stride. The thing really was near his heart. Nearer than any abstraction except Corbett & Co. had ever come to it.

"I've been talking to some men in New York," he said, "who know the real truth about what's going on over there—in France, I mean—as well as anybody does, and it looks pretty black to them. The French military authorities didn't mean to defend Verdun. They thought it was hopeless. It was the politicians who saw they didn't dare let it go; that the whole French morale would cave in if they did. So it's a desperate thing. They're probably going to lose it anyway.

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an offensive in their sector that will take the pressure off the French. They won't be ready till next summer, and it looks as if that would be too late. If the French collapse we'll have to go in, whether we've got a pacifist in the White House or not. The Germans are simply playing with us in this submarine business. They're stalling to hold us off until they've finished up the French. Then they'll tear up their promises about respecting neutral shipping, and start sinking everything, regardless. If we stand for that, and wait till they've starved out England, then they'll take us on by ourselves. The Kaiser has said that, in so many words, to Gerard. Said he wouldn't stand any nonsense from us after he got his hands free.

"And where will we be then? Hog-fat with money, and without any defense at all. But it won't come to that! We're going to be in the war ourselves—up to the neck—before the year's out. Well, that's preliminary. I may be wrong about it. My dope may be wrong. But it's what I believe.

"Now, here's where we come down to brass tacks. There's an idea for a new kind of a tractor for military purposes. As a fighting thing, I mean; armor on it, guns in it. They'll want an immense lot of them. There's no question of a contract. The thing hasn't gone through yet. But if it does, they'll want 'em. My God, they'll want 'em! And they'll want 'em quick.

"Well, my proposition is that we get ready. Take an absolutely blind chance. It'll mean a hell of a lot of money invested; new land, new buildings, new equipment, and that money'll have to come out of our own jeans. And—this is what I want you to understand—not a ghost of a guarantee that we'll ever get it back. Just a blind chance, as I've said. As a business proposition, it's indefensible. If it weren't that we three, you and father and I, own every share of Corbett & Co., I couldn't consider it.

"I remember your having said once that you thought grandfather's trust involved something more than his money. That sounded wild to me then, I admit. I didn't see it at all. Well, I've changed since then. This war has begun to—get me. Especially, I suppose, now that the kid's over there. The old game of making our annual statement every year show better than it showed the year before doesn't seem quite the only game to play. There's a better one, and I want to get into it. But I've got to know, first, how it strikes you."

Hugh had not interrupted once. Gregory had been talking with averted gaze, a little self-conscious and ashamed over the betrayal of emotion he knew his voice was making. But now, looking up, he needed no words for his answer. Hugh's face was alight. A brightness of tears was in his eyes. He thrust a big hand across the table, for his brother's. "You didn't really doubt how it would strike me, did you?"

"Oh, I didn't suppose you'd care a damn about the money," Gregory admitted. "But I wasn't quite sure how you'd feel about the war. I thought perhaps, you didn't believe in war."

"I've been pretty slow coming to see it—what it was going to mean to us," Hugh said. "Up to four or five months ago—well, it horrified me and made me blue—but it was something I kept trying to ignore. But then—I was waked up. And lately I've been thinking that when I could get free, over here, the best thing I could do would be to follow Carter. I think that's one way of waking us up; getting us ready. I'm not quite clear about it. That's one of the things I thought we'd—get to, perhaps, to-night.

"I've felt I had a job here, you see. But that's finished now; I think it is. I think that this last week has finished it."

He hesitated there, a little awkwardly. It wasn't as easy to tell about Corbettite to Gregory as it had been to tell it to Jean. The strong-box that had his samples in it stood upon his desk. He got up and fetched it—it was heavier now than it had been—and laid it on the table in front of Gregory.

"Open it," he said.

Gregory lifted the hinged cover. "What!" he began. But literally, he could not command another word. Could only stare, blankly, across at his brother.

He hadn't had the faintest doubt that the subject Hugh was leading up to was his disastrous marriage. Everything Hugh had said, refracted, as it was, by that fixed idea of his, bore that interpretation. Even when he left the table and fetched the strong-box, there was in Gregory's mind the wild notion that it would be found to contain letters, from or to Helena; incriminating evidence of some sort. It wasn't a notion he had time to develop or examine before he lifted the cover and saw the bits of dull metal which the box contained. The effect on his mind was that of a collision. For a moment it simply stopped.

Hugh had not sat down again; had gone back to the desk and was busy reloading his pipe. "It's a phase of lead, that stuff in there," he said, "with a completely different set of characteristics. It's as plastic as lead, but immensely harder. It's the ideal bearing-metal, I think. The tests I've made indicate that. I've been working at it for two years—on the track of it. Six months ago I was getting it half the times I tried. Now I can get it every time. I know how it's done. It's only in this past week I've really made sure of it. But I am sure now."

Something automatic in Gregory's mind turned up the observation, "I suppose if you could make it in quantities, and cheap . . . How much does it cost a pound to produce it?"

"I haven't an idea," said Hugh, taken aback by this, to him, novel aspect of his discovery. "I suppose that what I've got in that box has cost me as much as so much gold would have."

Gregory's mind was coming to life. "And that's what you've been doing this last week, shut up in here so that no one could get a word through to you! Playing with that stuff! Man, don't you know what's been happening in your own house! Don't you know that your wife's got a lover! That he's been living there with her all the week!"

Hugh's pipe dropped to the floor. Slowly his face went white. He sat back limply against the edge of the desk.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked. "Are you sure that's true?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Gregory said more gently. "As sure as it's ever possible to be in a case like that. I'm sorry I spoke like that. I thought you knew. I thought that was what you wanted to talk to me about. I've just come from there, you see. From your house. I've seen him. He thought I was you. Thought I was the husband he'd dishonored. And he stood there looking at me like a rat in a corner, thinking I meant to kill him, I suppose. I'd have done it gladly enough, only . . ."

Hugh picked up his pipe, and, with shaking hands, lighted it. Then slowly went round to the swivel-chair that stood before his desk, and sat down. After a minute he struck another match and held it to the bowl of his pipe, but did not draw upon it. And he did not say a word.

Silence was not endurable and Gregory began to talk. He told, in somewhat fuller details than I have reported, the story that Eileen had told him, his manner as dry and matter-of-fact as he could make it. All Hugh needed, he felt, was time and the reaction of anger would come. A glow of determination in place of this white, passive bewilderment.

But the glow did not come.

"The man told me he was an old friend of hers," Gregory observed presently. "He pretended to think that she had told me all about him Told you, that is. He thought I was you. He said his name was Gilrain." Then, "Have you ever heard of him?"

"Not his name," said Hugh. "But it's quite true that she did telephone to me, last Saturday, that she expected some one for a visit. She asked if I was coming home for dinner.

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was just getting this new set of experiments laid out, and I forgot all about it."

"By God!" said Gregory under his breath. Then:

"Look here, Hugh! You've got to do something about this. If I can help, tell me what you want me to do. That's what I came out here for."

"I know," said Hugh laboriously, "and I'm much obliged. But you can't—help. I've got to think the thing out."

"Let me help with that."

"I can't. There's more to it than you know, or than I could explain. I'm getting my bearings now. It's coming clear what I have to do. I'll be all right. You go along home. I'll get on better by myself."

Gregory came over and sat on the end of the desk close beside him.

"Hugh," he said, "you aren't playing with the idea of letting her get away with it, are you? The rotten idea that she's entitled to that if she wants it? That's well enough for these free-love swine that we read about. This is your wife—Mrs. Hugh Corbett! That's the name she's dragging in the dirt."

He paused there, waiting. Then in a sudden blaze of passion:

"Damn you, Hugh! You had a right to pick her out of the gutter. But you've no right, now you've married her, to let her go back there."

Another silence. Then:

"All right. I'll go."

"You're all wrong," said Hugh, "but you've a way of coming out right, at the end. Wait a minute and I'll go along with you, if you're walking."

"Where?" Gregory asked.

"Home!" said Hugh.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Helena Risks Too Far

THE table-linen under Gilrain's hands had the cool sheen of satin. The glass whose stem his thick fingers handled gingerly in fear of breaking was full of the best champagne he had ever tasted. Wonderful food was before him.

Helena, across the table there, was incomparably the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and more beautiful than she had looked to him before. He had never seen her dressed like this before. Tonight she had come down as if for a ball or a great dinner. Her sleeveless gown, cut very low, was of a curious shade of blue, dark yet bright, vivid yet variable. Even his untaught eyes discerned a harmony in which it took a part with the jade earrings she wore, and the jade pendant that hung in the cleft of her bosom, and her hair, and the dusky olive color of her skin, which darkened into mysterious shadows in the candle light.

She was his, that woman. His mistress. Utterly his, and had been ever since that first night when she had brought him home with her. One of the easiest of his conquests. The incredible augury that had been in her smile after she had broken away from his hands and struck him, that night in the little room over the drug store—a week ago tonight, that was—had come to pass. It seemed that she had meant from the very first that it should. Her attitude now, as she lounged over the table, her bare arms stretched toward him, her clasped hands within easy reach of his, her shoulders contracted so that the silken line of her gown sagged even more than it was meant to do, was an insolent proclamation of their intimacy.

He had dreamed stories like that; but this thing had happened! To him! And yet the only real comfort he had, in this moment, the only wholly pleasurable sensation, was the pressure against his thigh of that little revolver of his.

They had sat down to dinner as soon as Gregory Corbett left the house. She had given him no chance even to suggest anything else; a mere direction to one of her servants had compelled him to follow her out without an audible protest. All through dinner, too, the servants had constantly been about; hardly out of the room, so that he'd had no chance to talk with her. It hadn't happened like that before. It hadn't *happened* tonight. She had managed it—without appearing to. By some mysterious social resource that he didn't understand. His hurry had affected nothing. She had gone through the dinner with all the lazy deliberation of complete security. And that enormous brother-in-law of hers had gone off, the better part of an hour ago, now, to tell her husband what he so plainly suspected! What was her game? What the hell was her game?

Now, though, with the dessert and the coffee, the servants were finally dismissed. Now they could talk.

"You didn't make much of a dinner," she observed. "And your last night, too; when I had tried so hard to make it nice. I'm afraid Gregory spoiled your appetite." There was mockery but no real malice in her tone. A sort of lazy amusement, if such an emotion were credible in the circumstances.

"I've never seen the man yet that I was afraid of. I wasn't afraid of him. But *you* were—that was plain enough—when you saw him there."

"It took my breath, for a minute," she admitted. "I'd forgotten they were so big."

"They?"

"Gregory and Hugh. They're about of a size. If anything, Hugh's the stronger, they say. Oh he could wring your neck as easily as he could wring mine, if it came to that."

It was with an uncontrollable jerk that he thrust back his chair and slid forward to the edge of it.

She laughed, outright; a hard laugh with the edge of a sneer in it. "But he won't," she added. "That's what he never does. He—thinks, instead."

He made an effort—not very successful—to drop back into an easier attitude, but her strange eyes no longer mocked him. They had darkened into a sombre revery.

Here was his chance—the chance he had awaited so impatiently—to talk with her. And it was high time. Every moment put him in deeper jeopardy. He knew what he ought to say; what he ought to do.

He ought to ask her for the money. His money. Bertsche's money. He ought to take it and go, without waiting another minute. And thank his stars if he was not too late. But this was not what he wanted to do. He had another idea—a bigger idea. One that would provide for this adventure of his an ending as strange as its beginning had been. Was it sheer, rank madness—or the only sensible thing a man in his position could do? The only way that could be determined would be by putting it to the proof. The moment for putting it to the proof was now.

Well then—but his throat was dry. He swallowed, and reached out for a glass of champagne. She spoke, and he started at her voice; pulled back his hand from the glass.

"I drew the money this afternoon," she said.

"What money? I mean—how much?"

She looked at him curiously. "Why, the three thousand dollars, of course. Thirty-two hundred, rather, to avoid the even amount I'd put in. You can have it, if you like; that extra two." She smiled. "My husband's contribution to the cause."

"They didn't make any trouble about it at the bank?" he asked. "Didn't act as if they suspected anything?"

She frowned. "Don't be a fool," she admonished him, sharply. "Why should they suspect?"

There it was! Another manifestation of that astounding fact; a fact he could not—even now—quite bring his mind to accept.

A clock—somewhere—struck the half hour, and his muscles drew taut again.

"Have you got it here?" he asked.

"In the house, yes. Naturally, I haven't it—on me." With a smile and a gesture she indicated the scantiness of her corsage. "There wouldn't be space for it," she said, and added, "It's up in my room. We'll go up and get it presently. Or now, if you're in a hurry."

"*You'll* get it now. And you'll bring it down here." He tried hard to get the confident ring of a command into his voice, but could not feel that he had succeeded. And his eyes, which had met hers boldly enough at first, had to shift away as those black brows of hers flattened down.

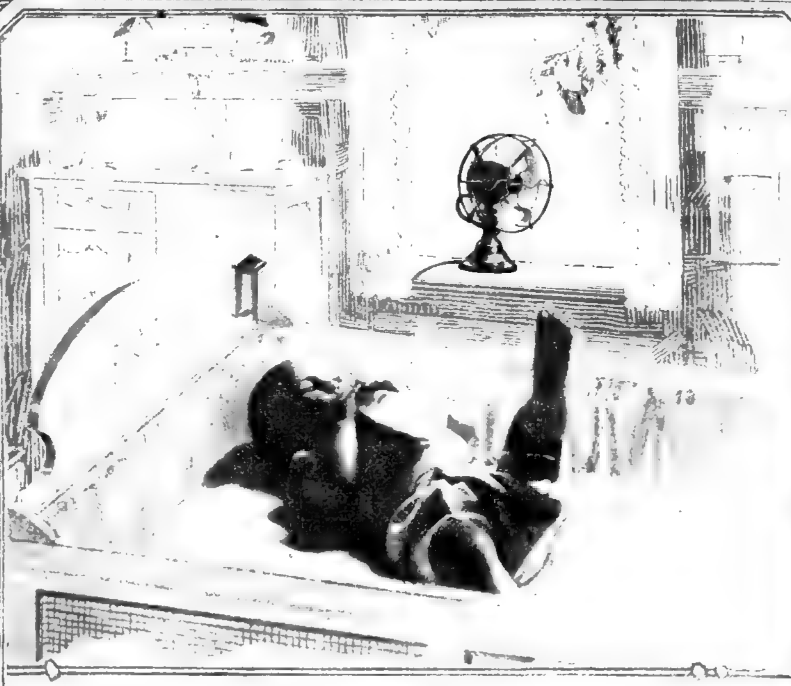
"You're afraid," she said. "You're still afraid. You're afraid Hugh will come back and find you here. Like a scene in a society play. Haven't I told you he won't come! Nor do anything if he does!" Then the note of angry impatience left her voice, but it took on a darker intensity as she went on. Her eyes found his and held them.

"Tell me if it is not true that I have kept my promises, so far. Every one of them. And more. If I have not—as you say—made good. I've done all, haven't I, that you wanted me to. More than you dreamed I would or could. Everything has been as I said it would be. Well, and now I say you are still safe here. Even though my husband knows—or guesses—everything. Unless you are a coward, you will trust me now. This is our last evening together. You are going away and never coming back. This will be our good-by. Come."

Without a look at him she rose and led the way, and without a word he followed.

Frank Gilrain (this was only one of the many names he went by, but it serves our purpose well enough) had been living by his wits for thirty years. He was a roving adventurer; he had made as many strange voyages as Sinbad; knew, like the palm of his hand, many strange corners of the world. His operations were never very bold nor imaginative. He was a rascal of the merchant or broker type—a go-between—a tipster—a hanger-on in the fringes of things; a snatcher of minor strategic advantages. The rewards he got were what would have been called commissions, had the enterprises he was engaged in been reputable. All were fish that came to his net. He had held a few minor political jobs—one of those in the superintendent's office of the prison where Anton Galicz had served out his sentence. And his graft here had been the extortion of money from the families and friends of prisoners, on the strength of his pretended ability to secure concessions and privileges for them, and even a reduction of their terms. He had had a job in one of the bureaus of the Philippine government, and had done a little business in the way of selling concessions, which he could not deliver, to dupes who would be afraid to complain. He had knocked about in the Central American countries—a filibuster in a small way—a dealer in revolutions.

He had undeniable gifts; an extraordinary memory for persons, and a very quick perception of the possibilities latent in the positions they occupied, the strategic advantages that might be derived from them. He had a remarkable capability for digesting



DR. WILEY SUGGESTS ELECTRIC FAN FOR BABY

This recognized authority on food and health, discussing, in *Good Housekeeping*, means for reducing infant mortality, said in part:

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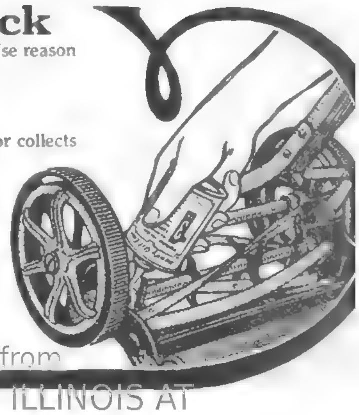

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gossip, trade talk, technical terms of all sorts. Give him a week's visit on a coffee plantation, and he could pass himself off as a coffee planter; a sea-voyage with a mining engineer, and three years later, if it served his need, he could talk like one. An amorous adventure of his had once taken him into an anarchist free-love colony, and the catch-phrases of radicalism—the idiom of it, had been his mother-tongue, one of his numerous mother-tongues—ever since. Whatever he pretended to be, he could always create the impression of being an insider; of possessing sources of confidential information. Indeed, he managed to believe, somehow, that he *was* an insider; that he really did know.

His courage was good enough—it had never really failed him—and he believed it impregnable. He had, as a matter of fact, a very high appreciation of his own gifts. And, in the light of them, had often wondered why the big thing he was always looking for, never came his way.

It never did. A few hundred dollars always seemed to be his limit. The thousand he was to have from Bertsche for this job, would be a high-water mark for him. He was always broke, always in a position where he would have to take whatever the bigger men were willing to pay.

HIS experiences of the past week had disconcerted him profoundly—stripped him of his old assurance. Nothing that had happened to him, since the night she had come to his room over the drug-store, squared with anything in his previous experience. He had got into a topsy-turvy world—a wonderland—a page out of the Arabian Nights, where effects he had always regarded as inevitable, didn't follow causes. Helena's proposal to take him home with her, openly, and keep him there; her casual assurance that he would not have to be accounted for, except as an old friend, to her husband—that was astounding enough to begin with. But it was nothing to the revelation that followed, when she outlined her project for getting Bertsche's money into his hands by a route which the sharpest-eyed watcher of the broker's affairs never would suspect.

"We'll have him make out a check for the full amount—three thousand dollars, isn't it?—to my husband—to Hugh Corbett, and mail it to me here at the house. No one would look twice at a check like that. Anyone would take for granted that it was a perfectly regular business transaction. Well, the check will come here to the house, and I'll take it to the bank and deposit it to my husband's account. And then I'll draw the amount in currency—any denominations you like, and bring it home to you. I don't see how that can go wrong."

The proposal sounded stark mad to Gilrain. It turned him giddy. Was she proposing to forge her husband's name to a check? And even if she did, wouldn't the whole transaction lie bare before his eyes?

"He'll never look," she said. "And I've the same right to draw against his account that he has. It's a joint account. My signature's just as good as his."

She had to go back and explain in detail, before she could get it into his head at all. Hugh's dividend checks came in quarterly. They were very big. His income was well over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. He took what he wanted for his laboratory, she what she wanted for the household. When the accumulation in the bank got too unreasonably big, she called his attention—when she could get it—to the fact and they decided what should be done with it in the way of charities, investments and so on. It was she who made the dispositions they had decided upon. It was she who kept all accounts, did all the banking, got statements and went over the checks. She rather enjoyed that sort of work and he hated it. Not because he was a fool about finance. He understood it well enough, but he had more interesting things to think about. Incidentally, she was an excellent bookkeeper.

The explanation did not lighten Gilrain's bewilderment; deepened it, on the contrary, tenfold. Ali Baba, having pronounced his "open sesame," could not have stared more aghast at the treasures in the unguarded cave.

"See for yourself," she had said with a laugh, and tossed him her check book.

There it was in black and white. She had not been raving. And there *she* was! A woman in that amazing position, with those amazing opportunities—the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and in love with him! Utterly infatuated with him, she must be, to run even a momentary risk of losing a position like that, for him. A risk! You couldn't call it a risk! She was absolutely courting destruction, just as she had courted him.

Because that had been the way of it. It had not been on his part a pursuit and a capture. Not even his vanity could interpret the thing that way. The strangeness of the situation, his anamolous position in the household, the unfamiliar manners of this new social stratum he had got into, had intimidated him—held him back. The initiative had been hers. She had come more than half-way to meet him.

Well then, wasn't it simple enough? Obviously she was mad about him. Wasn't it reasonable to suppose that she'd come the rest of the way at his whistle? Run off with him and bring along the cash, the money represented by those figures that still danced before his eyes—a substantial part of it anyhow, say a hundred thousand dollars? It would not be a theft. In the eyes of the law she could take that as easily as her husband. And with as little question. What a life he could have in a security like that! With a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, he could tell anybody to go to hell, even the husband. There was the great idea.

Well, why didn't he carry it out? What was he afraid of? He did not know. The fear eluded formulation. But it was there. When he brought himself to the point of making that proposal to Helena, somehow his throat went dry and his hands shook—a sort of panic took possession of him. Was she really in love with him? It seemed absurd to doubt it. She'd certainly given proofs enough. Yet it was a doubt that never left off tormenting him. A misgiving that always rankled. Nor even the utmost ardors of passion could drive it away. What was her game? That was the form it took. There was something behind it all—something that the strange look in her eyes, the twitch to her smile, the intonations of her voice, perpetually betrayed, but did not reveal. She was steering her own course. It was not he who had prevailed over her. Never once deflected the course. She was doing—had done from the very first—exactly what she had meant to do. And it was something, somehow, that had no reference to him. He was a dummy—a servitor of her purpose.

THERE, formulated, is the misgiving which he, for himself, was unable to analyze; which reiterated itself with maddening monotony in the question, what was her game?

He had followed her to her room, that pretty, upstairs sitting-room of hers, with its gay chintzes, its soft pale rugs, and that long chair where she loved to stretch herself like a great lazy cat. She waited by the door and closed it after him. He turned an uneasy glance of protest toward it, and she laughed.

"Oh, I'm going to let you go," she said. "Only you've plenty of time. You weren't to meet your people till nine, you told me."

"Where's the money? Are you sure it's safe where you left it?"

She lay back luxuriously in her chair. "It's over in the top drawer of that chiffonier."

He could not interpret her nod in the direction of it as permission to go and look, and turned back, with a troubled helplessness, to her. Her look changed.

"I won't tease you any more," she said. "You shall take it if you want it, and go. Only I hoped I could make you forget it for a little while. I didn't want you in such a hurry to end it all."

The moment was now. It could not be postponed again. The realization gripped him like a vise. He clenched his hands and steadied himself with a long breath.

"I don't want it ever to end," he said.

"Yes, but of course it must. Mustn't it?"

"Not if you'd come with me," he said.

"Run off with you!" she cried incredulously. "Now! Tonight!"

"Tonight," he said, "or tomorrow morning. You could—join me somewhere tomorrow."

So far so good. The heavens hadn't fallen yet. That mysterious look was still in her face, but it was kinder, somehow—softer. He forced himself, clumsily, to begin making love to her. The old endearments—the old caresses; half-heartedly, though, because of the fear. Neither did she respond to them as she had been wont to do: was curiously passive—reticent. It might have been the beginning of a love affair instead of the end of one.

"If it's no go," he broke out at last, "say so! Don't play cat and mouse with me!"

"I'm not," she said. "I'm thinking about it seriously. I think perhaps I'll go with you. Only I'm taken by surprise. I never dreamed of your proposing that. I must have a little time to think."

Once more he essayed the conventional lover's attitude—his pleas and protestations; what comrades they would be; what a wonderful life they would have together. He dropped down beside her and would have fondled her, but she turned from him impatiently.

"Don't try to come close now," she said. "Go away. Over there, and let me think."

After a little silence, she began to talk. Thinking aloud it was, rather—an attempt to visualize the sort of life it would be; the experiences that such a pair of adventurers would have to look forward to. That was the note of it. Adventure—daring! Sherwood Forest, not Arcady. A warfare upon the upholstered people of the world—the fat—the complacent—the secure—the respectable; like these Corbetts she had come to hate.

She had reverted to a former Helena—the stormy petrel—the adventurer. No longer on a high horse, though.

A week ago she had looked upon life as an *impasse*. But was there a little door of escape after all? She had thought to pull down the pillars of her temple like Samson among the Philistines. She had pulled them down. But was she alive after all? Could she become a new Helena once more, with a new life in front of her? Her courage had not faltered before pulling down the pillars. But was it equal to facing

How I Made My $25,000 Dream Come True

The Story of a Man Who Was Down and Out Financially and Who Now Owns a Business Worth Over $25,000

FOR many years, I struggled along and had acquired several thousand dollars. In an effort to "get rich quickly" I invested this money in a corporation which soon failed, leaving me practically penniless. I had been a school teacher, had no training along other lines and the outlook seemed black indeed. I looked forward with discouragement to the number of years it would most likely take me to again acquire a little "nest egg."

Worst of all was the fact that my work paid me only a small salary and seemed to offer relatively little opportunity for real financial advancement. I could, therefore, look forward to little else than constant struggling, constant skimping and constant scraping, unless some miracle happened — which is exactly what did happen—but it was a miracle which anyone can attract to himself.

When I felt myself slipping into the same old rut a friend of mine startled me by saying that most men are failures because they lack *decision*—because they are swayed by the will power of others instead of by their own will power. That woke me up. And I believe there are tens of thousands of men today in the very same position in which I found myself—men who have ideas—who are confident of success but who do not know just what to do—do not know just what they lack—do not know just what it is that holds them back.

In my search for some method of developing the dominant power of decisive action—will power—I read a great many books, but most of them were so difficult to comprehend and were so general in their treatment that I almost gave up in despair. Finally, however, I came across the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such great leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, and I was amazed to find that Professor Haddock had set down a series of rules and exercises through which the will, memory and concentration could be developed as easily as the muscles of the body.

The result is that today I am the owner of a business worth over $25,000, in a field which was thought to be already overcrowded.

When I think that I was only a teacher —that my training had not been along moneymaking lines, I cannot help but feel that any man who has a knowledge of business can do much better than I, if he will only develop and train his dormant powers of concentration, memory and will power.

The above is a true story of a man who read and used "Power of Will," a big 400-page handsomely bound book in which Professor Haddock's rules and exercises have been set down. It is only one story out of many that have come to the publisher which show what can be done through scientific, systematic development of will power, memory power and concentration. One man tells how "Power of Will" increased his earnings from $30 to $1,000 a week; another young man tells how it increased his earnings from $20 a week to $15,000 a year. A former newsboy tells how he got to the top in a million-dollar business, and so it goes. Every day some of the 225,000 owners of "Power of Will" write in to tell of the remarkable changes in their lives this remarkable book has made.

If you would like to examine "Power of Will," which reveals the possibilities within yourself and how to develop them, you can do so without sending any money in advance. Simply mail the coupon below or a post card or letter and the book will come to you by return mail postpaid. Read it carefully and if you do not feel that it is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. But if you feel that it will help you in your work; if you feel that it will give you the courage, will power, memory power, and concentrative power you must have, simply remit the price after examination.

When you receive your copy, read carefully the suggestions on the Law of Great Thinking —How to Develop Analytical Power—How to Guard Against Errors in Thought and Judgment—How to Develop Fearlessness. How to Acquire a Dominating Personality. These few paragraphs will convince you of the practical and priceless value of this great work to you.

It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieutenant-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others almost equally prominent.

As the first step in will training, make up your mind to act this very minute to secure "Power of Will" for free examination. You have nothing to lose by examining this book, as not a penny in advance is asked of you. There is no obligation on your part to keep it after you have seen it. But the publishers have such great confidence in it—are so well acquainted with what it has done for others, that they gladly send "Power of Will" to you on this liberal offer. Use the blank form below or mail a postal or letter to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24K Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act, this very minute, may mean the turning point in your life, as it has to so many others.

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I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

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the road—a crooked narrow little road like that? A life of flying by night and living as one could, in company with this rather likable imposter, who, strangely enough, had fallen in love with her—wanted her?

She had been thinking aloud, as I have said. But Gilrain, over by the window, had not heard half of it, nor understood half that he had heard. He did understand, however, that she was hesitating—reluctant—doubtful of her own fortitude. And he thought, naturally enough, that he understood why. Hardship—poverty. She didn't realize her opportunities. Time was slipping away. That husband of hers might, any moment now, be slipping his latch-key into the street door. Still, unaccountably, the words stuck in his throat. But he got them out; not looking at her, though. He stayed at the window, his gaze ranging over the snowy moonlit roofs.

"We wouldn't have to be poor," he said. "Nor shady. We could be respectable. Don't you see? You could take the money—as much of it as you wanted to. All of it. They couldn't touch you for that. It's yours by law, as much as it is his. He'd get a divorce, I suppose, and then we could—m-marry if you wanted to. And I'd be on the level with you. We could be real people."

He had felt from the beginning that he was talking into a vacuum. No sound came from her at all. She hadn't moved, he knew, from that long chair of hers. But he felt, with mounting panic, a sense of something behind him, gathering itself up for a spring. His words died away to a mumble and presently ceased of sheer inanition. But he did not turn until he had heard her spring from her chair. Then he whipped round and his hand involuntarily sought the pocket of his coat. But it dropped at his side as the other one did. He turned white and leaned back against the high window-sill for support.

The face of the woman who confronted him was literally terrible. Her mouth wore a sort of smile.

"You dog!" she said. And again, after a moment, in a whisper, "You dog!"

His glance wavered away from hers and sought the chiffonier where she said the money was. He must have that. Bertsche would hound him to death if he didn't get that. What a fool he had been. He'd known it would turn out like this. Known it all the while. There was a lump in his throat as if he were going to cry. What right had she to be in a rage like that? What had he done anyhow?

She had followed the direction of his look toward the chiffonier, and like a flash, was there before him, and faced him from there with her back to it.

He had followed her a step or two, but stopped when she turned. He was going to fling her out of the way and take the money and go. Of course that was what he was going to do. He was strong enough, wasn't he, to thrust a woman out of the way when she stood between him and something he wanted? He would be, as soon as he could get over his trembling fit.

She said: "I'm going to tell you something. I hate my husband because I'm in love with him. Because I never could make him hate me. You can't understand that, but you're going to listen until I'm done. He never would beat me when I deserved to be beaten. Nothing I did to him made him even take hold of me to hurt. He would just stand and think. And then go away, looking as if I were something he didn't want to—touch.

"We quarreled a week ago, and I played my last card; said the last thing to him that a man could endure to have said. And he looked at me and went away.

"Why do you suppose I picked you up and brought you here? Why, because I wanted to use you—to do the thing I couldn't do alone—to make a final smash of it that he couldn't ignore; that that precious family of his wouldn't let him ignore. I had nothing against you. I half liked you. That wasn't why I made love to you. It was because having a lover was striking a blow at him. I wanted to see how he'd look when I'd told him what I'd done.

"But when you asked me to go with you, I thought I would. It amused me that you should have fallen in love with me. That you should ask me, the way you did, to go away from all this and share your life with you—your shifting, mean, little life.

"But I wasn't what you wanted. You wanted his money. That's what you've been making those eyes about from the first. And you didn't even want me to steal it with you honestly. You talked about the law to me! Talked about being safe and respectable. I didn't suppose that anything as base as you crawled on the earth."

"Come now," he said, "where is that money?"

She turned, snatched open the drawer and rummaged in it with both hands. It was full of soft, lacey things. But there was something hard in there and heavy, and as her hand encountered it, the exploring movement was suddenly arrested and she stood most tensely still.

"You're no fitter to live than I am myself," she said.

His eye caught a gleam of polished metal. So that was what she had there! That was what she meant to do, damn her!

It was with one convulsive movement that he snatched the little revolver from his side pocket and fired it.

Then, frozen, breathless, he watched her fall. It was incredible how slowly it happened; how long it took. His eyes were on one of her hands that clutched weakly at the corner of the chiffonier. It slipped and clutched again, and at last relaxed.

He gave a sob of relief when she lay still.

He put the little revolver back in his pocket, drew in another long breath, went forward, skirting where she lay, and reached into that top drawer.

The money was there—a bundle of it. He thrust it into his breast pocket. His hand explored the drawer again. The revolver was there, too. He took it out and looked at it stupidly, as if he did not know what to do with it. Then he started, stooped, laid it on the floor near her hand, and tiptoed out of the room.

On the floor below he turned into the room that had been his, took up his bag and went on down-stairs with it. In the hall he put on his overcoat and hat. Then he went out. He had met no one.

"The White Arc" will be concluded in the July number.

PLEASE, READERS.

Owing to the generally unsettled mail and transportation conditions, the delivery of all magazines is, and will be for a considerable period, subject to inevitable delays.

The Publishers of Everybody's ask your consideration in this situation, and especially request that a little extra time be allowed before notifying us of your failure to receive your copy. That will help us greatly in adjusting cases where the magazine has actually gone astray.

PATRIOTISM *and the* PLOW-TAIL

By

Talbot Mundy

THANKS largely to the publicity given it by Mr. Wolff's article in the January EVERYBODY'S, Norway's (Maine) 1917 effort to do at least no less than its full share of the national part in this world war is being, and is going to be, very widely imitated. I have received personally more letters about it than I can properly answer, and other members of the local committee are in the same predicament, so that this opportunity to make one answer to them all is very welcome.

In detail the problems of no two communities are quite the same, but the principle to be applied in solving them all will be found identical. As to the details of the Norway plan, Mr. Wolff gathered them all and gave the story of them clearly. But in studying our method and applauding its results, very many people appear to have overlooked its essential quality. The plan works because of a fundamental, underlying principle that was not once lost sight of by the men who steered Norway's effort to success. It is not a communistic plan, although its immediate and ultimate fruits are intended to benefit the nation and the community; nor is it individualistic, although the effort called for is strictly individual. *It is purely and simply patriotic.* And it works.

When the United States entered the war it was not any use sitting down, as most of us did, and waiting for some bureau or other to tell us what to do or to do it for us. We practically all did that in the beginning. There were very few of us indeed who did not blame the Government. And in doing so we blamed ourselves.

The same thing exactly applies now. All of the stupendous war output of the United States Government is nothing more than our individual effort, collected and directed. All that the Government can possibly do, is to use what we of our free will give it to use. Even conscription, which in this country at first sight rather looks like tyranny, is nothing more than the use by Government of what our free institutions have created—a clean, self-sacrificing manhood. Our men are willing to be drafted, and to offer up their lives in order that the rest of the world may share their liberty. In this free land, Government can only take what we provide, and it is therefore the business of each individual one of us to provide, for the Government to use, food, money, all the sinews of war (by no means forgetting good-will and courage) to the absolute limit of our ability. There are thousands—millions of ways of being helpful which Government, from its very nature, can know nothing whatever about until after they have been thought of and tested.

IT HAS been said very frequently that the more we help the farmers, the worse it will be for us; that we shall have to neglect our own work to do theirs, and that they will get the money. The answer to that is, that it will be Government's business to adjust inequities of that sort afterward. Our task now is to make sure that Government shall have something worth the trouble of adjusting. If there is any truth in the theory that the farmers will take unfair advantage of our efforts (and experience in Maine has proved that there is not), it would nevertheless be preferable to be robbed by American farmers rather than defeated by Prussians. To deal with American profiteers after the war will be troublesome but practicable, whereas to make terms with Prussian conquerors would be no man's joke.

The food problem can no more be settled at this hour along the old commercial lines than can the war by any mercenary army. In Norway the eventual success of our plan was made certain by Mr. Carroll, a member of the committee, who closed down his factory at the critical moment and set free all his men to help hoe corn. Nobody but he knows just how much that cost him, but he was working his factory night and day at that time to catch up with orders, and the sacrifice can have been no paltry one.

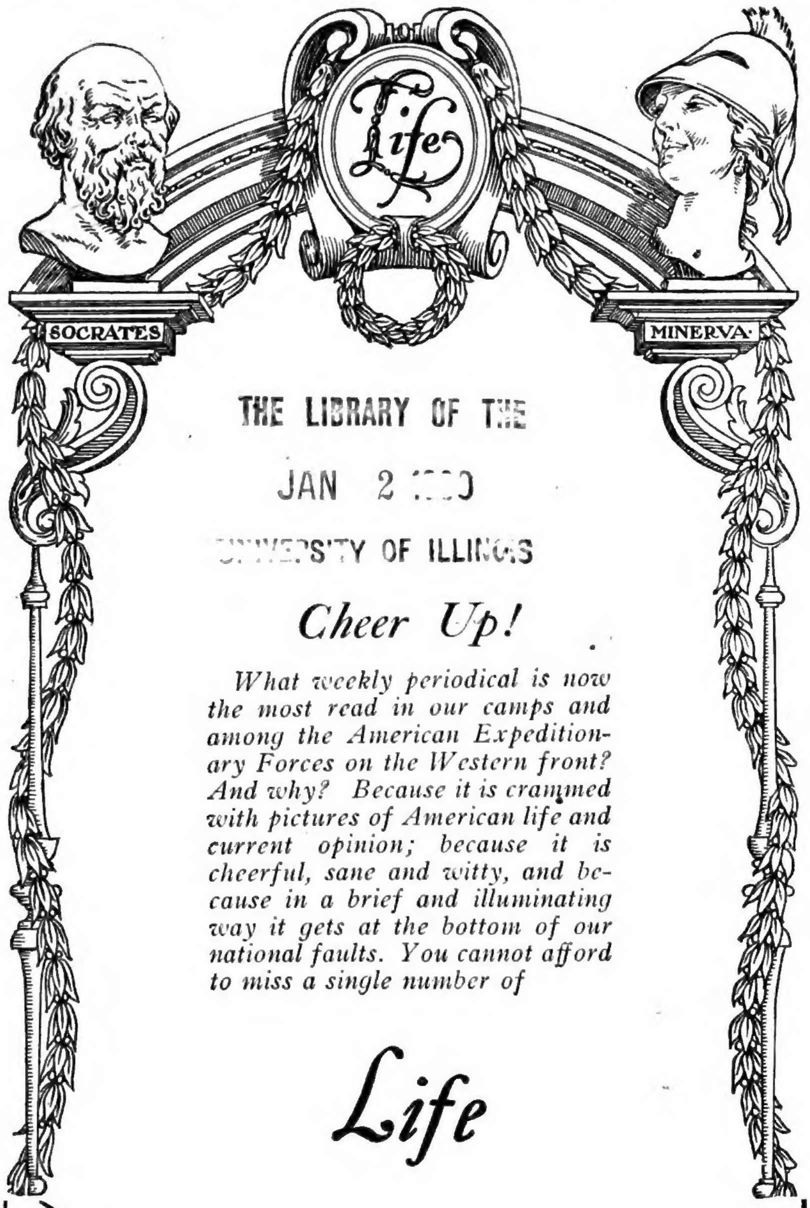
It is quite true, of course, that the closing down would have been useless unless every one of his men had been willing to take a hoe and sweat in the peeling sun (I brought back men from work who were suffering the tortures of the damned, but they all stuck it out for fourteen days at half the pay they had been getting in the factory); but labor, when not browbeaten, has proved itself willing in most crises in this war, and Mr. Carroll set an example that, if followed by a tenth of the country's manufacturers, would solve the farmers' great labor problem altogether.

Look at it this way: Suppose a manufacturer employs on the average sixty men. In the course of a year each of those men will average a week's lost time from causes other than serious illness. Suppose that manufacturer lets it be known that he intends to shut down his factory for fourteen days at hoeing time and stand the loss himself, and invites his men to follow his lead by sacrificing leisure and shouldering a hoe at market rates, there is neither precedent nor reason for supposing that the men will not comply, or that they will not try to catch up during the rest of the year the fourteen days lost from factory work. Supposing that out of sixty, fifty men responded (allowing for the physically unfit, and about one-twentieth of one per cent. for the unwilling); and supposing that those fifty men were only fifty per cent. efficient on a farm, that would give three hundred days' farm work from one small factory.

There would be no lack of motorists willing to drive the men at their own expense to and from work; no lack of farmers willing to use untrained help. Let the manufacturer announce his plan through the medium of the local press, telling the farmers to notify him over the phone how many men they can use and just exactly when; and let him send out a call for free transport. There will be a response that will assure for him the busiest fortnight of his life. Visionary? Not a bit of it! It was done at Norway, and it worked without a hitch. What Norway did, most other towns are in position to do better.

As a general rule the factories in smaller towns are able to supply the more efficient help because their ranks are chiefly recruited from the countryside. In Norway the shoeshop hands were found to be much better at hoeing than the regular farm hands. But all factory hands, whether from the cities or small towns, prove unexpectedly efficient for short spells of farm work because of their speed and accuracy, and their ability for highly concentrated effort. Beforehand the farmers are not always easy to convince of this; but labor they must have, and after one day's experience of factory hands they need no further argument.

The farmer is not the grasping rascal his critics make him out to be. Ninety-nine per cent. of him responds at



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What weekly periodical is now the most read in our camps and among the American Expeditionary Forces on the Western front? And why? Because it is crammed with pictures of American life and current opinion; because it is cheerful, sane and witty, and because in a brief and illuminating way it gets at the bottom of our national faults. You cannot afford to miss a single number of

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once to generous treatment. For years he has been conscious of the enmity of townsfolk, who neither work as hard nor take such risks as he. The towns have drawn away his help, and have given him in return hard names and ridicule. But the moment he sees the city man really trying to appreciate farm problems; the moment the city man climbs from his high horse and praises ungrudgingly the farmer's gigantic, back-breaking effort to do his duty by the world, he thaws out as his own drains do in springtime.

Every least assistance given to a farmer is a stroke of work done for the United States. Given the crops, we can safely trust Hoover and the Government to put them to the best use; but each one of us individually must in some way make it easier for the farmers to raise food.

I KNOW of a farmer who had bad luck and lost a valuable team. A man I know happened to hear of it, and at once bought a fine pair of Western horses with borrowed money, on which he is cheerfully paying interest as part of his own free contribution to the cause. He lets the farmer have the team entirely free of charge, subject only to the stipulation that the horses shall be well fed, kindly used, and kept at work; and the net result is that a great number of fertile acres will be plowed and tilled that otherwise must have lain idle. At the end of the war he will sell the horses, perhaps at a loss, and perhaps to the farmer on easy terms. Or the horses may die, or become useless through accident, and then where will the profit be? Quixotic? Altruistic? Uneconomic? Unreasonable? Not in accordance with accepted theories of prudence?

Well! There will be a certain number of millions of clean, free fighting men coming back by and by from "over there," who will know nothing whatever about his little horse trade; and he will enjoy meeting those men. He will even dare shake hands with them, having done a bit while their backs were turned—not such a stout and useful bit as theirs, but the best he could hunt up for himself to do without making extra trouble or expense for the Government.

This is not Washington's war; and it is no more Wilson's or Hoover's war than yours and mine. Wilson has his hands full. So has Hoover. Let it be your business, then, and mine to see that those hands are kept full by helping, each in our individual way, some farmer to solve some problem. The farmers know how to grow the food, and they are entirely willing; but the plow-tail has a way of wearying one pair of hands, and wheels stick sometimes in the slough of hopelessness. Let us each, then, find a farmer for ourselves and help him shove!